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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

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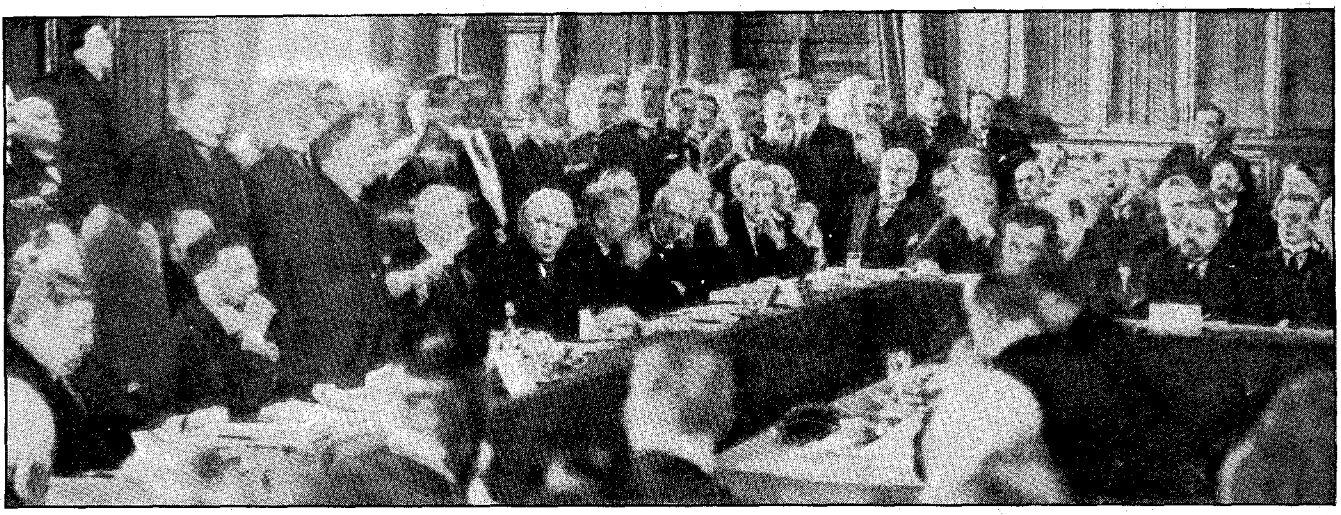

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THE BRIDGE-BUILDERS AT WORK.

Mr. Lloyd George, British Prime Minister, who sits at the center of the long table, has likened the Genoa Conference to the building of a bridge across a torrent. If the Conference succeeds it will have spanned the economic gulf which the war and the Russian revolution dug between Russia and Western Europe. Near him, Luigi Facta, Italian Premier and chairman of the Conference, is delivering an address, standing.

THE BOLSHEVIKI NOW ASKING TO BE TRUSTED

BOLSHEVISM AS A SMILING, bargaining diplomat seems to arouse more apprehension in some quarters than it did in its most militant and aggressive guise. When Tchitcherin offers to recognize Russia's pre-war debts, to drop the $25,000,000,000 counter-claim against the Allies, and to compensate foreigners for their property confiscated in Russia under Communism, in return for *de jure* recognition of the Bolshevist Government and a loan, the response of the American press resembles the attitude of the Trojans toward the Greeks bearing gifts. "What is Russia's game?" asks the New York *World*, which thinks that "if Russia has really agreed to waive all counter-claims and to acknowledge all the Allied claims in return for recognition and financial help, then the time to be suspicious of the Soviet Government has arrived." To *The World* such an agreement suggests another "scrap of paper," and one likely to be dishonored when it comes due. "Perhaps there is some other explanation," remarks this liberal New York daily, "but at first glance it seems as if the Russians were saying:

> "Why should we not sign any amount of promises to pay that can not be paid for many years at best? The Germans have signed them for the Allies. The Allies have signed them for the Americans. We'll add to the pile and take our chances in the future. In the meantime the Allied politicians at Genoa can take our paper home, show it to their constituents and give us recognition. With the recognition their financiers will lend us money. As a result of the arrangement real wealth will come into Russia and only paper wealth will go out. When the paper comes due, we shall see what we shall see."

Lenine's whole record as a financial administrator, remarks the Boston *Transcript*, "harmonizes with the theory that, if accommodated with this loan, he would put it where it would do Bolshevism the most good, and then make sure of a safe refuge when the inevitable reaction arrived." Continues this Boston paper:

> "He began his career by seizing all the assets and deposits of the late Imperial Government, then he plundered the Russian banks, business houses and manufacturing concerns. He 'nationalized,' that is, seized, all the private wealth he could get hold of. Never had there been such a record of plunder in the history of the world. And last of all, he has been ravaging the churches for their plate, the jewels in which the sacred ikons are framed, and the casings of gold and silver about the altars. Is there anything in this record that would incline any one to believe that Lenine and his companions would do anything else with a loan advanced to them by the besotted bourgeois of Europe and America? It might well be a case of 'Give us our loan—and after us the deluge!'
>
> "There is but one consideration which might incline the Powers to listen to the Soviet proposition, and that is that any régime which followed the Soviets would be bound by its promise and might be held to the responsibilities that it assumed. But if the Bolsheviki receive a new lease of life—and the granting of a loan would have that effect—they would only continue the destructive course as regards every Russian resource and item of potential wealth that they have followed from the start, and would leave a country so impoverished, so stript that nothing could be paid for a generation or more. The only hope of the restoration of Russia to responsibility lies in the speediest and completest possible overthrow of the rule of the Soviets."

"To recognize a debt and to make an honest effort to pay it are quite different things," notes the Washington *Star*, which wonders whether Lenine and his associates "can be so unsophisticated as to think that America and England and the few other countries which have money would be childish enough to lend them enormous sums with no better security than the faith of a Government which brazenly proclaims that it is under no obligation to keep faith with other governments or with 'capitalism'?" To quote *The Star* further:

"Only a few hours before Tchitcherin, head of the Russian delegation in the Genoa Conference, delivered his bewildering reply to the Russian proposals of the allied experts, Leonid Krassin, Soviet trade expert and a member of the Conference delegation, told the commission on economics at Genoa that it was neither possible nor desirable to restore liberty of trade in Russia, and that the idea of complete socialization of the means of production and exchange had by no means been abandoned. In other words, there will be no resources in Russia which will not be under complete control of the State, and, therefore, no security to offer for the loans which are demanded except the credit of the State. And the State will 'admit' loans or repudiate them, depending upon which course offers the greater political or other advantage!"

"Beggars on horseback" is the Philadelphia *Public Ledger's* characterization of the Russians at Genoa. This paper goes on to say of them:

"Bluffing? Of course, but it was and is a bluff backed up by a cynical and dangerous fanaticism. The Reds must take something home from Genoa, if it be no more than a new quarrel with Europe, some 'new cause' to rally the proletariat. The German agreement was not enough; there was no ready cash or immediate help in the Treaty of Rapallo, which is for the long future. Hence, then, the Russian offer on Friday to recognize and admit her debts, restore or pay for alien-owned property, since nationalized, and to yield all her counter-claims, if the Soviets are recognized, and mark you, if Russia be given immediate and adequate financial aid.

"Arrogant as they are, or were, these Red delegates at Genoa are in a pathetic position. To get the relief promised the Russian masses from the West, they have come to a place where they must sign away the communistic birthright for a mess of hated capitalist pottage. What they do can not be hidden, even in Russia, where the word will move over that land like a wind. The Red bluff is cracking and threatening a total collapse.

"What the Russians take home they must buy at a price. Tchitcherin and his colleagues face the hard necessity of going back and admitting that the whole communistic system is a myth that can not live. I will be hard to tell a people that all the hell of blood and nightmare of suffering and starvation has been for nothing and that realities do still exist. Tchitcherin, with this before him, cries out at Genoa when told that Russia must recognize her debts:

"'Our people believe that they have created a new world. We can not go back and tell them that it won't work and that they must still settle all obligations, as under the old system.'

"This is the dread task Tchitcherin and his brethren face. Against it bluffs and arrogance avail not. Realities can not always be washed out in a flood of Marxian phrases. Into the wilderness the Reds led the deluded, seeking a gate to a fairyland away from all debts, human obligations, old laws and old ways. This mirage lured them and they waded after it knee-deep in blood. Now it is fading.

"There is high irony and rich poetic justice in the prospect that the Tchitcherins, Litvinovs and Rakovskys must go back and by deed, if not word, admit that communism was a mirage over dead sands, and not a Promised Land."

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WHERE IS THAT SILK HAT?

Tchitcherin, the head of the Russian Soviet delegation, who shares with Lloyd George the center of the spotlight at Genoa, apparently does not always wear the topper which his Government ordered him to take with him and which he actually donned when he accepted an invitation to lunch with the King of Italy.

The Russians want a loan, "and it may be that in the end they will do anything to get it," remarks the New York *Times*, but—

"In the meantime the British, who are certainly not hostile to the Russians, say they are acting like lizards; and the Italians, still more friendly, can think of no better apology than to compare the Russians to ants who scamper around a good deal but do get somewhere eventually. To say that former property owners are to get their property back 'whenever possible,' and then to explain that it is never possible; that they will be recompensed for their just claims, and then to add that the Bolsheviki who seized their property are alone to pass on the justice of the claims, is not the way to restore confidence in Russia.

"Tchitcherin says that only the pretensions of a few former property owners stand in the way of agreement. How do these pretensions obstruct agreement? Because they discourage future investors. In the Anglo-Russian trade agreement these former property owners were thrown aside. Their claims were virtually outlawed; but it was discovered that nobody was willing to risk his money in a country where the same thing might happen again. Physically to restore the nationalized property is no doubt impossible in most cases; but there must be compensation if foreigners are expected to put more money into Russia. This is a matter on which Tchitcherin and his colleagues will have to make up their minds very shortly. How badly Europe needs Russia, how badly Russia needs Europe, can be argued forever without any conclusion. But certainly Europe does not need Russia if Russia is to be merely a sink-hole of lost investments. There must be a prospect of getting something out before anything is put in. If the Bolsheviki want money, they will have to offer inducements to those who have it."

What Tchitcherin offers is "a Micawber settlement," says the New York *Tribune:*

"He offers no security that he will redeem the promise to begin to pay fifteen years hence Russia's pre-war obligations or to restore the property of foreigners that he has seized. When the fifteen years have passed, if he survives that long, he is at liberty to change his mind; if there is another dictator this one may repudiate just as Lenine has done.

"Germany has shown how easy it is to escape obligations. Her technique has been studied in Moscow. The world is full of the doctrine that enforcement of payment when due is not to be thought of. Moreover, if Lenine, as he amiably suggests, can induce the Allies to make a loan to him, he will be ahead this money as net gain.

"Divers interests at Genoa are greatly desirous of seeming to make some sort of Russian settlement. Lloyd George apparently does not want to confess failure, and Tchitcherin is naturally making the most of this. But when the Genoa brain-storms subside probably the Allies will doubtless see the need of doing something more than to accept from Lenine a note of hand of little more current value than those Micawber so freely signed."

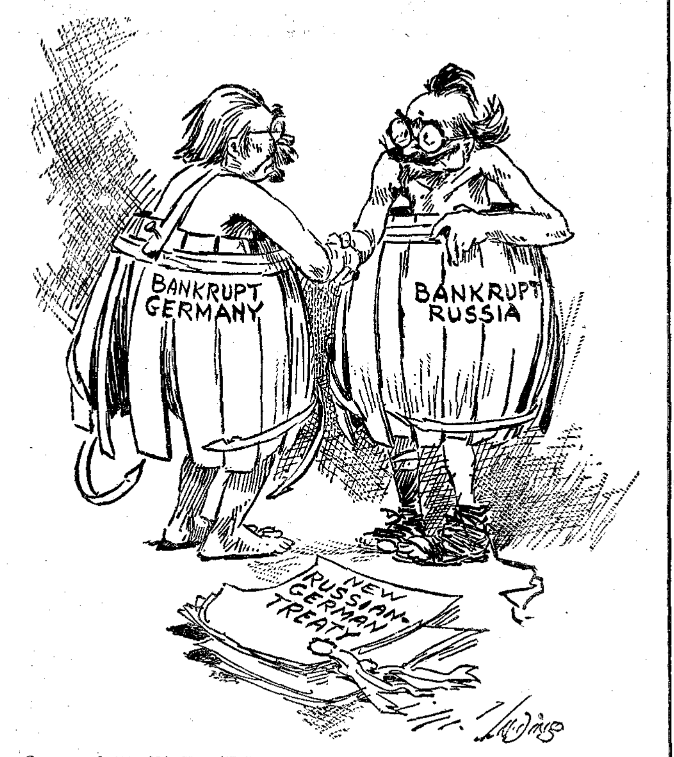
Russia and Germany combined "contain over two-thirds of the people of Europe," Lloyd George reminds us; and he adds: "Their voice will be heard, and the Russo-German treaty is the first warning of it." Unless the problem of these two nations is met with justice and strength, he predicts, it will not be many years before Europe again welters in blood. The United States, as a humane nation, can not regard such a possibility with indifference. But there are other reasons as well why this nation, to use the phrase of the Moscow *Pravda*, is "invisibly present" at Genoa. To the question "What are American interests in Russia?" the New York *World* replies:

"We can only guess, for there is no official statement of them. Are we interested in the pre-war debt, the war debt, or the nationalized properties, and if so, to what extent and in what proportion? It is not enough to say we are interested in the sanctity of contract and the rights of private property and let it go at that. Every other nation at Genoa is thinking in terms of specific contracts and specific properties, and the final settlements with Russia will represent some kind of balance between conflicting claims.

"Our claims are not represented. Therefore, one of two things is likely to happen. Either we shall accept the settlement made by the other Powers or we shall arrive at the last moment and upset their settlement if it does not suit us. In the first instance Mr. Harding may have to sacrifice legitimate interests; in the second he will add to our reputation for throwing monkey-wrenches into the machinery of peace."

Richard Washburn Child, American Ambassador to Italy, has notified the Genoa Conference that the United States reserves all its rights on the repayment of war debts due from Russia, says an Associated Press dispatch, which adds that these debts include private bankers' loans and advances to the Kerensky Government. According to a Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, "the claims against Russia now pending before the United States Government are two thousand in number and total the very considerable sum of $800,000,000 in amount." We read further:

"Among these are the claims of American manufacturers maintaining plants in Russia, or owning securities in Russian plants. These claims are based on the theory that nationalization completely wiped out the interests of the claimants which, under this category alone, aggregated several hundred millions of dollars. All of these claims will undoubtedly be greatly scaled down if and when we get into actual negotiations with the Russian Government; even then they will represent no mean sum."



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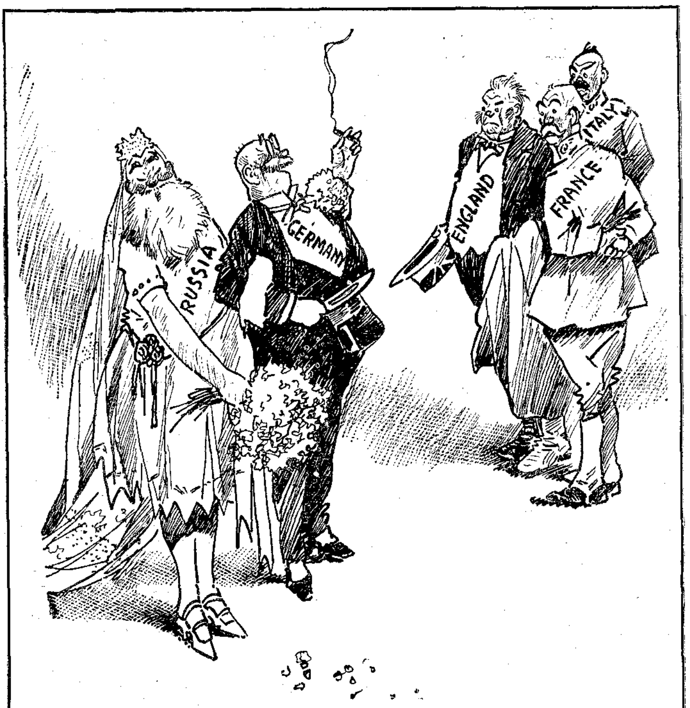
THE NEW MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY.

—Darling in the New York *Tribune*.

In the event that Russia closes a trade agreement with the rest of Europe at the conference "the United States will be in the position of holding a second mortgage on all claims in that country," says a Genoa correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, in whose dispatch we read further:

"Until the United States recognizes the Soviet Government and grants to the citizens of Russia the same rights that are enjoyed by other nations American interests in Russia and American residents there can expect no special treatment; nor can they make any claims contingent upon concessions granted by any former régime. This was the ultimatum which followed a special inquiry conducted by J. Hamilton Lewis, representing large American interests in Russia, one of the largest being the oil concessions. Mr. Lewis was also given to understand that if Russia concludes any arrangements with other European countries, American interests must take a second mortgage. This, Mr. Lewis holds, amounts to confiscation of American interests in Russia."



"WELL, BOYS, DON'T YA WANT TO KISS TH' BRIDE?"

—Donahey, in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*.

Harold Phelps Stokes, writing from Washington to the New York *Evening Post*, reports the prevailing opinion at the capital regarding the Russian situation to be as follows:

"No solution of the Russian economic problem is possible, it is the belief here, short of a restoration of the economic initiative of the Russian people themselves. During recent months capable observers here have come more and more definitely to the conclusion that the 'retreat from Communism' has not had the effects which the propagandist loudly proclaimed. It has resulted in no economic recovery in Russia. The railways are going to pot. No hope is held out for Russian restoration, except as a result of a complete economic regeneration, initiated from within, aided from without.

"Before the Russians can get anywhere at Genoa, it is argued, they must abandon that 'Oriental diplomacy' of which Lloyd George complains, and accept in their main outlines the recommendations of the experts. First and foremost, they must give up the illusion that the rest of the world has to have Russia in order to live.

"As seen here, exactly the reverse is the case. The trade of the United States with Russia does not amount to 1 per cent. of the American total, and that of England to not much more than 2 per cent. of the British total. As seen here, it is not Russia that is essential to the rest of the world, but the rest of the world that is essential to Russia. The rest of the world is not going to be in any mood to help so long as Bolshevik finance and economics prevail."

SPRING STYLES IN POLITICAL STRAWS

STRAWS BLOWN ABOUT by spring breezes may not help the weather prophet to determine the velocity and direction of next November's gales, but in the political field these straws in the way of special elections and primaries are given serious consideration in respect to their bearing on the results of next fall's Congressional election. "Both parties are already facing the fight," remarks the New York *Evening Mail* (Ind.), "nor is it too early for the nation to examine the issues." These preliminary fights are the most important, as the Washington correspondent of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* notes, because the elections in the fall will be "the first great test of political opinion since Mr. Harding became President," and the Republican party will be compelled "to go before the country for a vindication of its record." Thus, he adds, these tests are helping to "shape national politics toward the next Presidential campaign, regarding which early mutterings already are audible." The political pot thus boiling will continue to bubble in one part of the country or another with increasing heat until September, writes Mr. Mark Sullivan in the New York *Evening Post;* "by the latter part of September the primaries will be completed and the month of October will be the most heated of all, leading up to the election on November 7." As a result chiefly of their success in reducing Republican majorities in special elections in Maine and New York, "the Democrats are cocky," as the Washington *Star* (Ind.) observes. W. W. Jermane, Washington correspondent of the Seattle *Times*, in a careful appraisal of the situation, comes to the conclusion that "for several months a strong reaction has been in progress against the Republican party, but there are no indications thus far that it is to culminate in a landslide." The Democrats, he adds, "see the drift setting in toward their party but can not yet be certain that it will continue."

Official spokesmen for the Democratic party—committeemen and other leaders—talk confidently of reducing or wiping out the present overwhelming Republican majority in the House of Representatives. "We ought to carry the next Congress," cries the old standard-bearer, W. J. Bryan, in his *Commoner* (Lincoln): "prospects brighten; each month something adds to the Republicans' embarrassment and improves the chances of the Democrats." "Municipal elections in Rhode Island, Maryland, Connecticut, West Virginia and Missouri give renewed evidence that this is a Democratic year"—thus speaks the Buffalo *Times* (Dem.), which holds that "Democratic municipal victories in a Congressional year have always been reliable signs of Democratic national victory in the fall." Besides these municipal elections, notes the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* (Dem.), Congressional elections have been held in Maine, Michigan, Iowa, New York and Virginia during the past six months, "and in all these contests the Republican vote has been decisively reduced." "In every by-election since that for Senator in New Mexico the Democrats have made either substantial or startling gains," and so, it concludes, "Democratic leaders can not fail to be cheerful." These municipal and Congressional elections may be "little straws" but, remarks the Boston *Post* (Dem.), "they do seem to be pointing quite markedly in the same direction. If the Republicans control the next House, it will be by a greatly reduced majority." The New York *Times* (Dem.), likewise impress, makes the observation that "for many reasons many heels are lifted sacrilegiously against the Republican party." The Democratic Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* is particularly heartened by the fact that so many of these little elections "indicate a change of political sentiment in States where comparatively little change is needed for their transfer to the Democratic column." In the frank opinion of ex-candidate Cox's Dayton *News* (Dem.), "the country has awakened to the fact that it was buncoed in 1920."

An independent estimate from cautious Missouri is made by the St. Louis *Star*, which thinks these conclusions may be drawn from by-election straws as follows:

> "The Republican majority in the House will be cut down tremendously and may be wiped out altogether. That scores of Congressmen who came into Washington on the landslide of 1920 will be replaced by Democrats is freely admitted by the G. O. P. party leaders. Privately they will be content if they can hold domination over the House by as many as fifteen or twenty votes. In the Senate the Republican prospects are better, since a great part of those who come up for reelection are Democrats, mostly from the South, and most of the new ones elected in 1920 are Republicans, who hold their jobs for four more years."

Thus an observer in the metropolis of the great agricultural Mississippi Valley sizes up the great political situation. It is interesting to note that a similar prognostication comes from New York. Here *The Commercial*, after pointing out that it considers itself "an impartial observer" of things political, declares that the Republican party "has blundered to such an extent that it seems to be heading straight for disaster." This business man's newspaper adds:

> "The Democrats propose to make their campaign at the coming Congressional election on the basis of the do-nothing policy of the Republicans. We have no assurance that the Democrats will do any better, but that will not prevent the people of the country expressing their disapproval of the party in power by turning it out."

And there are Republicans quite ready to admit that their Democratic opponents have mighty good reason for looking cheerful. Take, for instance, the Boston *Transcript*, dubbed by a contemporary, "that ancient organ of Back Bay Republicanism." It observes:

> "New Englanders are quite prepared to rebuke the party in power by depriving Republicans of the control of the next House unless the Republican party under the leadership of the President and with the support of the Senate majority overthrows the oligarchy in the House from which this section is unwilling to suffer for another two years. We know of six members of the Massachusetts delegation in the House whom it will be easy to defeat as a rebuke to the G. O. P., and we venture the other New England States can do as well."

And in an editorial entitled, "A Discouraging Record," the Republican Rochester *Post-Express* points out the likelihood of a popular reaction which may go so far as to take the control of the House of Representatives from the Republican party:

> "While reasonable people have not expected the impossible of the present Congress, it is only the truth to say that they had very generally expected a more intelligent handling of national problems than has been given, more wisdom, more insistence on economy, more patriotic devotion to the public welfare than has been shown.
>
> "It is a very serious question in many minds if the campaign soon to open has not been lost before it has begun, if the Congressional majority can regain the popular confidence it has forfeited, or if it will not be cut to a narrow margin or wholly disappear."

After criticizing the action of Congress on the soldiers' bonus, tax revision, the tariff, and other legislative matters, the Rochester daily continues:

> "This is not a record to be proud of, and while Republicans in Congress are not solely blamable therefor, the fact remains that the party able to control legislation if it had been able to control its Congressmen will be held responsible in the fall elections, and properly so."

Perhaps it is editorials like this which lead the New York *World* (Dem.) to claim that there is a "definite feeling within the inner circles of the Republican best minds that the 67th Congress when it goes to the polls in November is in for one of the finest political wallopings ever administered to any aggregation of muddle-headed law-makers." But this important organ of the

Democratic party in the East goes on to express some wonder whether dissatisfaction with the Republicans really means any relish for the return of the Democracy to power. As *The World* puts it:

> "The Republican managers will never win the fall elections by telling the country that the Harding Administration and the Sixty-seventh Congress have surpassed all expectations. They would stand a much better chance if they went before the country admitting their own hopeless incompetency, but triumphantly pointing to the Democratic minority's record of unsurpassed stupidity in Congress. That would be something to talk about, and the Republicans could fairly claim that a political trial balance would show that they were no worse than the Democrats and that their leadership had been no more blundering. On that issue they would have a debatable case, and a great many voters might be convinced.
>
> "To claim, however, that the Administration and the Sixty-seventh Congress have more than met the expectations of the American people is to claim in effect that the American people are less than half-witted. Outside of the select circle of Republican office-holders nobody is satisfied with the work of the Administration or with the work of Congress. Republicans are no less vehement in their complaints than Democrats. The average voter is rapidly losing his faith in political parties, and his faith in government itself is at the lowest ebb that it has ever reached. Everybody is dissatisfied, altho nobody quite knows what could be done about it. . . .
>
> "If it were possible to organize a third party which could start with a clean slate and with a leadership that betrayed some faint understanding of the economic problems of the country, both of the old parties would have to fight for their lives, and one of them would have to go under. All that is saving either of them to-day is the inability of the country to find means by which effective expression can be given to its political discontent.
>
> "The Republicans in Congress are still thinking in terms of 1897, and the Democrats are thinking only of the mistakes made by the Republicans. The country in the meantime is sick of party politics and sick of party politicians, but somehow it seems to have lost its capacity for political initiative. It has forgotten the trick of recovering possession of its own affairs."

But there are Republicans who study the recent election returns and report, in the words of a Kansas City *Journal* editorial headline, "No Republican Disaffection." In fact, *The Journal* insists that "the returns from the various special Congressional or Senatorial elections held since the inauguration of President Harding have signally failed to verify the persistent predictions of the Democracy that the voters would repudiate the President and his policies." It cites Republican victories in New Mexico, Massachusetts, Maine and Hawaii, and believes that:

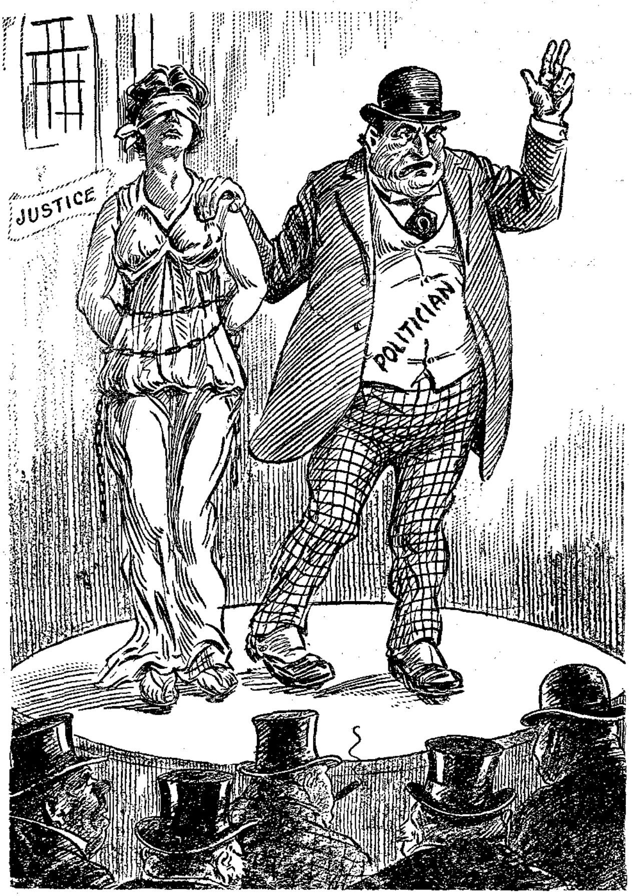
> "If these scattered instances are any reliable criterion, the Congressional elections this fall may be depended upon to demonstrate, on a larger scale, that the people are abundantly satisfied with the policies of the Harding Administration, which is, so far as can be judged, growing stronger all the time as the pledges made by the President are being redeemed one by one."

While the election of a Democratic House next fall is, of course, "not an impossible development," it is, in the opinion of the Indianapolis *Star* (Ind. Rep.), "so unlikely as to give the Republican Administration very little anxiety." Realizing that there are eddies in every tide, and that local issues and the reluctance of voters to come to the polls in an off year are likely to count against a party and power in special elections, the Republican New York *Tribune* sees little reason for Republican discouragement. Naturally, it observes, "Republican leaders who fancy that they can repeat the achievement of 1920 in by-elections, or even in the Congressional election in November, are hoping beyond reason." But—

> "The Republicans have not lost as many votes as they might well expect to lose under the circumstances. Every day the excellent work of the Administration is bringing about a return to normal business conditions. When that work comes to full fruition the voters will approve what has been done, perhaps not by a majority like that of 1920, but by a substantial indorsement of Mr. Harding and the Republican Congress."

LABOR'S DISTRUST OF THE COURTS

A BLOW AT COLLECTIVE BARGAINING between capital and labor is discerned by many editors in the announced opposition of Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, to any interference by courts or legislatures with organized labor. Appearing as a witness before the Lockwood Housing Committee, of New York, which has been investigating building material combines and unions alike, the veteran labor leader admitted that while irregular practises in labor unions had been brought to light, the cure should come from within the unions. Some of the abuses and unlawful practises charged to the unions are that work on a $30,000,000 power plant was held up for six months by a purely jurisdictional controversy; that gross tyranny and extortion were practised; that enormous fines have been imposed for trivial causes; that some of the building unions are "close corporations"; that molds for plaster work were destroyed, altho paid for by the owners; that members who showed a sense of responsibility to the public were expelled from the union; that membership to certain unions is limited; that contractors were blackmailed into paying higher wages than were agreed upon; that unwarranted strikes were called, and that agreements were repudiated and contracts broken.



HOW MUCH AM I OFFERED?

—Baer in the *American Federationist.* (Edited by Samuel Gompers.)

Admitting that abuses have existed and that they still exist, Mr. Gompers nevertheless maintains that they are not to be corrected by courts or other agencies which he regards as hostile to organized labor. "God save labor from the courts!" was his dramatic reply to such a suggestion. Reading an extract from a speech by former Secretary of State Elihu Root to the effect that in the courts "the poor stand little chance against the rich, or the honest against the unscrupulous," and a statement from ex-President Taft that "we must make it (the administration of justice) so that the poor man will have as nearly as possible an equal opportunity in litigating as the rich man," Mr. Gompers declared that the courts have ceased to mete justice to the worker in matters respecting employer and laborer.

"The worst enemy of union labor could hardly do more to injure it than Mr. Gompers did by his statements," thinks the Philadelphia *Inquirer;* "he admits abuses, he admits that the unions themselves can not check them, and yet he protests against giving either worker or employer the protection of the law." "When he upholds unions that break their contracts, he is striking at the very heart of collective bargaining," agrees the Philadelphia *Public Ledger;* "a contract that is not equally binding on both parties is not a contract, and if each side does not keep its word, then the whole plan of collective bargaining must go to pieces." As this paper goes on to explain:

> "Gompers believes in law for the employer, but not for the worker. He insists there should be no law to govern human beings in industrial strife, but believes in curbing the employer.
>
> "He would let labor go free of restraint to hammer the employer and the public, but would give society and the public no chance or right to defend themselves.
>
> "Yet Gompers is regarded as being sane, conservative and even old-fashioned in his view-points as compared to many of his followers and sub-chieftains."

At times during the hearing, reports the New York *Herald*—

> "Members of the committee were unable to follow Mr. Gompers's logic. For instance, it is Mr. Gompers's doctrine that, while a contract is a contract, it is not mutual. Where a wage agreement exists and a labor shortage develops, labor should not be blamed or the unions penalize their members for accepting a wage in excess of the agreement. But on the other hand, with a surplus of labor, union members must not work for less than the specified wage."

"When he urges that labor organizations should be exempted from the law's recognition, he is asking for a favored class distinction against which he would very properly rebel if accorded elsewhere," points out the Utica *Press.*

To the charge that the courts are unfair to labor, the New York *Evening Mail* replies that "in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the courts administer the law justly." Of course, observes the New York *Times,*

> "It is true that the very poor, being unable to employ competent counsel, are sometimes at a disadvantage in our courts, and that our foremost jurists and statesmen admit the fact and are seeking a remedy. But organized labor does not fall into that category. No power of capital can prevent a labor union from securing full benefit of the law as it stands."

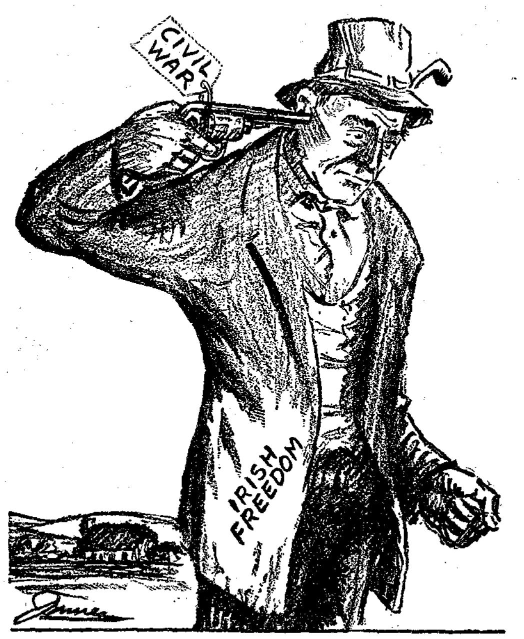
"Mr. Gompers may desire to protect labor from the courts, but it would be a serious outlook for the public if these same courts were provided as a balance wheel," remarks the New York *Commercial,* which does not believe that Mr. Gompers speaks for representative labor in the present instance.

With these conclusions, however, we find one paper that is not in accord—the Socialist New York *Call.* In this paper's opinion:

> "Courts have always been a clearing house for property interests. They were precisely this when slave property was supreme, and they are this with capital the great power of to-day. Unions might just as well assign their decisions for review to the bosses of industrial plants as to permit them to be reviewed by the courts. The decisions on the whole would be the same."

IRELAND'S ONE-DAY STRIKE

IRELAND'S ONE-DAY STRIKE against militarism and disorder, called by the Labor party and the Trades Union Congress on the sixth anniversary of the Easter uprising, was the third time that Irish labor had called a general strike to give the strongest impression of the whole country's opinion on a great popular issue. In April, 1918, it successfully protested against English conscription, and in April, 1920, it succeeded in persuading the English Government to release the 89 hunger strikers then in Mountjoy prison. The recent action, taken by the 300,000 trades unionists throughout southern Ireland, "was a nationwide protest against bloodshed and disorder," in the words of the New York *Herald,* which considers the one-day strike "significant of the general feeling in the Free State counties of southern Ireland, and significant of what is likely to happen at the general elections in May." "Generally speaking," notes this paper, "a strike is a poor weapon to use against disorder; it is likely to add fuel to the fire. But in this case it brought the Provisional Government to a full sense of its responsibility." "Actually, however, the strike was a warning to the De Valera party," declares the New York *Evening Post,* "and it indicates that the Irish workers will stand a unit against any attempt to plunge Ireland into civil war and impose the will of a minority upon it."



DON'T PULL THE TRIGGER.

—James in the St. Louis *Star.*

During the 24 hours of the strike social, commercial and industrial activities ceased. The shutdown included the postal and telegraph services, railway and street-car services, restaurants and schools. As we are told by the Dublin correspondent of New York *Herald:*

> "There was no disturbance, no outrage; but the various political leaders were shown clearly where the real strength of the country lies. Business came to a dead halt, particularly in the south, where every wheel ceased turning as a protest against factional strife.
>
> "Altho the strike was directed against the leaders of all factions, it resolved itself, in the opinion of Dublinites, into a protest against the De Valera extremists; and while the Provisional Government officials played a passive part, it is agreed that they won a signal victory."

In the opinion of the Springfield *Union*—

> "Those members of the Republican army who have become so accustomed to fighting for their cause that fighting has become a habit should realize that the Irish workingman does not intend to keep on laboring to support the island while the rebel, in the name of a blind patriotism, seeks to destroy it."

These followers of De Valera, according to the New York *Evening Post,* are "the hoodlum element that comes to the top like scum whenever the political pot boils." "If the one-day strike had failed, De Valera and other extremists who are in rebellion against the Provisional Government could have claimed that the majority was with them," we are reminded by the New York *Globe,* "but the complete success of the demonstration proves that the majority of Irishmen are against a dictatorship by the military forces of De Valera, which are in the minority. Ireland has protested against civil war in tones which can not be misunderstood. The entire stoppage of work revealed as nothing else would the might of the free people."

THE JOB-FAMINE BREAKING

HAS LAST YEAR'S JOB-FAMINE been checked? On February 6 Washington authorities estimated that 2,500,000 persons were more or less without regular work, as against 5,000,000 last fall. Forty American cities, including Detroit, St. Louis, San Francisco, Cleveland, Chicago and Baltimore, reported an employment increase in February over the previous month. Nine industries reported increases, and five reported decreases. A month later the United States Employment Service announced that "231 of the principal industrial centers, with but few exceptions, show a general improvement in employment conditions." Among the principal lines showing an increase were the iron and steel and automobile industries. "And it should be remembered that the steel industry is regarded as a sure business barometer," remarks the Marion *Star*. As a matter of fact, notes the Chicago *Daily News* "even more significant and reassuring is the information that the industries which have been stimulated by enhanced demands for their goods are nearly all basic in character." Late in March reports from the Employment Service of the Department of Labor showed that for every hundred places listed at the employment bureaus throughout the country there were 194 applicants in March, as against 205 in February and 226 in January. On April 6 figures obtained by a canvass of 1,428 firms, in 65 leading industrial centers, each employing 501 or more persons, and representing the more important industries, showed a net increase of employment for the entire country of 39,558, or 2.5 per cent. of the total number employed, 1,604,959. On April 20 the National Conference on Unemployment announced that "for every hundred jobs available there are now only 160 applicants, as compared with 226 in January. The Government, however, announced on April 26 that the coal strike, and consequent closing down of plants by fuel shortage, had swelled the unemployment total for the entire country to some 3,800,000. Beginning with the New England district, including the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, we find the general employment comment of the Employment Service to be as follows:

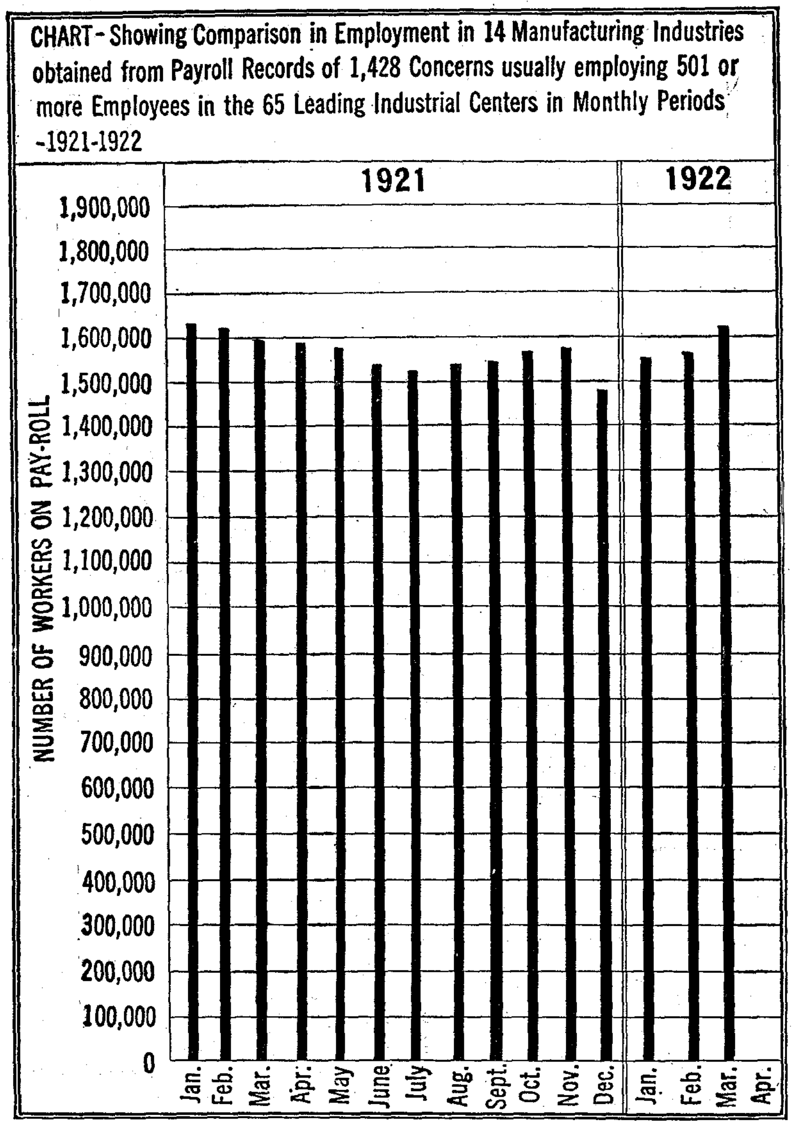


CHART-Showing Comparison in Employment in 14 Manufacturing Industries obtained from Payroll Records of 1,428 Concerns usually employing 501 or more Employees in the 65 Leading Industrial Centers in Monthly Periods -1921-1922

From the Industrial Employment Survey Bulletin, United States Department of Labor.

RISE OF EMPLOYMENT SINCE DECEMBER.

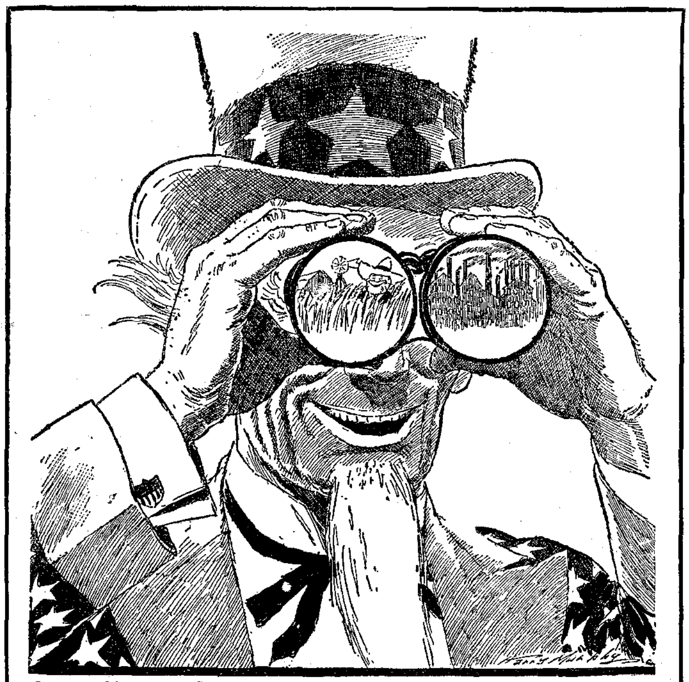
In March employment in representative industries reached the level of February, 1921.

"The strikes which are now on in the cotton-mills act as a damper on business conditions, and unemployment is heaviest in the metals, machinery, building, and shipbuilding trades. In Vermont, however, some textile plants are working overtime. In the Middle Atlantic district, including the States of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, business has shown a gradual improvement, particularly the iron and steel industries. The railroad situation is becoming much better, orders for railroad equipment are coming in, and there is considerable increased activity in the building industries. New Jersey reports that the volume of unemployment is decreasing and that in several skilled trades, notably the metal trade, there is an apparent shortage of workers.

"In the East North Central district, including the States of Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Indiana and Wisconsin, large equipment orders placed by the railroads, steadily increasing output of iron and steel, increased activity in the automobile industry, and a demand for farm implements are encouraging factors in the business situation. The farmers, too, it should be added, have absorbed quite a number of unemployed in this district. The West North Central district, including the States of Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas, report a marked decrease in unemployment, mainly due to spring work on the farms. There is said to be practically no unemployment in Lincoln, Neb., or Wichita, Kansas. Conditions are not so favorable in the South Atlantic district, including the States of Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Florida. Reports from thirty cities in this district, however, show a steady gain in employment; wherever decreases are noted in industrial concerns, railroad shops, and textile mills, they have been small. What unemployment exists is said to be mostly among common laborers and shipyard workers. The unemployment situation in this district is not serious.

"Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi, comprising the East South Central district, report a dropping off in the manufacture of shoes and cotton, silk and wool textiles, and a consequent decrease in employment. In this district, however, unemployment is said to be only temporary, as the workers are rapidly being absorbed by farms. A marked improvement is shown in the iron and steel industries of Alabama. The West South Central district, including the States of Arkansas, Louisiana, Oklahoma and Texas, report that employment conditions are beginning to show an upward trend, unemployment being noticeable mainly in the textile and metal trades. Railroad shops and allied activities in Oklahoma are said to show only a slight improvement. Conditions are better, however, in the Mountain district, including the States of Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Wyoming, Nevada, Idaho and Montana. Employment generally, it is estimated, has increased about 15 per cent., the chief gain being in the iron and steel industries, railway shops, mines, oil-fields and building. In Colorado the increase in employment is said to be twenty per cent., and it is said that comparatively few persons are now unemployed in New Mexico. This is also the situation in Arizona, Utah, Wyoming and Nevada. In Idaho employment conditions seem to be better than in any other State; there has been an increase of about 50 per cent. In Montana the railroads are handling more lumber and more coal, and two more copper mines have been reopened—all of which considerably reduces the number of unemployed.

"In the Pacific district, and including the States of Washington, Oregon and California, there has been a slight gain in employment. Oregon reports that ship-building is at a standstill, but that there is considerable building activity. In California there is said to be no unemployment in the building industry. While some lumber mills in Washington are running night shifts, other mills are practically normal, and whatever unemployment exists is regarded as temporary."



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THE OUTLOOK BRIGHTENS.

Good crops mean purchasing power for the farmer and reopening of factories with resumption of employment.

—Murphy in the New York *American*.

To one paper, however, all this news of an industrial revival seems too good to be true; says the Chicago *Journal:*

"The U. S. Employment Service of the Department of Labor should explain how it arrives at the conclusion that 2.5 per cent. more workers were employed on the last day of March than on the last day of February.

"That conclusion may be correct—if it is, every one will rejoice. But on the last day of March 600,000 miners laid down their tools. Did the employment service allow for them? Did it allow for the slackening of some industries already traceable to the miners' strike? Most damage from the stoppage of that basic industry will show later, of course; but a little of it was visible at once.

"The charitable organizations find no improvement in the labor situation. So far as ordinary observation can tell, the mining strike has thrown far more men out of work than the feeble revival of industry has taken on."

But a survey of the press in all parts of the country shows that the great majority of editors are of the opinion that, to quote the Buffalo *Times*, "the industrial pace that for some time has been evident has grown into a stride." "The rapid ebbing of the tide of business accompanying the general post-war let-down has halted; the waters are rising again," is the way the Washington *Herald* puts it. "What is taking place in the cities covered by the Department of Labor's statistics likely is also taking place in the majority of other large municipalities," believes the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, which ascribes the reduction in the ranks of the unemployed to a general improvement in business conditions. "The movement is slow," admits the Rochester *Post-Express*, "but this is due to the conservatism, or rather, the pessimism of many financiers and business men." And "it should not be forgotten," we are told, "that improvement in economic conditions is cumulative—like a snowball rolling downhill."

"The fact that jobs are becoming more plentiful, and applications for them fewer, is far more important to the country than the wage question," thinks the New York *Tribune*, which expects this to be "the best business year since the war." This prediction is also voiced by the Seattle *Times* and other papers. As the Kansas City *Star* points out:

"Press dispatches announce a long list of improvements and extensions now planned by the railroads. The announcement is important chiefly in relation to the cumulative force of the list, as almost every day of recent weeks has witnessed the move of one or more roads to add to equipment, build additional trackage or open repair shops closed for months. The development is a result of improvement in railway business, this in turn being but the reflection of improved business generally.

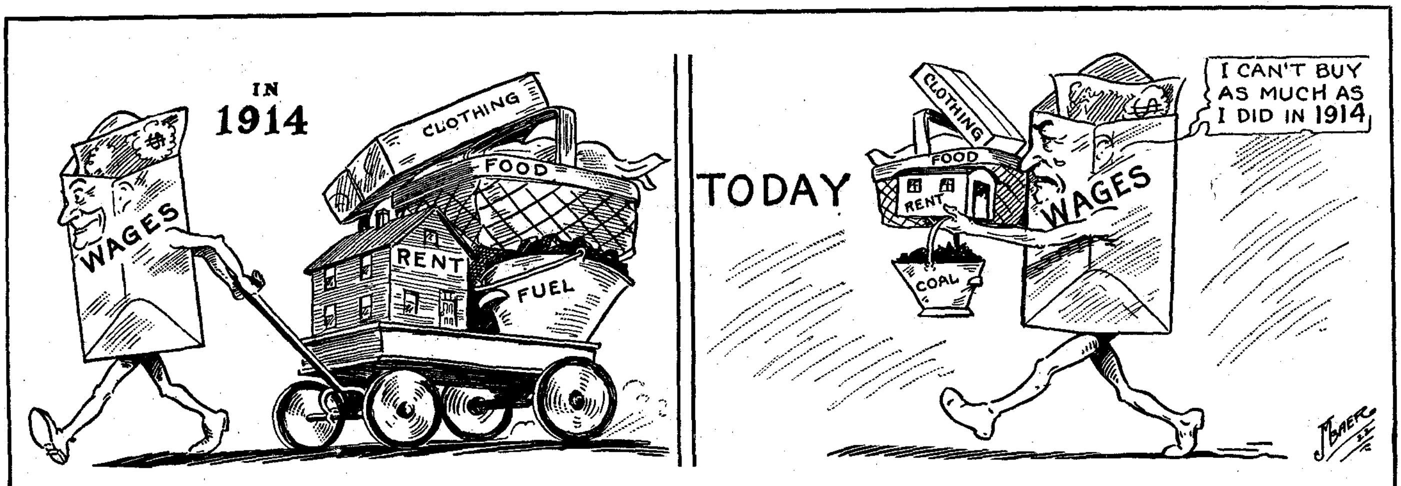
"A complete account of labor possibilities now in sight would include reference to road-building work that gives signs, perhaps in every State, of unprecedented progress as soon as weather conditions are more favorable; public improvements in the cities, and the shops and factories that will be called upon for supplies as all forms of construction are pushed forward. Especially encouraging are the reports of new building construction to be undertaken that will call for the expenditure of almost a billion dollars."

According to the Minneapolis *Journal*, however, "the time has not yet arrived when the problem of unemployment can be dismissed with a wave of the hand," altho it admits that the crisis is past. As we are told by this paper:

"A marked feature of the crisis has been the way the people voluntarily set themselves to provide as much work as possible for the idle. Nearly every city formed its emergency committee to push concrete measures of relief. Cities like Chicago started clean-up campaigns which gave work to hundreds. Los Angeles, Savannah, Baltimore and Dayton set aside large sums to push public works and improvements. St. Paul invoked a clause of its charter to borrow a hundred thousand dollars for sewer building and bridge repairs. Minneapolis set aside a large sum to provide relief for the needy. The emergency has been met largely by the good old method of personal and local help. Altho the larger phases of the problem still wait solution, the crisis has been passed, and the unemployment situation shows great improvement."

Granting all this, says the Chicago *Journal* in another editorial, nothing has been done to prevent a recurrence of unemployment or to solve the problem of the floating laborer. What the country needs, in the opinion of *The Journal*, is "a comprehensive survey of the unemployment problem and a nationwide and concerted effort to coordinate industry so as to eliminate the waste of labor caused by employment peaks coming at about the same time." Some such effort has resulted in success in California, we are told in a San Francisco dispatch to the New York *World;* the remedy was first worked out and applied through the cooperation of officials of the Government, California State officials and San Francisco organizations, and applied throughout the State. The various cities, counties, school districts and State governmental bodies, and the financial, commercial and industrial concerns throughout the State not only solved the acute problem of unemployment last winter, but formed an organization to prevent a recurrence of that condition on the Pacific Coast next winter. Continues *The World* dispatch:

"Through the cooperative plan the railroads, street-car systems, ferry and steamship lines, lumber manufacturers and other



WAGES LARGER, BUT——

—Baer, in *Labor* (Washington).

industries have provided work for thousands, and through State highway activities, individual county highway activities, State building, other public building and private building activities, school district work, etc., millions of dollars' worth of work is being gradually put under way throughout the State, all of which is being reflected in general industrial and commercial conditions. All of this is being accomplished by increasing employment through normal channels rather than by encouraging emergency appropriations by either city, county or State legislative bodies."

It will be recalled that the main object of the National Conference on Unemployment, called by President Harding last fall, was to stimulate the community itself to solve the unemployment problem, altho the Emergency Committee, headed by Colonel Arthur Woods, furnished suggestions as to the best way to attack the problem. In a New York *World* résumé of the Committee's work, by Colonel Woods, we are told that—

"Reports from hundreds of Mayors and City Managers throughout the country, who took the advice of the Committee and applied themselves to the solution of their own local unemployment problems, may be roughly divided into three groups, each of which shades into the other: 1. Cities which undertook public projects in order to create work; 2. Cities which appropriated money for the immediate relief of distress; 3. Cities which devised campaigns to stimulate business and provide employment. Some cities may be found in all three groups; others in two groups.

"Among the many towns in the first group might be mentioned: Toledo, O.; Davenport, Ia.; Spokane, Wash.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Galesburg, Ill.; Middletown, O.; Youngstown, O.; Wilmington, Del.; Wilmington, N. C.; Pensacola, Fla.; Portland, Me.; Dayton, O.; Los Angeles, Cal.; Savannah, Ga.; Shreveport, Ill.; Baltimore, Md.; Detroit, Mich.; Saginaw, Mich.; St. Paul, Minn.; Schenectady, N. Y.; and Boston, Mass.

"In the second group of cities, where the community actually appropriated money or raised it to care for the destitute, some are New Haven, Conn.; Hartford, Conn.; Kansas City, Mo.; Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Cincinnati, O.; Lima, O.; Racine, Wis.; Cleveland, O.; Buffalo, N. Y.; St. Louis, Mo.; Detroit, Mich.; Logansport, Ind.; Butte, Mont.; Little Rock, Ark.; Portland, Me.

"In the third group of cities, which conducted campaigns to stimulate employment, were Chicago, Ill.; Dallas, Tex.; Kearny, N. J.; Rockford, Ill.; Youngstown, O.; and Allentown, Pa. I could go on almost indefinitely, but I select these merely because they have turned in fuller and more complete reports. Let me take up a little space in citing a few novel instances. In Fort Wayne, Ind., advertisements were published in the newspapers and the unemployed were asked to fill out and send in blanks. These were turned over to the local employment agency and hometown industries secured the help they needed. Boston asked all employers to increase the number of their employees by at least one and as many more as possible.

"New London, Conn., ran special entertainments in the theaters with local talent. The unemployed were allowed to sell tickets and retain a good percentage of the proceeds. Houston, Tex., maintained a gang of laborers ranging in number from 200 to 600, paying them $1.25 a day for work in the parks, and if they had dependents, supplementing this by charity. Public-spirited citizens in Rock Island, Ill., banded together to hire one man one day a week to keep him from becoming an object of charity. Lima, O., put 100 men to work two or three days a week, paying them in orders on groceries for food. This helped the merchants too. Butte, Mont., raised $60,000 each month and extended some sort of aid to 2,500 families. Unemployed single men could get two meals a day out of this fund. Galesburg, Ill., put $100,000 into water mains, and work went on right through the winter, while the town provided lodging and food for the destitute. Fort Dodge, Ia., reports that jobless miners worked abandoned coal mines in the vicinity, which gave them a living and reduced the price of coal at the same time.

"No conference," Colonel Woods points out, "can merely wave a wand, and bring good times. The President's Conference did, however, arouse the cities of the United States to do the two best things that could be done in an emergency—create temporary work and relieve acute distress." Continues Colonel Woods:

"Let me briefly show another large group of cities, widely scattered, which reported an upward trend by doing just these things. They include Asheville, N. C.; Baltimore, Md.; Clarksburg, W. Va.; Columbus, Ga.; Johnson City, Tenn.; Macon, Ga.; Omaha, Neb.; Passaic, N. J.; Sacramento, Cal.; San Francisco, Cal.; Atlanta, Ga.; Auburn, N. Y.; Beloit, Wis.; Colorado Springs, Col.; Lincoln, Neb.; Los Angeles, Cal.; Nashville, Tenn.; Pueblo, Col.; Roanoke, Va.; Seattle, Wash.; Sheboygan, Wis.; Tucson, Ariz.; and Wheeling, W. Va.

"The worst is over. The tide has turned. We are on the up-grade. The peak of unemployment has been reached. It must be remembered, however, that there are to-day a great many thousands of men who have been entirely self-respecting and self-supporting but who have been driven through the stress of the times, without fault of their own, to become public dependents. From points of view both of humanity and of the conservation of man power of the country these men must be helped back into the independent class.

"I feel certain that the industrial skies are clearing, but clearing skies do not repair men broken on the wheel. A factory speeding up to 100 per cent. of output does not want a hand to tend its machinery who can not deliver 100 per cent. of labor because he has been at death's door with influenza, coupled with under-nourishment. That is the job which is left for American humanity.

"How to ward off bad times in the future—that is problem No. 2. It is highly important now to see if something can not be worked out to prevent these regular recurrences of business depression.

"Then there is the so-called seasonal unemployment. Men who harvest crops or pick fruit are laid off during the winter. On the other hand there is no logging in the summer. Fishing has its bad times every year. So do road construction and house-building. There are off-seasons in many of the industries.

"We of the Emergency Committee, and other agencies which have offered their help, hope to arrive at workable plans by which the peak of booms may be cut down and the trough of depression partly filled up. At the same time we hope to reduce the evil of seasonable unemployment, just as some industries and individual plants have already done."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

EASY STREET is hard to find.—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

ORGANIZED labor is all right until it progresses to organized loafing.—*Columbia Record.*

THE truth is mighty and will prevail, but it is mighty hard to find it.—*New York Tribune.*

"PROSPERITY is in its infancy," says a banker. It acts like it.—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

PORTO RICO'S Mont Reily appears to be in constant eruption. —*Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger.*

THE only sweeping reform that has succeeded is the vacuum cleaner.—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

IRELAND is free. Then what's the fight about? To settle which Irishmen shall have all the freedom.—*Christian Statesman.*

EVEN if we saw a monster like the Plesiosaurus, we'd be afraid to say so for fear of arousing suspicions.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"JACK" DEMPSEY has gone to Europe. That is conclusive evidence that peace has arrived over there.—*Pittsburgh Gazette Times.*

SOME folks declare their coal bills are high enough without getting the miners and the operators together.—*Financial America.*

ONE thing in support of Conan Doyle's claim that death is pleasant is the way John Barleycorn has thrived on it.—*Washington Post.*

A GERMAN who predicts the end of civilization in 200 years probably expects Germany to win a war then.—*Pittsburgh Gazette Times.*

CONAN DOYLE says there is love-making in the world beyond. Ardent spirits, evidently, are not under any ban there.—*New York Tribune.*

WE no longer dare to carry a satchel for fear the cops will size us up as a bootlegger or the crooks will take us for a paymaster.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

NEITHER South nor North Ireland will yield a foot. They probably fear that the loss might interfere with their kicking.—*Manila Bulletin.*

COLUMBUS discovered America, but he didn't recognize it. That seems to be the trouble with our discovery of Europe.—*New York Evening Post.*

PESSIMISTS will note that the proposal to make the House of Lords an "aristocracy of brains" instead of an "aristocracy of blood" is accompanied by a proposal to reduce its membership more than half.—*New York Evening Post.*

NEW YORK is to display civic virtue, but only in sculpture.—*Indianapolis Star.*

PROSPERITY is largely confined to the bootleggers and the bandits.—*Columbia Record.*

THE Senators can't scare Harding. He knows what they're made of.—*Christian Statesman.*

GERMANY assures Russia that the two nations are brothers. So were the James boys.—*New York Tribune.*

THE greatest discovery of the Anti-Saloon League was that the water-wagon could be milked.—*Columbia Record.*

INCOME-TAX returns are 35 per cent. short. The highwaymen got in just ahead of the Government.—*New York Tribune.*

THE Russian Reds' method of helping insolvent Europe is to present a bill for 50,000,000,000 rubles.—*Washington Post.*

WE'VE always liked Columbus because he came to America simply as a discoverer and not as a lecturer.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

THE Turks have a peculiar affection for Adrianople, not only as a holy city but also as 150 miles further into Europe.—*Boston Herald.*

SEVERAL new wars on mosquitoes have been started this spring, but we are still betting on the mosquitoes.—*New York Tribune.*

A MAN from Genoa once proved that the world was round; the men now in Genoa are proving that the world is flat.—*Washington Post.*

AT least the messages Dr. Doyle transmits from the dead are as authentic as those Mr. Tumulty gets from the living.—*New York Tribune.*

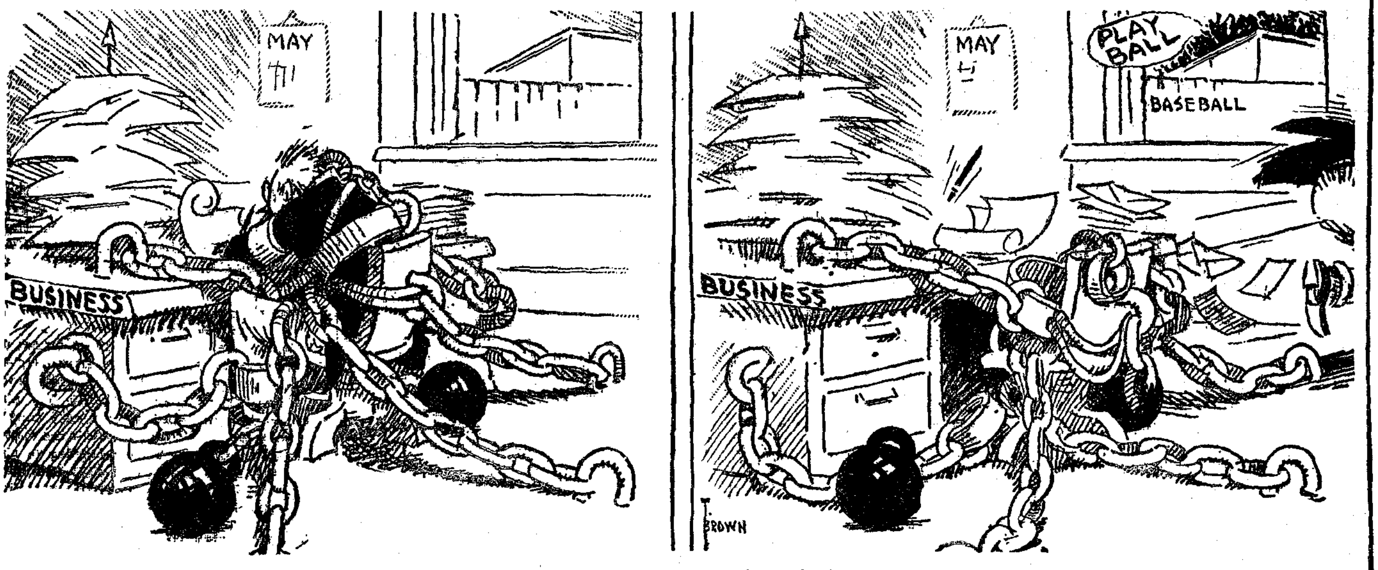
THE motor accident record indicates that there are too many speed trials on the highways and not enough in the courts.—*New York Tribune.*

CONAN DOYLE says the spirits marry, but don't have children. He is mistaking New York for heaven, as all fictionists do.—*Washington Post.*

RUSSIA is howling for the same treatment that other nations are receiving. The first thing she knows she's going to get it.—*Manila Bulletin.*

THE Russian delegates are feeling around in Genoa—with the view, we suppose, of endeavoring to locate the world's pocketbook.—*Columbia Record.*

PROHIBITION DIRECTOR HAYNES says that the cost of enforcing the prohibition law is paid by the fines collected. Presumably, the law can be entirely enforced if enough fines can be collected for its violation.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*



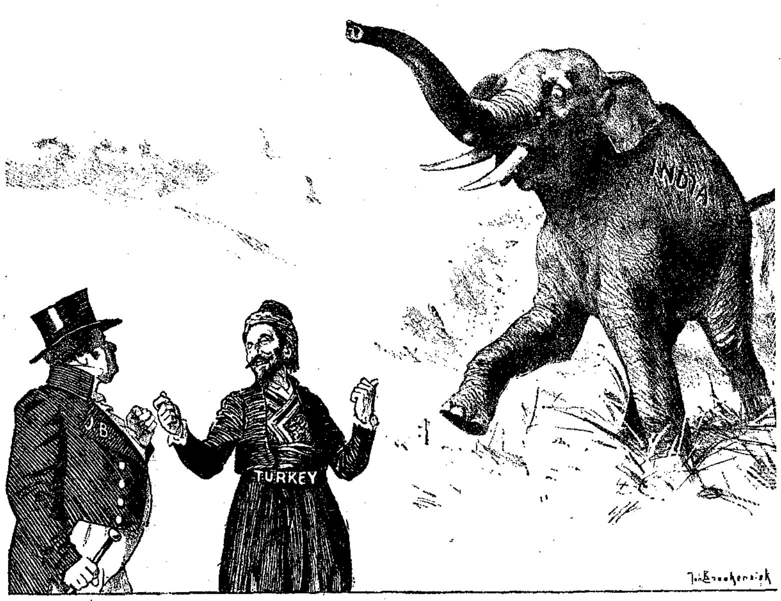
THE REAL HANDCUFF KING.

—Brown in the Chicago *Daily News.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

AN EXPERT BRITISH VIEW OF INDIA

EXCITING EVENTS in home politics and inadequate information about what is really happening in India combine to handicap the British public in seeing the Indian situation understandingly. Thus we are told by Lord Meston, K.C.S.I., who is described as one "intimately identified with the Indian reform scheme" and therefore "speaking with particular authority." He points out that the London morning newspaper is obsessed by three topics: "The antics of Mr. Gandhi, the outrages for which he and his teachings are directly accountable, and the efforts of an irresponsible majority in the Legislative Assembly to wrest all power from the Central Government at Delhi." But this is not the whole picture, according to Lord Meston, for it shows nothing of the feeling in the Indian public services, the treatment of Europeans, especially in isolated areas, or even the part played by the new Indian Ministers, to whom Englishmen naturally look for leadership of Indian public opinion. Meanwhile it is pointed out that private letters from "both Englishmen and friendly Indians" continue to bring the most perturbing news, and "experts are not lacking to tell us that we are on the eve of losing India." The true remedy for the present ferment lies not in drastic change, says Lord Meston in the *Asiatic Review* (London), but in patience and a consistent policy on the part both of His Majesty's Government and of the Viceroy and his counselors on the spot, to which he adds that—



THE ELEPHANT TAMER.

TURKEY: "What is it worth to you if I tame him?"

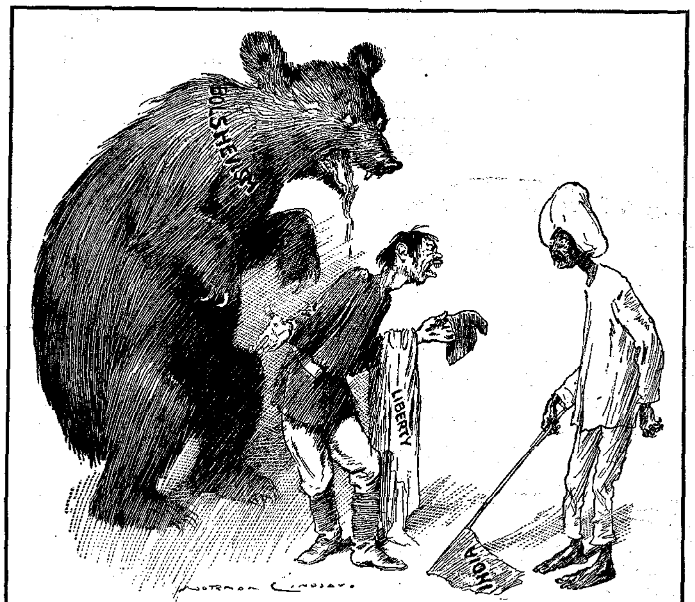
—*De Amsterdammer* (Amsterdam).

> "Their first and most urgent duty is the prevention of disorders; and for this task the local authorities must have an adequate force available. Its disposition may be safely left to them; all that we can do from this end is to resist any weakening of the British garrison on grounds of economy or otherwise. Sixpence off the income-tax would be a poor compensation for civil war in India. But next to armed force, which no one wishes to see employed, the chief insurance against disturbance of the peace is a steady enforcement of the ordinary law. If seditious meetings and the activities of Mr. Gandhi's 'volunteers' are prohibited, the prohibition should be absolute and effective. Once the Government is seen to be in earnest, the sober-minded will soon rally to its support, and the pleasurable excitement of defying the law will steadily wane.
>
> "Then will come the harder task, the slow reconstruction of the position which Mr. Gandhi has endeavored to destroy. His assaults were delivered not only at our scheme of political progress, but through it at our whole mission in India. 'India for the Indians' is no new war-cry; there was a well-known revolutionary orator of Lord Minto's time who used to tour Bengal with a banner which bore the sole device "EXPULSION." But simple patriotism has never been its inner meaning; and if we believe that we have anything of value to leave with India when we finally depart, we must now mobilize and strengthen that section of Indian thought which accepts our ideals of civilization and does not find the words of all wisdom in the Vedas. To this end we must resolutely pursue our policy of training India in the use of free institutions, and obliterating all color distinctions which lower the self-respect of Indians. In this way only can the spirit of cooperation replace the fever of racial bitterness."

If there is to be cooperation, Englishmen and Indians must each have their allotted share in the work, and it is recalled that this is the keynote of the Reform Act of 1919, and the sooner there is a return to it the better. Altho the system of diarchy may be "irksome to the impatient or the ambitious," Lord Meston believes it preserves the "balance of duties during the march toward full self-government." Short-cuts, or what Sir Valentine Chirol describes in his "India, Old and New," as "skipping diarchy" may easily set a province on the slippery path which ends in the ministers "enjoying power without responsibility and the Governor-in-Council being saddled with responsibility without power." Lord Meston calls attention then to the fact that "it was precisely this denouement which certain Indian politicians strove to secure, and the government of India strenuously resisted, when the Act was on the anvil." Among the merits of India's new constitution, he tells us, elasticity is not the least, and it would be foolish to imagine that improvements in machinery and procedure will not be devised long before the first decennial stage is complete. Meanwhile—

> "The main principles are the only rails on which the new Constitution can run: abandon them, and a smash is inevitable. If this is recognized when India returns to her senses and the bogey of Non-Cooperation is laid, harmonious progress will become possible. Conflicts over jurisdiction where the law is clear can end only in the breakdown of the Constitution, and a breakdown means victory for reaction. Now reaction has two barrels: one is the creed that democratic institutions are unsuited to India, and that she must return to paternal government; the other is the belief that Western civilization is unsuited to India, and that she must get back to her own archaic past. A shot from either barrel is death to all that Englishmen have been trying to do for India in the last 150 years."

Among the Indian press we find the Madras *Hindu* saying that what is most important about Non-Cooperation is "the intensity of political feeling which gives it life and sustenance," and this is a truth that "has not been widely recognized." If the Government of India persist in their present course of suppression, remarks this Moderate organ, the Moderates "will find themselves between the devil and the deep sea." The



BOLSHEVIK PROPAGANDA IN INDIA.

UNCLE BOLSHIE FROM MOSCOW: "My little pet here has devoured Liberty in Russia, and now your people may wear her clothes if you will give us the run of your place."

—*The Bulletin* (Sydney N. S. W.)

Lahore *Tribune* (Ind.) regrets that "insight and imagination have never been among the strong points" of certain English politicians, which it classifies as "Lord Curzon's school." For instance, it tells us that Lord Curzon issued a statement in which—

> "He attributed the ferment in India with its recent explosions to the reflex influence of war, which was exprest in India, as in Western countries, in increasing prices, stifled trade, high taxation and also to some extent to the persistence of embittered memories of the events of 1919, and partly, perhaps, to the Islamic agitation, which was being pursued in India, not exclusively, not even mainly on its own merits, but often on seditious grounds, and it was due to that feeling spreading everywhere throughout the Eastern World, and being enormously exaggerated by preachers of war, that feeling for self-determination, self-government, or whatever phrase they like to employ, which was surging in the mind of all Eastern peoples."

In other words, sarcastically observes this Lahore newspaper, it is the opinion of Lord Curzon that the Indian situation is the outcome of a combination of forces in which there is "no room for the doctrine of nationality, of the inherent right of a people to govern itself, of the destiny of a people being in its own hands—the most potent and inspiring of all the forces at work, the force which even a tyro could tell Lord Curzon is more than anything else at the bottom of all that has happened in India during the last few years!" Adverting then to a question asked of Mahatma Gandhi, whether his arrest would cause the collapse of Indian resistance, this newspaper cites his answer as follows:

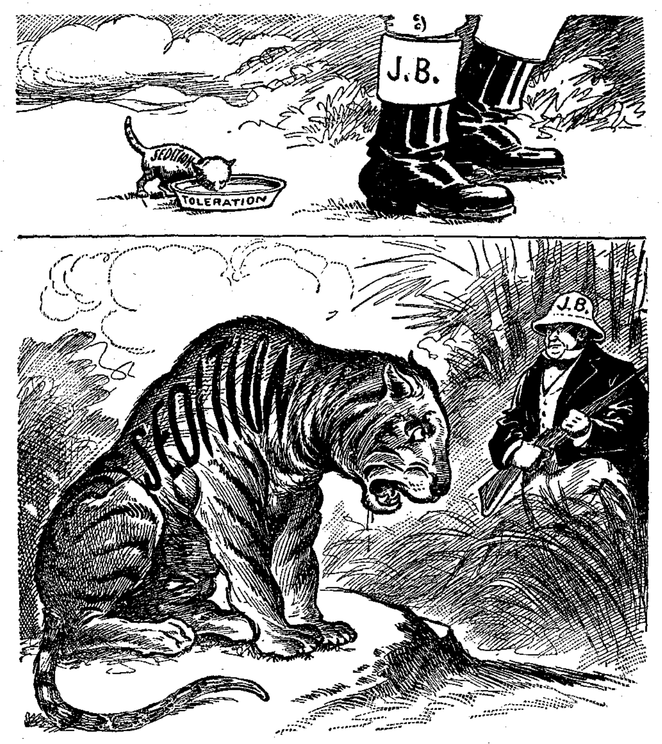
> "There is so much superstition regarding my supposed powers, human and superhuman, that sometimes I feel that my imprisonment, deportation and execution would be quite justified. This belief in the possession of superhuman powers by me is really a bar to national progress and the Government will deserve the thanks of reasonable humanity if they remove me from the people's midst and do not afterwards become mad themselves, but deal with the people with justice and without terrorism."

Such a statement, declares *The Tribune*, "has really nothing to do with the merits or demerits of civil disobedience or Non-Cooperation or any other of the shibboleths of the hour, whether non-official or official, whether Liberal or Extremist." It stands "above all party dissensions and feuds, and points with unerring finger to the supreme height to which humanity can rise."

A BRITISH BOUQUET FOR UNCLE SAM

MANY A BRICK is shied at Uncle Sam's rakish top hat in these days of his "non-cooperation in Europe," we are reminded, but at the same time foreign observers point out that both in England and on the Continent full meed of praise is given to "our rich American uncle" for the Washington Conference. Whatever its arrangements may accomplish, or fail to accomplish in meeting the hard realities of practical politics and national mass spirit, they say, there still remains the one big fact that Washington gave the disarmament idea its initial world-wide impetus. By an act "impressive from its very complexity and difficulty," remarks the London *Spectator*, the United States has "shown the whole world that it means peace business and not merely peace talk in that portion of the world which the American people have marked out as the special field of their activities." This weekly considers also that with the Senate's ratification of the quadruple pact of the Pacific there is registered not only "a tremendous triumph for the cause of international peace," but what to its thinking is "even more important, a tremendous triumph for the cause of Anglo-Saxon good faith and good understanding." We read then:

> "No one wants less than we do to see anything in the way of a fixed alliance, entangling or otherwise, between the British Empire and the United States. No one, again, wishes less than we do to see either Power claim any sort of right to intervention or interference in its kinsman's affairs. Each Power must, and will, do what it wills with its own. America, no doubt, may often do things in the future which we shall think hard, or wrong, or ill-timed, and we shall also, no doubt, do things which will incur strong criticism in America. But that does not matter any more than the friction between brothers and sisters, who are often exceedingly hard and even unjust critics of each other.
>
> "What does matter is that we two Powers have come thoroughly to understand each other's ultimate aims and aspirations. Both Powers stand for peace and not for wasting the substance of the world upon armaments and preparations for war. Both Powers stand for enforcement of treaty obligations until those obligations have been by due process abrogated. They stand, that is, for the sanctity of international contract. Both Powers stand for democratic government—for government by the Will of the People, constitutionally and clearly exprest. This



A CANADIAN TIP TO ENGLAND.

"Some day John may learn that a cub grows."

—*The Daily Star* (Montreal.)

last may, at first sight, seem to some Englishmen and some Americans as a principle out of place in the context. They will be inclined to regard it as something in the nature of an interference with the complete liberty of each nation to insist upon a particular principle and type of government. As a matter of fact, it does not mean interference. What it does mean is a clear recognition of the fact that, taking the world as it is, there can be no successful basis for a firm peace between nations unless those nations are in the last resort self-governing and the Will of the Majority prevails and not the will of an autocrat or of an oligarchy.

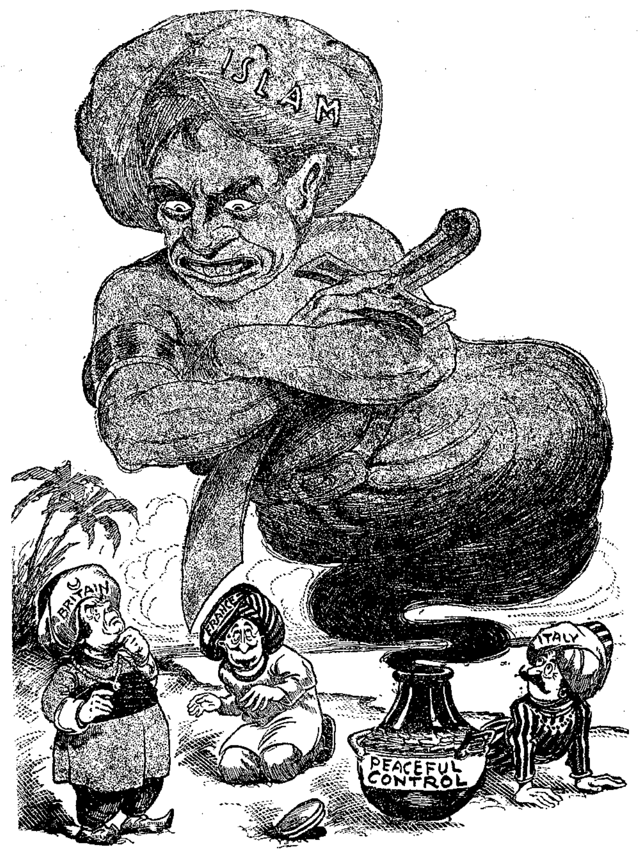
"No durable or enforceable contracts can be made with any nation which has not got a democratic basis. The reason is obvious. Some usurper, revolutionary or otherwise, will always claim to speak for the people, tho he has no such right. He will tell you that he can not maintain this or that former contract of his Government because that contract was *ultra vires*—it was not recognized by the people. To make stable contracts you must deal with plenipotentiaries, and no man can be the plenipotentiary of a nation unless he is appointed by a Government that rests on the popular will."

This conservative London weekly goes on then to reveal a conception of the Far East that is said to be very satisfactory to certain sections of the British public, but not to others of less restricted outlook. To believers in China's democracy, for instance, there is piquancy in its assertion that the condition of democracy "tends to exclude the Asian Powers except Japan, for none of them is at present fitted to be a democracy in the true sense." The trust reposed in Japan's future, as a chief cooperator with Great Britain and the United States in world affairs, contrasts sharply with the somewhat skeptical estimate *The Spectator* fixes on Orientals in general. Meanwhile it proceeds serenely confident to advise us as follows:

"There is something in the mind of the Oriental which makes him desire autocracy, and it is no good pretending that this is not so and trying to camouflage the situation by torrents of rhetoric. We must accept things as they are, not as we should like them to be. No good can be done by diluting any system of contractual international law if in that system something in the nature of a paramount law court is to be the *ultima ratio* instead of the bomb and the bayonet.

"It may be that the final trustees of the peace of the world will have to consist of the White Powers, Japan being included in that category, and that for communities which have not yet shown themselves capable of establishing a true democracy something in the nature of tutelage will have to be worked out. Anyway, we are convinced that the road to success in the matter of universal peace lies through a good understanding among the whole of the English-speaking race. If once that understanding is made permanent, and statesmen on both sides learn that they must not play tricks with it but must work it unselfishly, for the sake of each other and for the sake of the world, we shall have taken an enormous step in the right direction.

"But our union of hearts, tho it will be exclusive in the matter of sentiment, must never be exclusive in the matter of action. We must welcome to our peace banquet all other Powers just as we have welcomed Japan. On the handfasting of Britain and America may be built up the handfasting of the world. That is why it is a cause worth living for and dying for."



UNCORKED BY THE WAR.

"The question is how to get him back into the vase."

—*The Daily Star* (Montreal).

A TURKISH EDITOR SPEAKS

THE GREATEST BLUNDER committed in tackling the Near Eastern problem is insistence on religious discrimination, we are assured by Mr. Ahmed Emin, editor of the well-known Constantinople *Vakit*, who declares that while the fate of the Christian minorities in Turkey is discust with fanaticism, the actual sufferings of the Turkish minorities in Macedonia and the extermination of the Turkish majorities in Thrace and Smyrna, "hardly draw the slightest attention." Addressing himself to the editor of the London *New Statesman*, he declares that such a condition means that human life is differently valued according to whether it is a Christian or a Mohammedan who is concerned, and, he proceeds:

"Those making this dangerous discrimination may think, in their deep bias, that they are in their right; they can not prevent the other side, however, from considering this discrimination in valuation of human life as a gross insult and in retorting with the same sort of reactionary feeling. The moment those responsible will sincerely decide to make no religious discrimination in the protection of minorities, not only will the interests of peace be served, but also those of the poor Christian minorities whose real cause of suffering is the excess of hypocritical interest of the foreign Powers, which in reality consider them as convenient objects of propaganda."

As to the general charges against Turkish administration, the editor of *Vakit* confesses that "it is useless to deny that we are a retarded people." After the Armistice, he relates, it seemed a reasonable thing to many idealists that special arrangements should be made to help all backward nations, both Christian and other, to become "normal factors of world life, instead of passive objects of imperialistic designs." Not the Turks only but nearly all the countries in southeastern Europe seemed to need education and help, according to this writer, who believes that Greece in particular needed it. And, we read:

"After the Balkan War, Greece easily succeeded in making a desert out of the most prosperous part of the former Turkish Empire. While the Greeks in Turkey were economically a very prosperous element, the large Turkish population in Macedonia had to choose between migration and extermination.

"When this same Greece was sent to Asia Minor on a civilizing errand, as a mandatory of the Powers, we at once got rid of our dangerous illusions, and became keen realists. In addition, the advanced European nations taught us very soon that we need not be so anxious to advance rapidly in order to reach them, because they themselves were taking every care to fall back on our level of government.

"I do not think any one of us over here sees anything happy in the reaction in Western countries. But we can't help feeling grateful for the grave mistakes committed by the European statesmen. If these statesmen had made up their mind to help us sincerely, they would not have succeeded, because we were too much worn out as a result of successive wars, had lost too much of self-confidence, had become too disunited. As blind enemies, too proud to examine facts, too obstinate to go back on a wrong decision, the European politicians prepared, step by step, our resurrection and our unity.

"I hope that, in face of all these accumulated experiences, it will at last be realized that a militaristic and imperialistic policy in the Near East does not pay at the present cost of things. The real objective of this policy can only be economic interests. Well, these interests can be best assured by a loyal policy of the open door. Trying to do business with the help of costly armies reminds me too much of a 'Nasriddin Hodja' story. Turkish people are used to giving to their accumulated experiences of daily life the form of funny stories, of which a man named 'Nasriddin Hodja,' who is believed to have lived four centuries ago, is invariably the hero. This Nasriddin Hodja used to buy five eggs for one 'para,' and sell ten for the same price. His wife became alarmed at this way of doing business, and asked him what this crazy thing meant. He gave this answer: 'Oh, it is quite all right; I only want my friends to see that I am doing active business.' The imperialistic policies of the recent variety look too much like Nasriddin Hodja's conception of doing active business."

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S TEN-YEAR PEACE

PEACE FOR TEN YEARS is promised in Europe by Mr. Lloyd George's proposed compact of guaranty, we are told, which is to be signed by the thirty-four nations at Genoa, who will thereby agree to refrain from aggressive action during that period. No penalties for infraction of the agreement are provided, say Genoa dispatches, for the present treaty, like those of Washington, would be "based on international morality." The plan is hailed as an advance step toward the disarmament discussion by the Assembly of the League of Nations which is dated for September at Geneva. Of course, the press remind us, members of the League are now bound by its covenant, but Germany and Russia are not members. Russia is said to be willing to sign the promise of no aggression, if it is signed by her neighbors, and the Germans are reported to have no objections to sign. One of the difficulties noted by some British correspondents is that the French wish the compact to be drawn so that it will not prevent military action to enforce the Treaty of Versailles, in case of necessity. Another reported difficulty is the presence of the Japanese in Siberia, which is objectionable to the Russians. Commenting on the Lloyd George proposal, the Paris *Journal des Débats* remarks:

> "One discerns in this proposal an indirect method of posing the question of disarmament. Whether this purpose be implied or not, it will be easy for the delegates of France and of Central Europe to protect their rights from attack. We have no interest in opposing a proposition that flatters the world's opinion, if it does not involve harm to us. We must not forget that the real aim of our adversaries during the conference is to put the blame on us for any failures it may suffer and then to denounce us as the scourge of the universe. As long as we know that we have adversaries it is the business of our delegates to unmask them and fix their responsibility in the world's disorder, and they must not hesitate to ask questions and demand explanations."

This important Paris daily goes on to relate that Soviet Russia is now occupying the Republic of Georgia by force, and Georgia is an "independent state recognized in fact and by right." Therefore the Russians are guilty of an act of aggression against the will of the people of Georgia. As a climax to Soviet "impudence," we read that the Russians have recently held an assembly election at Tiflis, under bayonets, in which of the 351 members elected to this body 99 are taken from the Soviet troops of occupation. The assembly elected in this fashion, we read further, has voted in favor of keeping the Russians in Georgia and of proclaiming them as the "adopted sons" of the workers and peasants of that country. In this manner, says this Paris newspaper, "do the Soviet Russians express their understanding of peace and the independence of nations" and "it offers Genoa a fair occasion to put them to shame."

In the semi-official Paris *Temps* it is stated that persons ill-disposed to France have raised the cry at Genoa that France is "an enemy of Russia," but "the truth is that the French are not fighting against Russia, but for her." This journal adds:

> "We know perfectly well who the enemies of Russia are. They are, first of all, her present masters. Next come the accomplices of these masters, who may be divided into two sets. On one side we have the German militarists and politicians who wish to make Russia an instrument of their revenge; and on the other the profiteers of every possible stripe who are hungry to fling themselves into the country in order that, as they say, they may put it on its feet. But in reality they mean to pillage it. Our aim is to see Russian liberty and prosperity properly guaranteed, and as this is the only proper aim it should triumph."

Le Temps then advises us of some new facts about the Red Army, which were given out by Mr. Rakovsky, formerly a Bulgarian agitator in Roumania, who was a German agent during the war, and at present one of the principal Russian delegates at Genoa. According to Mr. Rakovsky's statement before the Conference the Red Army consists of about 1,450,000 men, which this daily says is about the same figure given by Trotzky last December before the Soviet Congress. Trotzky stated that the effectives number 1,370,000, plus 225,000 men for the navy and the military schools. Now, exclaims this semi-official Paris organ, it must be remembered that these figures are official and therefore undoubtedly do not fall below the exact tally. With Soviet Russia having one million and a half soldiers under arms, "how is it possible to talk about disarmament in Europe?" We read then:

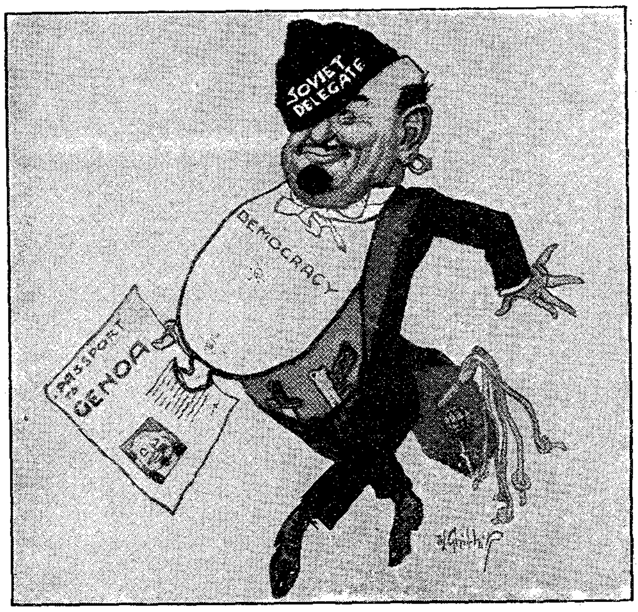
> "It is said that Moscow offers to reduce this army. But what value can such an offer carry as long as the acts and facts of Soviet Government exceed not only all international authority but all authority of the Russian people, who have neither liberty of the press, nor right of assembly, nor even the opportunity to elect freely a constituent assembly? In his speech of April 3 Mr. Lloyd George truthfully observed that we do not know what is going on in Russia: 'You can not tell what is happening in Russia,' explained the British Prime Minister. He even added: 'It is an impenetrable jungle.' How can we believe the word of the masters of this jungle when they say will disarm?"

BELGIAN WARINESS OF GENOA—Adventures in Russia do not greatly appeal to the Belgian mind, we learn from the Brussels press, in which we read that the gains to be expected for Europe by renewed business intercourse with Russia must be considered in the connection with certain risks inevitably to follow. *La Nation Belge* believes that Russian reconstruction is a fine idea and it is as strong for it as the next man, but "if reconstructing the Soviets, under pretext of reconstructing Russia, stops the break-up of Bolshevism that is going on in Russia, the proposal is one that we find difficult to support, even out of love for Mr. Lloyd George." Referring to an article in one of Mr. Lloyd George's supporting journals, the London *Daily Chronicle*, the *Independance Belge* points out that Mr. Lloyd George's program apparently includes certain subjects that had been supposed tabu at Genoa. Among these this Brussels newspaper mentions disarmament, reparations and recognition of the Soviet Government. Such inclinations of the British Premier are by no means new, it observes, and may, perhaps, be wholly satisfactory to him because they tend to keep him in power in England. But this daily declares that they present "an unmistakable peril to Belgian and French interests as affected by Germany"; and the consequence is that instead of hastening practical plans which would involve the economic restoration of Europe, Mr. Lloyd George's ideas promise delay and in fact complete frustration of such recovery. To be noted further in the Belgian press are strong suggestions toward Franco-Belgian cooperation and various newspapers urge that the delegates of the two countries should form a solid bloc, so that by no turn of events may the execution of the rightful terms of reparation be compromised.

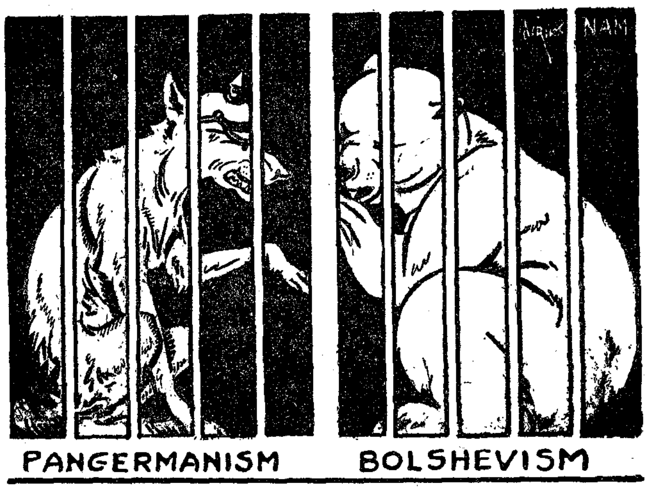
IF GERMANY HAD RUSSIA'S ARMY

GERMAN MILITARISM BY ITSELF was menace enough to the world, but joined in the "unholy bonds of alliance" with Soviet Russia, say adverse critics of the German-Russian agreement, it becomes a cloud on the horizon sufficiently ominous to justify the jeremiads of the most panicstricken Frenchmen. For the Bolshevist Red Army, which has been described alternately as "an undisciplined horde lacking equipment and arms" and "an invincible force ready at any moment to inundate Western Europe" may be safely described, they say, as a military arm that deserves at least careful appraisal. For authoritative advices about the actual condition of Russia's Red Army we have the testimony of General A. Noskoff, formerly of the Russian General Staff under the late Czar. Writing in *Smyena Vekh*, a Russian language weekly published in Paris by former supporters of Admiral Kolchak, this General says:

> "The mass of the rank and file of the Red Army consists of the peasant soldiers who, under the banners of the Empire marched the length and breadth of Europe. . . . They are the same soldiers who through centuries have sacrificed themselves without complaint, paying with their lives for the ignorance and the intrigues of their great and small commanders. In a word, it is the flesh and blood of the Russian people, who are deservedly esteemed by Peter the Great as 'the most obedient in the world.' But it would be false to assert that the mass of the Red Army is the same blindly obedient human material in the hands of its chiefs and the new government as was the mass of the old Russian Army under its commanding officers. The revolution has perhaps not so much roused their self-consciousness as it has lifted them from the naive simplicity of children."

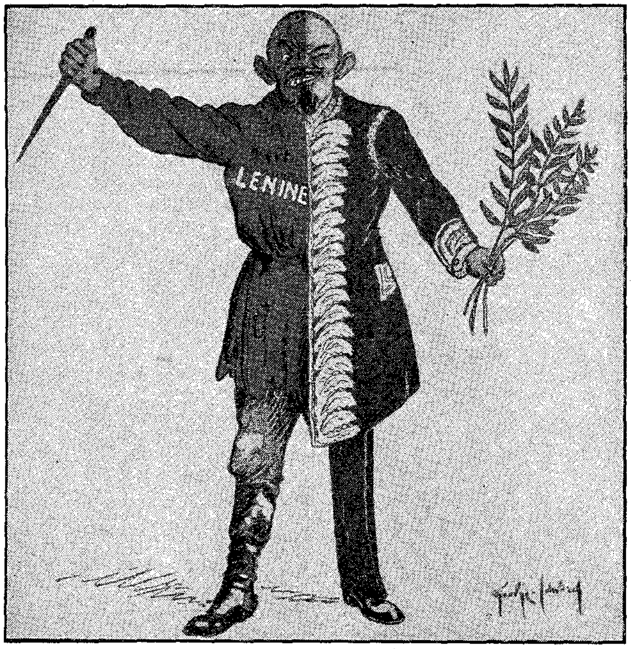


A FALSE FRONT.
—*The Passing Show* (London).



FRIENDLY ENEMIES.
—*La Liberté* (Paris).

Yet it would be a mistake to think that the great enlightenment of mind of the new Russian Army results in a dispersal of its force as a unit, says the writer, because four years' training under a definite authority that knows what it wants and gets it, has made due impress for discipline and coordinated strength. Besides, he tells us, the aim of the new government in Russia is to exact "not blind but conscious obedience to orders," and "for this purpose it has a powerful weapon, unknown to our ancestors, the weapon of extensive propaganda." When ably used, propaganda obtains in a few years results that under the old order took centuries to secure, and the writer believes that "the excellence of the Soviet Government's propaganda played a large part in the victories of the Red Army over its adversaries." As to the official personnel, this writer informs us that the commander-in-chief is General Kameneff, a veteran army officer, and we read:



RUSSIA'S REAL ENVOY AT GENOA.
—*Cri de Paris* (Paris).

> "The majority of the higher posts in the army, as is known, are filled by people who are not nearly so well qualified as General Kameneff. We know, for instance, that the cavalry is commanded by the former non-commissioned officer Budenny; the Army on the western frontier by the former infantry lieutenant, Tukhachevsky; the southern Army by a novice in military matters, one Frunze, etc. However, the experience of the wars prosecuted by the Soviet Republic has shown these self-made Army leaders competent to master their tasks. The long 'practise' of war, first the world war and then the civil war, has served as a good school for these military talents. Like many of Napoleon's generals, the Soviet Army chiefs came from the soldiery and the people. The excellent knowledge of their native element, a mind not clouded by metaphysics, power of will born of and nourished by a clear political idea have successfully made up for the lack of special military education. . . .
>
> "It may be assumed that their technical efficiency is not below that of the probable adversaries of the Red Army; but it does not matter whether it is a trifle lower or higher. The significance and value of a popular commanding personnel lies in its organic connection with both the Government and the masses of which neither Russia's neighbors nor the 'White' forces can boast."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

FOOD VALUE OF SOFT DRINKS

SOFT DRINKS POSSESS FOOD value largely on account of the sugar and the fruit juices that they contain. A soft drink may be made with chemical flavoring and sweetening and no food value whatever. It may still, of course, have an agreeable taste and be a thirst-quencher. In an article written for the *Monthly Bulletin* of the California State Board of Health, M. E. Jaffa, consulting nutrition expert of the board, divides soft drinks into four classes on this basis and discusses each at some length. Our quotations are from a reprint in *The Forecast* (New York). Mr. Jaffa quotes as a good definition of food, "that which, when taken into the body, either builds tissue or yields energy." If soft drinks meet either of these requirements, he says, they should be classed as food and would be more or less valuable nutritionally. He continues:

> "Bottled drinks may be conveniently divided into four main classes:
>
> "(1) Drinks compounded from artificial flavors, artificial coloring matter and artificially sweetened. (2) Drinks compounded from artificial flavors, artificial coloring matter and sweetened with sucrose. (3) Drinks compounded from fruit juices or syrup with or without the addition of sucrose. (4) Drinks compounded from syrups containing stimulants such as caffein.
>
> "We know to-day that all proteins have not the same biologic value—that cereal proteins are inadequate for the best growth and development. Milk fat and egg-yolk fat stand out very prominently as sources of vitamin in addition to their high caloric value. Again, we have been conclusively shown that in order that the diet may be adequately supplied with mineral matter it must be varied and contain a generous amount of fruit and vegetables. The latter also serve as most excellent sources of the water-soluble vitamins.
>
> "Class 1, or artificial drinks, is rarely, we are glad to say, met with to-day. A few years ago, drinks sweetened with saccharin were common. The prohibition of the use of saccharin as an artificial sweetener has proved beneficial in every way in safeguarding the food of the consumer. This is well emphasized by the following statement from food inspection decision No. 142:
>
> "'The substitution of saccharin for sugar lowers the quality of the food. The only use of saccharin in foods is as a sweetener, and when it is so used, it inevitably displaces the sugar of an equivalent sweetening power. Sugar has a food value and saccharin has none.
>
> "'In making this decision we are not unmindful of the fact that persons suffering from certain diseases may be directed by their physicians to abstain from the use of sugar. In cases of this kind, saccharin is often prescribed as a substitute sweetening agent. This decision will not in any manner interfere with such a use of saccharin.'
>
> "Class 2 comprises drinks containing artificial color and flavor but sweetened with sucrose. An examination of a large number of the bottled soft drinks indicates that the average amount of sugar per drink is about two rounded teaspoonfuls. The minimum number of calories recorded for any drink was 46 with a maximum of 103 and an average of 70.
>
> "This average of 70 calories compares very favorably with the corresponding figures for the average helping of many fruits and vegetables, while the maximum of 103 equals the caloric value of a slice of bread, an average helping of edible nuts, crab, oysters, codfish, etc. It must not be forgotten in making such comparisons that the caloric value in a bottled soft drink is due as stated almost entirely to sugar, while in nuts, fish, etc., no inconsiderable part of the caloric value is derived from protein. Furthermore, the average caloric value of soft drinks is less than that noted for the sugar and cream added to a cup of coffee or tea.
>
> "It will be observed that in addition to the sugar, the drink often contains acids, chiefly citric, which have a certain therapeutic and hygienic value, but can not be considered as being of any value nutritionally.
>
> "Class 3, drinks compounded from the fruit juices or syrup with or without the addition of sucrose.
>
> "Fruits have long been recognized as being very valuable ingredients of the diet. The mineral matter contained therein is basic and very necessary to offset the acid character of the minerals found in meat, cereals and eggs. Too much stress can not be laid on the importance of including in the menu, therefore, a generous amount of fruits and vegetables if for no other reason than to be sure that there shall be a proper balance of the mineral matter so that the alkalinity of the blood shall not be interfered with. During the last few years, however, still further nutritional studies have indicated that the fruit juices contain an appreciable quantity of water-soluble vitamins.
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> "As an illustration of the foregoing it may be said that a carbonated drink containing one and a quarter ounces of condensed, pure grape syrup will equal in nutritive value about one-half glass of plain or normal grape juice, yielding 100 calories, but in addition to the calories would also furnish vitamins and valuable mineral matter, which are not present in beverages prepared from sugar syrup as a basis.
>
> "While it is true that the grape is probably one of the richest fruits in iron a bottle of carbonated grape juice would, at best, contain one-tenth the amount of iron that a man should receive in his daily food. Reference is made to this matter because there are advertisements stating, in effect, that certain grape products will furnish the necessary amount of iron daily required by man."

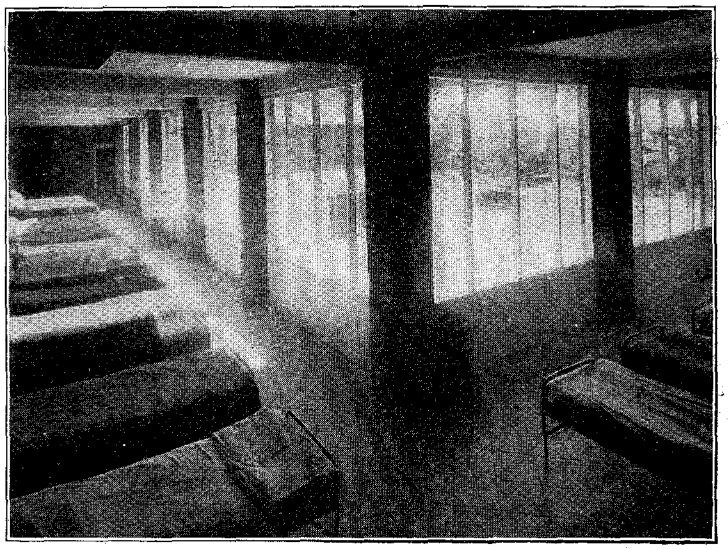
The above is typical, we are told, not only of the grape, but of many other fruit juices and condensed fruit syrups, such as the loganberry, raspberry, etc. It must be understood, however, that what has been said applies to fruit juices, as such, or condensed, and not to fruit extracts. Again, a glass of lemonade from lemon juice is, comparatively speaking, rich in antiscorbutic vitamins and minerals, while the artificial beverage is devoid of these two dietary essentials. We read further:

> "Class 4, drinks compounded from syrups containing stimulants such as caffein. The introduction of this form of drink has been so favorably received that to-day there are upwards of fifty-seven varieties.
>
> "Many were under the impression that this class of beverages contained cocain. Such is not the case, however, because, as Dr. Wiley tells us:
>
> "'The laws controlling the traffic in cocain and its sales have become so strict that the use of this body in so-called soft drinks is practically prohibited. The only alkaloid which is employed at the present time in the preparation of these beverages is caffein.
>
> "'The caffein which is used commercially is extracted chiefly from tea sweepings, altho it may be obtained from coffee. It is a white, crystalline powder, colorless when pure, and at high temperature is sublimed unchanged.'
>
> "A cup of tea, as ordinarily made, contains about one grain of caffein, the corresponding figure for coffee is 1.7 grains. The average amount of caffein found by the Kentucky Station as the result of the examination of 25 samples of caffein-bearing beverages was eight-tenths grain with a minimum of four-tenths and a maximum of one and a quarter grains per bottle of six and one-half ounces.
>
> "With reference to the stimulants, other than caffein, such as capsicum, coy, etc., which are found in small quantities in different soft drinks, it should be stated that their value should not be ignored. At the same time they can not be classed as foods.
>
> "The large majority of the bottled soft drinks are colored artificially; the exception being ginger ale, sarsaparilla, root beers, carbonated grape juice, etc. The colors which are used are those permitted by the Bureau of Chemistry, U. S. D. A., for the artificial coloring of foods. They have, however, absolutely no food value and have no injurious effects on the system. They are added for the purpose of pleasing the eye.
>
> "The artificial flavoring ingredients very largely added to soft drinks are present in extremely small amounts and have no

nutritional value. It is very encouraging to note, as indicated by the investigations of the Bureau of Chemistry, that there is an increasing demand for the natural or true flavors, evidenced by the larger use of fruits in the preparation of soft drinks. This type of flavor has also practically no nutritional value other than that which is contained in the alcohol carrying the flavor, etc. It must not be forgotten that there is a great difference between a fruit juice carrying the flavor and an extract containing the flavor of the fruit juice. In the former case we have all the nutritive value of the fruit, whereas in the latter case we have merely an alcoholic extract carrying only the flavor."

OPEN-AIR COLLEGE DORMITORIES

ALL students at the University of Arizona, Tucson, sleep in the open air, on sleeping-porches. This is obligatory on all those who live on the college grounds, and it has been found advantageous from all points of view, we are told by A. O. Neal, Registrar of the University, in an article contributed to *The Nation's Health* (Chicago.) This Arizona university, Mr. Neal tells us, is unique in many ways. In percentage of growth in the past six years it has exceeded all institutions of higher education, except four. The housing of the increasing number of students is a vital problem, and its solution has been the plan in which all students sleep on open-air porches. We read:



Courtesy of "The Nation's Health," Chicago.

"SLEEP IN THE OPEN AIR . . . IS OBLIGATORY."

Men's dormitory at the University of Arizona.

"The dormitories have all the usual provisions of the college halls. There are reading-rooms, social rooms, and congenial quarters for guests. All dormitories have showers and toilets on each floor, and all rooms are heated by steam from a central heating plant.

"Each women's hall is in charge of a competent head who has supervision of the work, health and social proprieties of the members of the group.

"In each men's dormitory there is a suite for the head resident, who is a member of the faculty. The plan followed is to have a man and wife, and in this way a home atmosphere is maintained.

"While these provisions are usual in many institutions, accommodations for sleeping are unusual if not unique—all students sleep on open porches. This applies to women students as well as to men students. Students are *required* to sleep outside their study rooms and, if unable to adjust themselves to the condition, must secure living quarters off the campus or in the infirmary.

"In addition to these dormitories operated by the University, there are six fraternity houses and six sorority houses with similar outdoor sleeping arrangements.

"The climatic conditions at Tucson during the school term made it very easy to follow the advice of those who recommended outdoor sleeping-quarters. The climate is mild, dry, and equable. The rainfall during the winter is very light, fogs are unknown, and cloudy days rare. The percentage of sunshine throughout the winter months is greater than that recorded at any other place in the United States. The total amount of rainfall for the year averages less than twelve inches, the greater part of which comes in July, August and September. These advantages insure a wide range of outdoor recreation throughout the college year. The nights are clear and the night temperature will average thirty degrees less than the maximum daily temperature.

"The first dormitory—North Hall, built in 1898—was provided with sleeping-porches up-stairs and down. Each of these porches was fitted with fifteen single beds. The porches are reached by passing through long corridors from the rooms to the porch. The exposure of these porches is to the north and east. Rolling canvas curtains were provided for protection in case of driving rains. For twenty-three years the plan has proved satisfactory.

"East College, built in 1896, provided sleeping-quarters for sixteen girls. Here the sleeping-porches were at the rear of the house and provided with double-decked beds. This arrangement was unsatisfactory and has been discontinued.

"When South Hall was built in 1900 it provided no open-air sleeping-quarters. As the number of students increased, it became necessary to provide additional sleeping-quarters, and beds were placed entirely outside the building. This practise led to the provision of two large wings on the second floor. These were open on three sides and provided space for thirty-five single beds on each of the two screened porches. This lends itself to confusion or disturbance through the movements of so many occupants.

"In Arizona Hall, built in 1912, a different plan is provided. Here the building is built on the 'U' plan with all rooms outside rooms with a screened porch around the central court. Each room opens upon this porch, which serves as corridor and sleeping-porch. Single beds just outside the door of each room provide sleeping-quarters for the occupants of the room and make is unnecessary for them to pass through long corridors or stairways going from room to bed, or *vice versa*. This plan is satisfactory and has many desirable features.

"Maricopa Hall, a dormitory for women, was completed in 1920. It has three floors accommodating thirty-five girls each. The rooms accommodate two girls each and are all outside rooms. On each floor there are three sleeping-porches, so that the number of beds on each porch is limited. The passageways from rooms to sleeping-porches are heated so that in extreme weather there is no exposure.

"The porches are screened and curtains provided, which are used only in case of driving rain or wind-storm.

"Cochise Hall, just completed, is regarded as the last word in dormitory arrangement. In this building, which provides quarters for 110 men, study rooms are provided to accommodate two students each. These rooms are in suites of three—two study rooms and a sleeping-porch situated between the two rooms.

"The sleeping-porch is provided with four single beds and this provides the outdoor sleeping-porch. This has the advantage of having a sleeping-porch directly connected with the rooms, and the number of occupants is limited to four. This minimizes opportunities for disturbance as well as providing greater privacy, and is much more satisfactory.

"The experience of twenty years has led the administration of the University of Arizona to the belief that this plan is thoroughly satisfactory. It affords rest and sleep in the open, the benefits of which are shown in the vitality and work of the students.

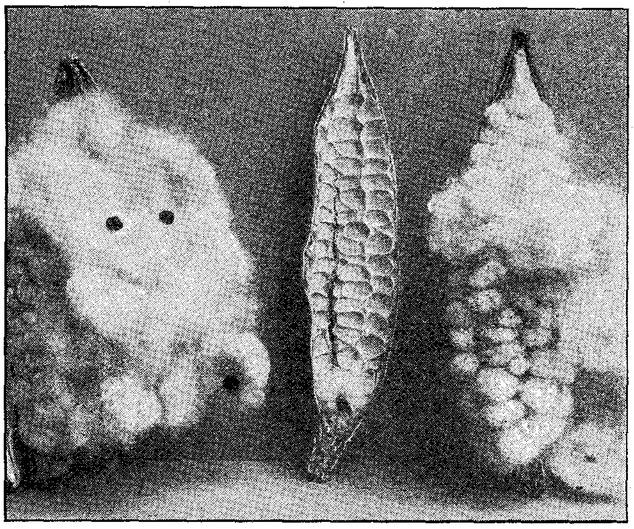
"It is not unusual for students to make extraordinary gains in weight and endurance in remarkably short time and this is in part attributed to the dormitory plan. Few students are willing to return to indoor sleeping-rooms after having had a semester's experience sleeping in the open air.

"There are some features of the plan which are readily adaptable to localities where the climate is not so favorable as in Arizona.

"The plan of Maricopa Hall or of Cochise Hall is readily adapted to other situations and could be used in any climate where the plan of outdoor sleeping is endorsed."

COTTON THAT GROWS ON TREES

"TURNIPS should never be pulled," wrote Mark Twain, according to his own story, when he edited a farm paper. "A boy," he went on, "should always be sent up to shake the tree." Had he made a similar remark about cotton, it would doubtless have been greeted with equal merriment; and yet the Javanese gather cotton from trees with poles. Kapok, usually known as silk floss cotton or silk cotton, is obtained from the fruit of a tree found in the Dutch East Indies, the Straits Settlements, Ecuador, Brazil and India. Under the microscope this floss shows a very delicate construction, consisting chiefly of fiber shaped like miniature pipes, and hollow; thus the substance is filled throughout with air which imparts to it a buoyancy which renders it particularly adaptable to manufacturing purposes. Says A. Villagrain, writing in *The Grace Log* (New York):



SILKY FLOSS OF THE KAPOK.

"The bulk of the world's supply of kapok at present is imported from Java. The production of India, Brazil, Ecuador and the Straits Settlements combined is comparatively negligible. Furthermore, the varieties coming from these latter countries are not as well standardized as those coming from Java and are therefore not in as great demand in this market, which is exacting in its quality requirements. Indian kapok, for instance, besides being heavy and musty, is not always completely cleaned and freed from seeds and other foreign matter, and has neither the elasticity nor the resiliency of Java kapok. On the other hand, the Ecuadorean and Brazilian varieties are coming to the fore as trade prospects, due to earnest efforts on the part of planters to standardize the article in accordance with export needs. The likelihood is that in the future kapok-growing will become a highly specialized industry in these Latin-American countries.

"The major part of the land in Java devoted to kapok culture is native owned, altho there are a number of estates under European management. The tree is found everywhere, even along the roads, and on the estates the plant is grown in conjunction with the coffee and cocoa plants.

"Kapok harvesting in Java is picturesque in the extreme. The natives sally forth with great poles of bamboo with which they bring down the long pods in much the same manner as apples might be struck from a tree, if that careless method of gathering fruit were still in vogue with us. Agile Javanese climb aloft into the branches with the grace and suppleness of trained acrobats. The tedious task of opening the pods and extracting the fibrous contents is left to the women and children. Floors, usually of cement, offer a bed for laying out the yellow, silky mass. To guard the downlike substance against being carried away by the wind, wire netting is put over it; under the rays of the tropical sun the moisture natural to all plant life is dried out. The fibrous substance, of remarkable elasticity as well as lightness, is placed in bags for shipment. Care must be used in putting it into containers, for if too tightly packed the delicate membrane may be crusht and thereby robbed of its delicate properties.

"Exporters state that the United States requires first quality only, while medium grades go to Europe, and the lowest to Australia. The statistics for 1920 show the following kapok shipments from Java:

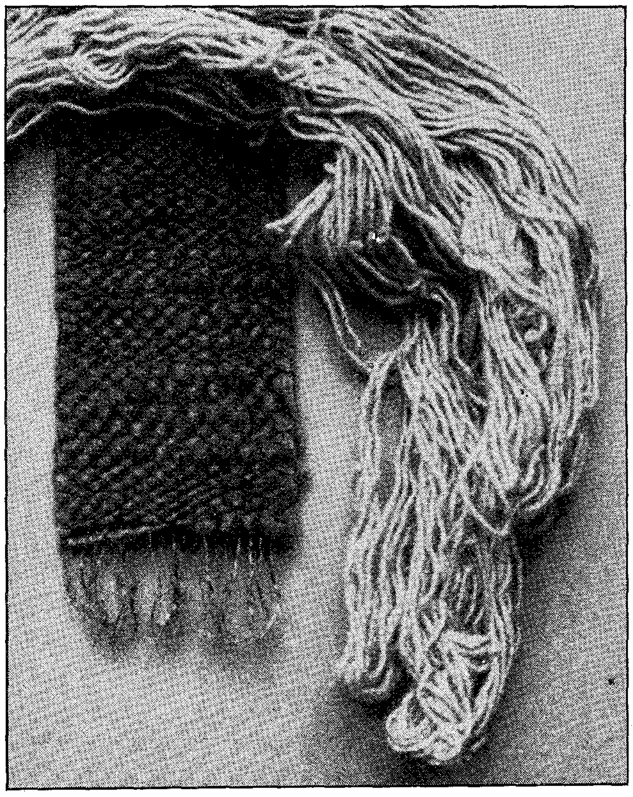
Into United States	5,545 tons
Into Australia	3,415 tons
Into Holland and the rest of Europe	2,528 tons

"Before the war most of the production was shipped to Amsterdam, but since 1915, due to scarcity of freight and poor market conditions in Europe, most of the trade has gravitated to America, San Francisco and New York becoming the largest importing and distributing centers.

"As time passes it would seem as if the article were entering into an increasingly larger sphere of usefulness. During the war each doughboy who braved the dangerous submarine wore around his waist a life-preserver made of kapok, and ever and again there comes the rumor out of Germany that at last science has found a way to spin silk from this delicate Asian fiber."

HOW FAST THE FISH SWIM—The speed of various birds and the distance that they are able to cover in a single flight or in a day, are often discust, and many observations have been made, but the habits of fishes in this respect have been much less observed. Most persons will be astonished to learn that fish are not much behind birds in their rate of motion. Says *Die Umschau* (Berlin) in substance:

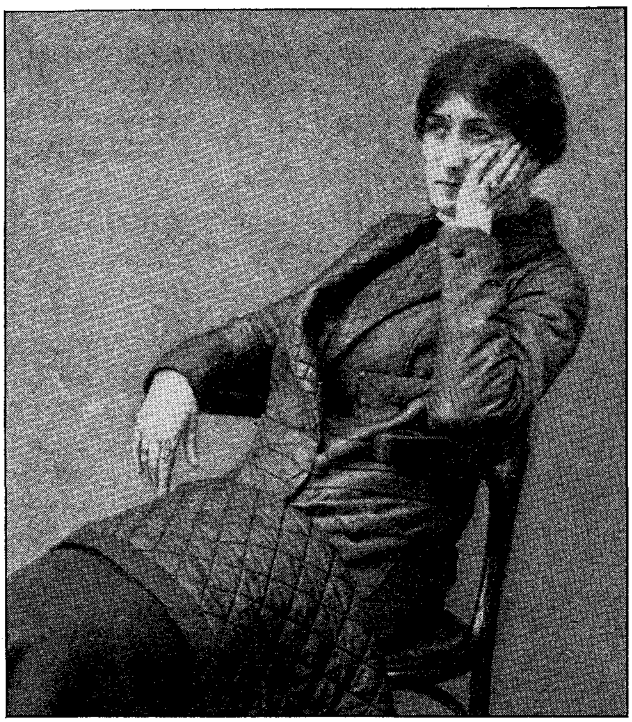
"An English observer came to the conclusion after certain experiments that trout travel through fresh water at the rate of about 28 miles per hour, even in the case of a small fish. In the course of a trip by water in Florida, the same observer noticed a school of porpoises traveling in wedge formation ahead of the ship. Suddenly as if by a preconcerted signal, they divided into two troops which turned and swam around the ship and back to their position ahead of it. This maneuver was repeated a number of times, and since the boat was traveling at the rate of 15 knots, all those who witnessed the phenomenon concluded that the rate at which the porpoises were traveling was not less than 50 miles per hour—in other words, they were going three times as fast as the ship."



YARN AND WEB OF KAPOK.

HOW HOT CAN WE LIVE?

THIS QUESTION does not mean, "In how hot a place can we survive?" because the skin automatically moistens itself in a hot environment and the body cools off by evaporation. Thus we may live with some degree of comfort in air of a temperature which, if communicated to the body, would cause death. But how high may the bodily temperature rise while there is still life in the organism? Above 98° there is fever and hence departure from normal health. A temperature of 103° indicates a "high" fever. During the recent influenza epidemic a statement was circulated in the daily press that a temperature of 114° had been recorded in the case of a servant girl, who recovered without any lasting damage. Commenting on this, an editorial writer in *The Lancet* (London), in an article on "The Limits of Body Temperature," writes:



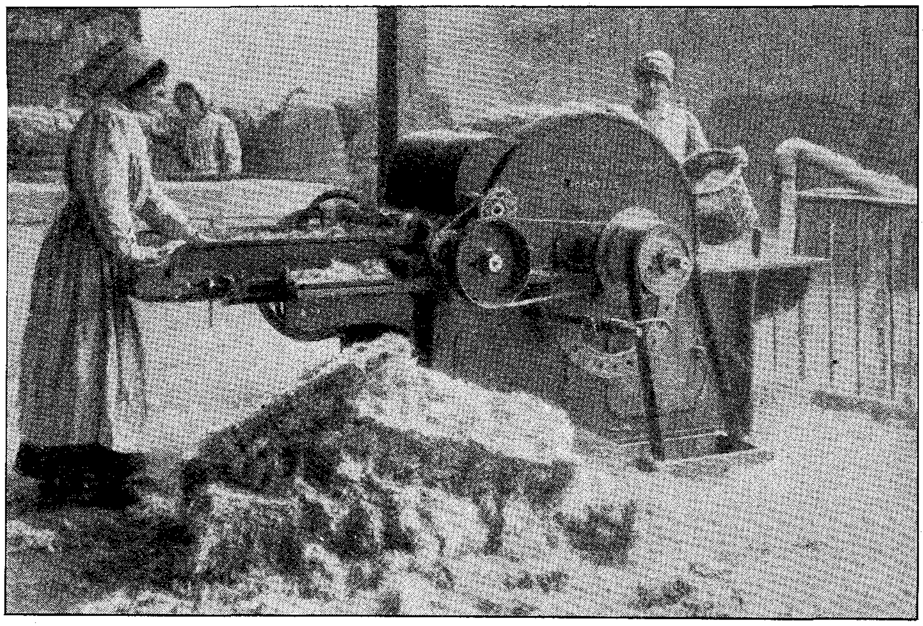
Illustrations by courtesy of "The Illustrated World," Chicago.

HOUSE-GOWN AND LAP-ROBE LINED WITH KAPOK.

"In appraising such reports of extremely high temperatures, which recur from time to time, several factors need to be taken into account. Many of our readers will have met with malingerers who have placed the thermometer on the radiator, in hot water, or inside a hot poultice, or who have compressed the bulb with the teeth, so as to force up the mercury. Faulty thermometers must also be allowed for; it is possible so to shake a thermometer as to break the mercury thread above the trap, thus leaving a space, with the result that the top of the meniscus records a temperature far above the true one. Definitely erroneous thermometers are also insufficiently rare. Apart from all such possibilities, what is the highest real temperature compatible with life? An exact figure certainly can not be given, not only because of individual differences, but because a temperature that would be supportable to some tissues would kill others. And it should also be borne in mind that while the body temperature of all warm-blooded animals approaches with singular constancy a norm of about 100° F., the smaller birds and mammals in general have a slightly higher normal temperature than the larger species. The normal temperature of a swallow is about 104° F. But there is little doubt that for man the temperature of the body can not well rise above 115° F., for even a short time, and 111° F. may be placed as the highest temperature compatible with life. At this temperature some permanent injury is certain, because the nerve cells are definitely changed by heat coagulation at about 110° F. Accounts of temperatures above 115° F. certainly can not be accepted; perhaps immediately after drinking hot liquids the local temperature in the mouth may be as high as, or higher than, this, but these are not real body temperatures. The heart, for one thing, probably fails at about 108°-109° F."

INFLUENZA WITH A DIFFERENCE—The influenza of the past few months has been a different thing from that of the 1918-19 invasion, says the writer of an article in *The Statistical Bulletin* of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company (New York). So far as present indications show, the age distribution of fatal cases has been conspicuously unlike that of the earlier epidemic. We read:

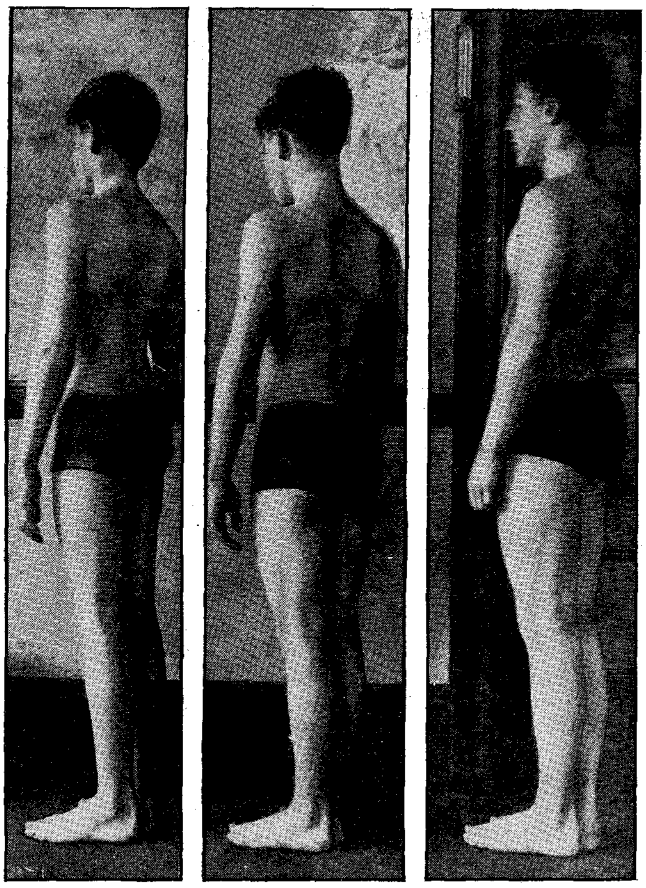
"In the world pandemic of 1918, the deaths were largely concentrated between the ages of 20 and 40. In the last few months the deaths have been concentrated in early life and more particularly in old age. About one-half of the deaths were those of persons over 45 years of age. In this respect they were distributed very much as pneumonia deaths generally were before the epidemic period set in. This fact is an additional indication that what has transpired during the last few months has not been a recrudescence of the serious influenza epidemic of three years ago, but is something very similar to what happens every winter with the increase in influenza cases and of primary pneumonias. If the number of cases and deaths for this year has been higher than last year it is chiefly because that for last year was exceptionally low. In fact, the rate for respiratory disease this February can not be considered a high figure according to the standards of a few years ago. These conclusions are reached by a study of the death claims presented during four recent weeks in the cases of 1,752 decedents whose deaths were reported as due either to influenza or penumonia. The deaths studied occurred over a wide area; in fact, almost every State and Canadian province is represented. Nevertheless, there has been a distinct concentration in the northeastern section of the country—more particularly along the Atlantic seaboard. Almost one-half of these 1,752 deaths of Metropolitan Industrial policyholders occurred in the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. This would indicate either that the disease was much more wide-spread in these northeastern states or that it was present in a more fatal form."



THE CARDING MACHINE.

"UNDERWEIGHT" A DELUSION

IS THERE BUT ONE NORMAL, healthy standard weight corresponding to every height, so that he who exceeds it is "overweight" and he who falls below it, "underweight"? That this idea is a dangerous fallacy is contended by Charles K. Taylor, of the Carteret Academy at South Orange, N. J., writing in *The Outlook* (New York,) on "The Great Underweight Delusion." According to Mr. Taylor, a "stocky" boy, or a slender one, may be just as normal and healthy as one who has the "standard" proportions of the Apollo Belvidere. They are of different types, that is all. Some people are doubtless too fat and others too thin, but that fact is to be ascertained, not solely by comparing weight with height, but by a system of measurements taking both these figures into account. Mr. Taylor has worked for years to construct a system of tables for this purpose, and thinks he has now a satisfactory method of applying his ideas in practise. He writes:



Courtesy of "The Outlook."

EIGHTEEN POUNDS DIFFERENCE.

Yet not necessarily "underweight" or "overweight." These three lads, of approximately the same height, represent three normal types, so to speak—slender, medium and heavy, there being about eighteen pounds between the types. Ordinarily the slender boy would be put down as "underweight" and, no doubt, be subjected to various dieting programs. The fact is that he is very strong and wiry for his type of build. Again, the heavy boy is not overweight. He hasn't an ounce of fat, and is unusually muscular for his age. He is well developed for his own type of build.

> "Children are frequently slender because it happens to be a hereditary type just as it is hereditary for some to be stockier and heavier than the average. Some races are typically slender, with weight below the general average of humans.
>
> "The very essence of our delusion is the claim that there is only one normal and healthy type of build—the 'average'—and if children (not to mention adults) happen to be more slender than this highly worshipful average, then, obviously, *obviously!* something is wrong with them. They are *underweight!* A frightful term that sends whole communities into providing fattening diets for perfectly healthy children and doing everything that uncanny genius will suggest to make a lot of normal children morbid over matters they do not need to worry about.
>
> "It might be interesting for some one to analyze the Worship of the Average. I don't know what we would do without it! Why, our whole educational system is based upon it! The *average* child! And that is why, tho the duller-than-average child is perhaps prodded up a little, children brighter than average are caught fast in the machine, so that educationally they are rarely able to come anywhere near their capacities.
>
> "So when we insist that children should at least come up to an average in weight we are doing only what we also do in the classroom, with this difference, however: When a child's weight is over-average, then we are likely to smile with approval; but when a child is mentally over-average, well, we just let that child remain in the grip of the machine that keeps achievement down to the average scale of things.
>
> "Our stand is simply this—that it is just as normal and healthy for some children to be more slender than the average and for others to be stocky or thick-set, as for still others to approximate the average, that it is a matter of inherited type of build, and all we need to do is to see that a child is properly developed for his or her normal type of build.
>
> "When a child is in good physical condition, and particularly when that child's muscles are not flabby, but firm and efficient, then we may be sure that the child's weight is correct, *no matter what it is.* And our work, then, is merely to see that a child has a physical development corresponding to his or her type of build.
>
> "It will take a very serious mental upheaval to bring many of us to see that the question is health and development, and not one of weight, but we are coming to it little by little. And once this is accepted, then another question will come promptly into being. Here is this one: 'How are you going to know when a child is well developed?' Nor is this going to be difficult to answer."

Mr. Taylor's plan is to prepare, from an actual study of healthy children of various heights and weights, tables on what he calls "a height-weight basis." Instead of requiring one particular weight for a given height, these tables give bodily measurements corresponding with various weights, running from the slender type to the "stocky" and the "thick-set." By comparison with these it is easy to see whether the boy is normally developed for his particular height and weight. He adds:

> "Our standpoint is based on an intensive study of some thousands of children over quite a number of years. If a child is healthy, and is not one of those typically 'fat' children, then the child's weight is correct, no matter what it is."

SHOOTING OUT FIRES WITH A PISTOL—For certain kinds of fires what are known as "dry extinguishers" are preferable to water. They operate, of course, by liberating some gas, such as carbon dioxid, which prevents combustion. These extinguishers, however, require considerable strength to manipulate. This disadvantage is absent in a new device which is attracting attention in Germany. It is a "pistol" which is light enough and simple enough in construction to be readily handled by a woman or even by a child. When the trigger is pulled the extinguishing powder (usually sodium carbonate) is projected against the blazing area and the flames are at once extinguished, provided the area is not unduly large, in which case the shots must be repeated. The powder is packed into air-tight cartridges provided with percussion caps, similar to those used by hunters. Experiments with this new apparatus have been highly successful. Even the dangerous fire caused by benzine is instantly put out if it has not spread to too great an extent. It is especially noteworthy that the pistol is effective against vertical as well as horizontal surfaces. Thus it can be used to extinguish burning curtains or draperies. Writing in *Die Umschau* (Berlin) a German engineer, Mr. S. Nelken, tells us that this pistol is likewise useful for checking automobile fires. At some automobile races which recently took place in Berlin it was observed that nearly all the cars were provided with this useful weapon.

RADIO ▾ DEPARTMENT

FREAK RADIOPHONES

A MORE OR LESS apocryphal announcement from Paris assures us that the newest thing in street costumes includes a parasol equipped with a receiving radiophone. "A young Parisian inventor," we are told, "hopes to enable the damsel promenading the fashionable boulevards to enjoy the strains of the orchestral music sent out by the Eiffel Tower wireless, hear the latest scandal, and receive a report from her cook concerning the progress of the luncheon. The inventor placed the radio antennæ in a parasol, so that when expecting a communication from home or desiring to hear a concert Madame has only to raise her dainty parasol and 'listen in.'"

The photograph that accompanies the announcement of this interesting program suggests to the sophisticated eye an outfit made up chiefly to meet the needs of the camera, but there is no reason why such an outfit should not work reasonably well, wires being adjusted about the parasol frame to make a crude sort of loop antenna. Nor need we go so far afield as Paris in order to see similar outfits in actual operation. The utility of the umbrella as an improvised antenna was discovered some time ago by the American boy; and there are any number of youngsters here who could give "pointers" to the "young Parisian inventor," if we are to assume that the parasol outfit represents his best achievement. There is, for example, Alfred G. Rinehart, the New Jersey lad, whose latest invention is a receiving radiophone to be worn as a finger-ring, and who uses an umbrella for aerial and a grounded screwdriver to complete his antenna system. Then there is another Jersey lad, Kenneth R. Hinman, of Plainfield, who also makes receiving radiophones that make the Parisian model seem cumbersome by comparison. In *Science and Invention* (New York), Mr. A. N. Mirzaoff describes the thirteen-year-old Plainfield boy's achievement.

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"MAKES THE PARISIAN MODEL SEEM CUMBERSOME."

Kenneth Hinman, of New Jersey, and his simple outfit.

"This youthful inventor has reduced his miniature set to the simplest possible form. All the apparatus, except for the head 'phones, is confined within the dimensions of a regular safety match-box. With it he is able to receive not only telegraph signals, but music, stories, sermons, and news items given out by the broadcasting stations twenty and thirty miles distant. Wrapt around the outer shell of the match-box is a coil of wire, which serves as a tuning coil. In the drawer of the box is a crystal detector of the cat-whisker variety; the drawer is provided with a spring finger which bears against the coil of wire; the insulation is scraped off along the path of the spring slider, which is moved in or out of the shell more or less. Inductance is thus introduced into the circuit, thus tuning the instrument for different wave-lengths. No battery is necessary. The instrument is provided with spring clips which may be connected by lengths of wire to a brass bed or a fence wire.

Photo from Fotograms, New York.

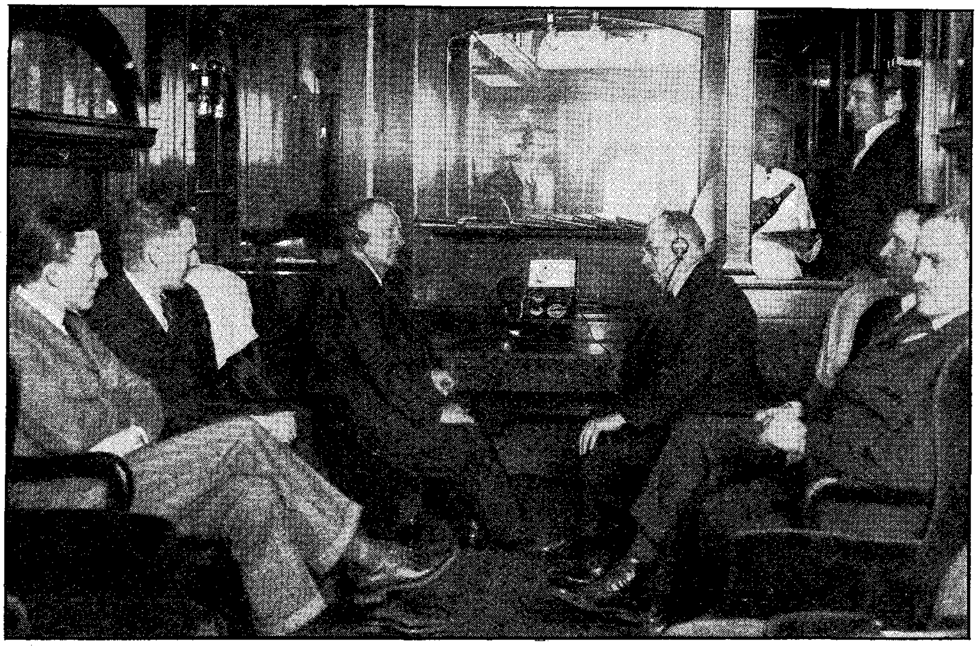
WIRELESS ON THE PARASOL IN PARIS.

Not at all impossible.

"Almost since the days when he was 'knee-high to a grasshopper,' Master Hinman showed marked liking for and skill in producing things minute and mechanical. While little more than a baby in his kindergarten days, on his own initiative, he cut out of paper and pasted together without previous drawing, a velocipede, complete as to pedals, handle bars, and wheels, on a scale so small as to cause all who saw it to marvel; on another occasion he cut an automobile with steering wheel and headlights out of paper.

"As the years went by, to his interest in things minute and mechanical, he added an interest in things electrical. Among his early experiments was a microphone so connected by wire as to convey quite audibly at a distance, or up-stairs, the ticking of the dining-room clock. He was forever fussing around with bells and buzzers; once surreptitiously running a wire to the house next door, where there lived another small boy. He arranged with this boy to operate a home-made telegraph key which should cause a sounder on the window-sill in his own home to chirp, cricket fashion, much to the mystification of his elders not quite up to his scientific pranks."

There you have the typical American boy of inventive mind.



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"LISTENING IN" AT A MILE-A-MINUTE: RADIO BY RAIL.

Hundreds like him are playing at the game of radio with the zeal of neophytes and the skill of trained artists. They are the Lee Deforests and Edwin H. Armstrongs of to-morrow; and the future of radio discovery is in their hands. That is why the thoughtful person must examine the freak radiophones with unfeigned interest, and regard their makers with admiration and respect.

RADIO EN ROUTE

IT APPEARS THAT RADIO is not merely to bring information into the home, but is to follow us abroad as well, making entertainment and up-to-minute news available for the voyager in the railway car, who hitherto has been obliged to admit that the world was getting on without him, at least between stations. Already report has come of the regular installation of telephone service, both sending and receiving, on certain trains in France and Germany. Now we learn that successful experiments have been made on several American railways, including the Rock Island, which now plans to install a regular service on the Rocky Mountain Limited. The Lackawanna was a pioneer in this movement, having made successful tests as long ago as 1914, which were given up, as a matter of course, during the war, and which were only resumed a few weeks ago. The New York *Globe* tells of the success of the new experiments on the Cornell Special of the Lackawanna, en route from Ithaca to New York:

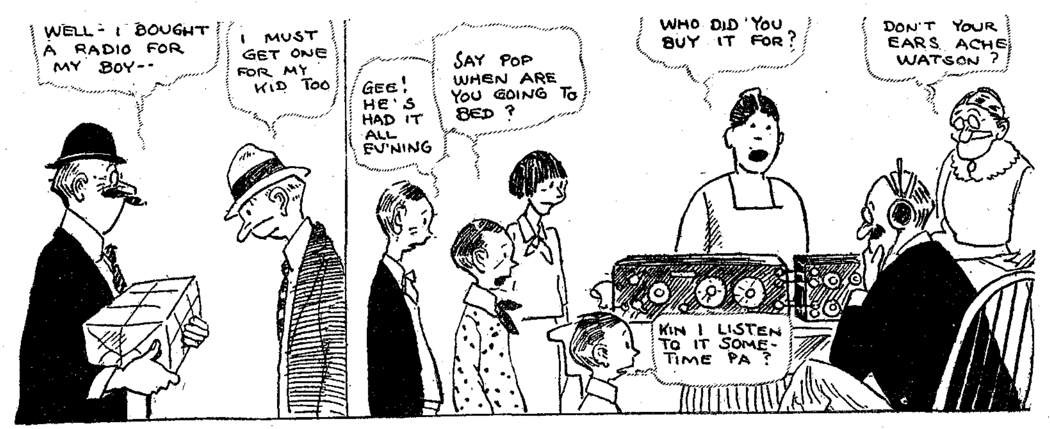
"Several features of the experiment, as pointed out by David W. Richardson of Princeton University, who with G. D. Murray, Jr., carried out the tests, were that communication was attempted at all heights and over all kinds of terrain; that the 'pointing' of the aerial seemed to have a marked effect on audibility, and that woods and 'cuts' interfered with reception, whereas open country and bodies of water intensified it.

"In the way of an experiment, perhaps, the most interesting data gathered were those of the effect of location on signals. Nearly all previous theories seemed to be confirmed, except that of immediate proximity of rock, steel bridges, and bodies of earth. Very little difference could be noted whether the railroad ran through a steep cut thirty or forty feet deep, or was on the level. Whenever the train went through a thickly wooded piece of land, where the trees were high, all long-distance signals faded out entirely. The nearness of a body of water or a stream, even tho small, seemed to greatly increase signal strength. The position of the antennæ in regard to the station from which they were receiving was another important factor, for, often going around a curve, on a perfectly level plain, would make one set of stations completely fade out and bring in another.

"As mentioned before, small contours in the earth's surface, when they were not wooded, seemed to have little effect, but the location of a mountain immediately between the train and stations in a certain locality would cut out the signals entirely. This was evident very strongly when we lost 8 B U W while rounding a mountain, but then, again, could hear him when higher up on a plain. The best signal strength of all was when passing on a high embankment across a bare plain. This seemed even better than the proximity of a lake. Of course, all these observations are those from only two trips, but yet they seemed to hold true in nearly every case."

Perhaps the most unexpected observation was that on another occasion, when the train was inside the Bergen tunnel, which is 4,283 feet long and 90 feet under ground, one or two continuous wave stations and several ships were heard distinctly. The sounds, to be sure, were faint, and increased with a "bang" when the train emerged from the tunnel; yet the fact that the radio waves penetrated the earth sufficiently to reach the tunnel at all was sufficiently notable. Again it was observed that in a tunnel several hundred feet long, near Scranton, a message being received was hardly interfered with.

All in all, these experiences furnish valuable data as to the penetrative power of the radio waves. Also they give hints to the amateur about the placement of his aerial; confirming the belief that the location of choice is a flat open region, remote from high hills and considerable woodland. Where such a location is available, it is not necessary to install the aerial at a great height. The Lackawanna aerials, placed a few inches above the tops of


WELL - I BOUGHT A RADIO FOR MY BOY--
I MUST GET ONE FOR MY KID TOO
GEE! HE'S HAD IT ALL EV'NING
SAY POP WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO BED?
WHO DID YOU BUY IT FOR?
DON'T YOUR EARS ACHE WATSON?
KIN I LISTEN TO IT SOME-TIME PA?

Copyrighted by the New York "Tribune."

IT HAPPENS IN THE BEST REGULATED FAMILIES.

—Briggs in the New York *Tribune.*

the cars, served an admirable purpose. It may be recalled, too, that when Mr. Godley made his famous demonstration in Scotland, by receiving the signals of American amateurs, he erected his aerial only twelve feet from the ground. These observations, however, apply to the receiving aerial only. It is generally believed that a transmitting aerial for long-distance work should be placed at a much greater elevation.

MESSAGES THROUGH EARTH AND WATER

IT AUGURS WELL for the immediate future of broadcasting as an educational method that Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, the distinguished chief consulting engineer of the General Electric Company, should have been willing to take the radio public into his confidence with a popular talk about lightning. The newspapers have had a good deal to report about the remarkable experiments made by Dr. Steinmetz in his Schenectady laboratory, in which he has produced lightning flashes that are at least fair imitations of the original. Equal interest attaches to the pronouncement of the famous electrician as to the possibilities that radio waves or their equivalent may perhaps be sent through solid earth as readily as through the air. In the Syracuse *Herald*, Dr. Steinmetz is quoted to this effect:

"Radio messages that course through the earth and through water, as well as the air, are a well-founded possibility in the light of the recent and unusual performances of lower-power radio apparatus in transmitting messages to surprizing distances.

"These possibilities are not difficult of belief. In fact, I believe that under certain conditions it will be easier for wireless waves to pass through the ground than through the air. Submarines already have sent radio messages successfully while submerged—a primary substantiation of the theory which looks to the conquering of another element in addition to ether.

"If radiations through the earth do take place, however, they will be wholly in accordance with accepted electrical laws. This is due to the circumstances that the sending antennæ and the receiving set were both connected to the ground and that the earth, in such a case, would act as a return circuit for the current.

"It is difficult to look into the future of radio, for it is such a big thing. One thing is certain, however. Uninterrupted communication throughout the world is now a reality because of radio. There can hardly be a time when any place will be out of communication with the rest of the world. In case of a disaster, when ordinary communication is cut off, messages can still be sent out by radio. Expeditions in distant lands, where wires have never been stretched, can keep in constant communication with the world through the radio. Communication at sea, of course, holds great possibilities, too.

"It is not likely that the radio will ever replace the ordinary telephone. Radio messages can not be directed so that they will pass merely from one individual to another. Radio is too general. Others—not everybody, but some—could hear the message as well as the person for whom it was intended.

"However, toll messages might be transmitted by radio from city to city. A telephone subscriber might talk by wire with the central station in his own city and the message might then be put on the wireless and transmitted to another city and then delivered by wire telephone to the person concerned."

ON THE WATCH FOR MARAUDERS—The directors of the Cleveland Radio Association, as we learn from the *Plain Dealer*, have an interference recording set with which they intend to keep tabs on any one who tends to interfere with the broadcasting concerts. "Phonographic records of several instances of interference with Sunday evening concerts are in the hands of the officers of the club," we are told. And if necessary others will be taken and sent directly to S. W. Edwards, Radio Inspector of the Eighth District. "The concerts are put on for the benefit of radio fans; they cost nothing as far as the receiving stations are concerned, and every person with a receiving set has an equal chance of hearing good speakers, singers and musicians. Interference with the concerts is something the directors plan to overcome, and a close watch is being kept during the concerts."

RADIO EQUIPMENT FOR AIRPLANES

THE REMARKABLE DEVELOPMENT of radio that took place during the war was to a considerable extent due to the use of the new art in the airplane service. Notwithstanding this, radio has not been as fully used as might have been expected in the commercial airplanes of the more recent period. The death of several passengers on a crippled seaplane not far off the Florida coast recently served to call attention to what seems an inexcusable neglect to safeguard air-voyagers. Meantime it appears that the same need is being recognized abroad, and, in England at any rate, has come up for official action. In *The Wireless Age* (New York), we read:

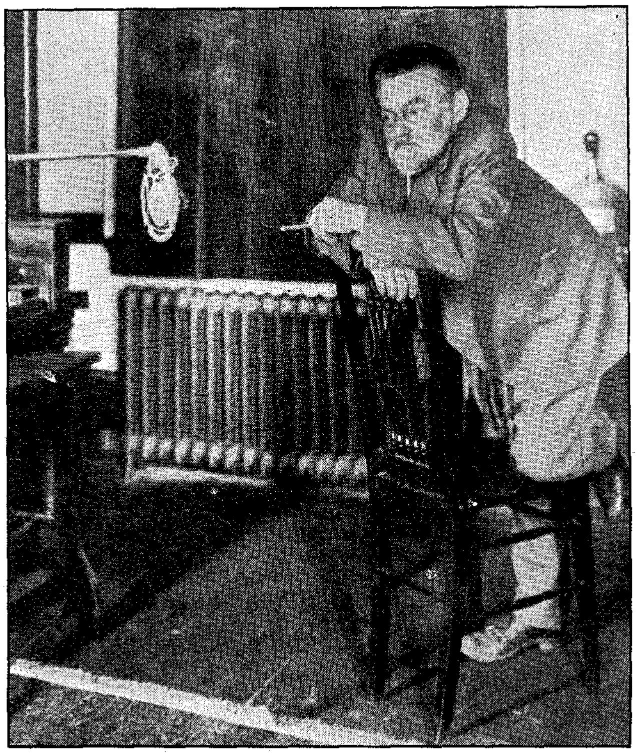


Photo from Underwood & Underwood.

DR. STEINMETZ,

Chief consulting engineer of the General Electric Company, who says that "radio messages that course through the earth and through water, as well as the air, are a well-founded possibility."

"Owing to the agitation by aeronautical experts for wireless to be fitted to aircraft, the British House of Parliament announces that regulations are to be issued making the carrying of wireless apparatus by British aircraft compulsory as soon as the International Convention on Aerial Navigation has been signed by the majority of the signatory states.

"This Convention provides for wireless apparatus being carried by aircraft used in public transport and capable of carrying ten or more persons.

"The Air Secretary also stated that all large airplanes at present employed on the subsidized cross channel service shall be equipped with wireless."

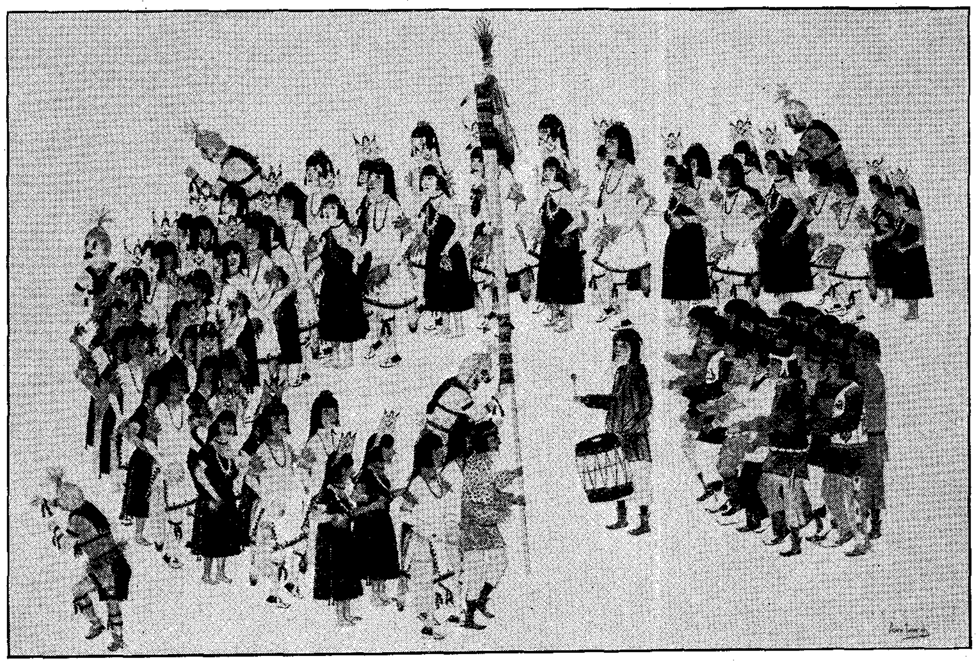
It has been found that the most effective antenna for an airplane involves the use of a wire, weighted at the end, that is let down from the body of the machine, and trails behind during flight, being of course drawn up before the plane approaches the earth or water. Such an aerial would obviously not be available after the plane has made a forced landing in water. But its place may be taken by a wire carried by a kite, of type recently devised for the purpose, that may be sent up from the disabled airplane. There can be little question that had the seaplane that was disabled off the Florida coast been thus equipped, a tragedy that cost the lives of four tourists might have been averted.

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

OUR RED "PRIMITIVES" IN ART

"INDIAN ART! They ain't no sich animile." And so we dismiss the thought that our aborigines were or are capable of what we call "artistic expression." Some there are, doubtless, who will repel this imputation by Mr. E. H. Cahill, tho admitting that we have not bothered ourselves much about "the higher elements of the Indian civilization, its philosophy, its poetry and its art." The present year's exhibition of the Independent Artists has proven that an aptitude for artistic expression is possest by the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. Their talent has been especially fostered by Dr. Edgar Lee Hewett of the Santa Fé Museum, who for many years has worked to preserve what remains of the Pueblo civilization of the Southwest, "and to encourage the Indians in new creative and expressive work." The story of the budding and growth of Indian talent is told by Mr. Cahill in the *International Studio:*



Photographs by courtesy of "The International Studio."

YELLOW PAINTED BODIES AGAINST BLACK SKIRTS AND HAIR

is the mode of Awa Tsireh, the Pueblo painter, in his "Green Corn Ceremony."

> "Some years ago Dr. Hewett, through his interest in the pottery of the San Ildefonso Pueblo, met Ta-e, the first of these Indian water-colorists. Ta-e had got hold of some water-colors and paper, and he conceived the idea of putting down the characters and costumes of the dance dramas of his people. In his spare time he made single figures from the dances. When these pictures of Ta-e came to the notice of Dr. Hewett, he was struck by their simplicity and earnestness. He saw immediately that here was something to be encouraged, the spontaneous beginning of a new art among the Indians. Ta-e went on producing his pictures until he died, during the influenza epidemic which carried off a third of the San Ildefonso Pueblo. But art is the child of imitation, and Ta-e's delightful pastime had been taken up by other young Indians. Since his death it has been carried on and enlarged in scope. One of Ta-e's first followers was Awa Tsireh. The group of water-color artists now includes Awa Tsireh, Fred Kabotie, Velino Shije and Tonita Pean, the last a girl."

The works of these Indian artists, it is asserted, "mark the birth of a new art in America, the expression by the Pueblo Indian of his amazingly rich ceremonial life in the art medium of the white man." The field open to them is almost limitless, for—

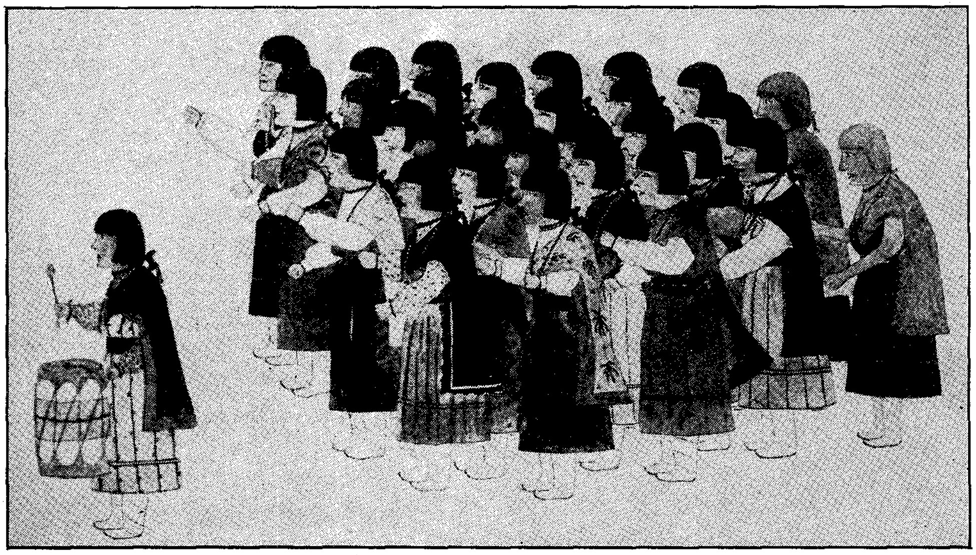
> "The number and remarkable character of the ceremonial observances of the Pueblos has captured the imagination of all those whose good fortune it has been to know this wonderful Indian people. No month passes among them without several ceremonial 'dances,' and every able-bodied Indian takes part in some performance during the year. Walter Hough says that these people have 'the best round of theatrical entertainments enjoyed by any people in the world, for nearly every ceremony has its diverting side, for religion and the drama are here united as in primitive times.' And he adds that this ceremonial life, 'in the opinion of enlightened men, should have a record before the march of civilization treads it in the dust.'
>
> "This record, in the finest possible way, is being made by the young Indian artists whom Dr. Hewett is encouraging. Their pictures record the emotional quality, the very feel and color and movement of the astounding Pueblo ceremonies. But more than that, these water-colors are works of art in themselves, valid for all time, even if they were records only of the creative imagination of the artist who conceived them. In them one feels the solemnity of great quiet places, the delicate embroidery of clouds against the endless heights of the desert air, the Sun-Father gleaming upon the yellow sands, and the mesa rising suddenly out of the arid expanse, much the same as the figures in these drawings materializing in all their rich and vibrant life out of the sheer blank whiteness of space.
>
> "In the 'Hopi Mask Dance' Fred Kabotie has achieved a fine rhythmic balance of figures. In the bending of the forms in columns there is a sort of mass modeling that is very beautiful. Here is rhythm and action and a vivid sense of life, not too realistically rendered. Kabotie has a feeling for bulk very near—one might almost say perilously near—to that of his white brother, but he knows how to keep it in check. The 'Fructification Ceremony' has sensitive earnestness in the execution of the rows of strange masked figures bending and projecting toward us on the right and on the left of the composition.
>
> "Awa Tsireh keeps to the formalism of the Indian in his figure drawing. His 'Women's Wheel Dance' shows a remarkable manipulation of the blacks of the heads against the gorgeous close-knit orchestration of color in the costumes. In the 'Green Corn Ceremony' the yellow painted bodies strike in warm relief against the black skirts and hair. Awa Tsireh resists the sensations of bulk and consistently preserves the flatness of the Indian method."

An American or European painter seeking to represent these Indian ceremonies would almost certainly approach them from another angle:

"He would probably paint the time of day and the New Mexican sky. He would be struck by the nature of the sunlight and would think the Indian blankets and costumes wonderful. He would handle his subject as masses of color in light and shade. That is, he would paint the phenomenon. The Indian concentrates on the thing itself. The European would record his visual sensations. The Indian records what he knows, emending his vision by his knowledge and his intuitive understanding—and art is usually in proportion as the artist does this. These water-colors are an instinctive expression of the Indian's esthetic life in a new dimension, the dimension of the European's art medium. These Pueblo Indians have made this medium their own, a part of their esthetic and religious life."

These water-colors prove, asserts Mr. Cahill, that the "creative life of the redman of the pueblos is far from finished."

"The ability of any race to create an art as great in its originality and its simple power as is this Indian water-color art is proof sufficient that it is far from its period of artistic senescence. These Pueblo Indian boys are the pioneers of a new race of American primitives."



PRESERVES THE FLATNESS OF THE INDIAN METHOD,

does Awa Tsireh in his very decorative "Women's Wheel Dance."

COOLING ARDORS OVER JERITZA

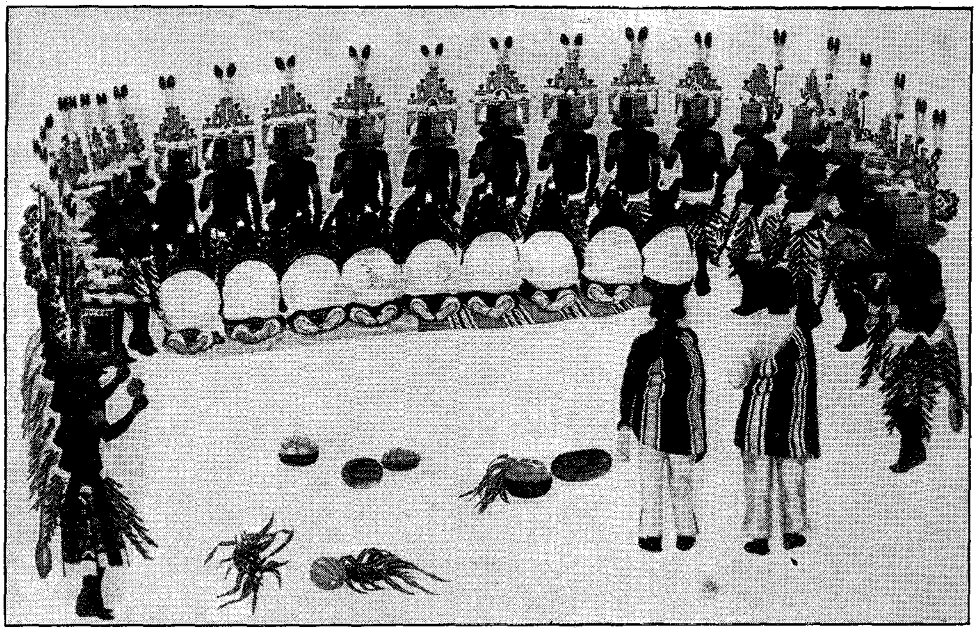
RECONSIDERING JERITZA is one of the pastimes of music critics now that the opera season is over. What she achieved in one night in the way of popular acclaim was all that "any, however ambitious, person might hope for in the course of twenty years," says Mr. Carl Van Vechten, one of the free lancers in the field. It is worth while going outside the established field of critics and papers for an unconventional view. Mr. Van Vechten tells us that he has heard more "about Marie Jeritza during the last three months than I have heard about Eleanora Duse in the last ten years." Thus in writing in *The Reviewer* (Richmond) he begins to build up his thesis that great ones are never immediately acclaimed, and he cites Olive Fremstad, Chaliapin, Caruso, Mariette Mazarin and Mary Garden as examples. "Claudio Muzio made her New York début as *Tosca*, and the critics wrote about her very much as they are writing to-day about Marie Jeritza. Rosa Ponselle was hailed as one of the greatest sopranos of all time." To-day, they are figured in Mr. Van Vechten's unenthusiastic phrase as "accomplished and useful members of the Metropolitan Opera Company." What he thinks of the critics who put Jeritza on the operatic map is interesting.

"The majority of music critics in New York—and, God knows, the majority is for Marie—is almost invariably wrong. Their attitude has been autocratic, aggressive and overbearing. Their sympathies have been meager and their taste is deplorable. Every successive novelty by a new composer, Wagner, Strauss, Debussy (let us call the roll), has been lambasted by these gentry. They literally drove poor Mahler to his grave. They attacked Toscanini with bladders for his conducting of Wagner and Beethoven, the two composers to whom he had devoted his most serious study. For an entire season they abused Feodor Chaliapin, who was as great an artist in 1907-08 as he is recognized to be (by these same critics!) to-day. They have consistently ridiculed Mary Garden, who comes nearer to real creation than any interpreter I have ever seen or heard. They have tried to set up autocratic rules to guide composers. They have tried to dictate programs and have told singers how to comport themselves on the concert platform. They are responsible for nine-tenths of the silly routine which makes concert-going no longer a pleasure. They have tried to give orders to impresarii, and they have tried to keep the public under their thumbs. Lately they have not been entirely successful, but in the case of Marie Jeritza, their triumph has been complete. The public has stormed the opera house whenever this paragon has been announced, and during her first season here she has succeeded in defeating Geraldine Farrar, a vastly superior performer, tho no great favorite of mine, on her own ground."

Mr. Van Vechten is not contending that the critics have picked a goose for a swan. Jeritza "merits study and it may be admitted at once that to some extent she repays it." For—

"She is no routine singer, no Claudia Muzio or Rosa Ponselle, whose vocal gifts, by the way, she entirely lacks. Certainly, she is tall; certainly, she is commanding; certainly, she is blond, and her hair is as long as Mélisande's ('Mes cheveux sont plus longs que mes bras. . . . Ils sont plus long que moi'). She sings *Sieglinde* with her own flowing tresses. Her face is quite lovely, in a style perhaps more rare here than in Vienna. She is, as a matter of fact, a type not uncommon in certain parts of Germany and Austria, tho more often to be found in the music halls than in the opera houses, the type of German hoyden, lively, vivacious, blond and big. There is no doubt about her magnetism. She 'gets herself over.' Here the list of her assets ends. It can be stretched no longer. Those who have called her graceful will live to repent the day. When they are no longer befuddled by her magnetism and beauty, they will realize that she seldom makes a graceful move. Her acting is not without a certain gay vivacity, which is often effective, but in certain rôles, notably *Marie* in Die Tote Stadt, this vivacity is exploited to a degree where it becomes unpleasantly nervous and feverish, and in *Tosca*, verges on what is called 'overacting.' In the rôle of *Sieglinde*, on the other hand, she makes only a negative kind of impression. If Jeritza had made her début in New York in 'Die Walkure,' she would have been judged more strictly on her merits. Her high voice is powerful. In the lower and middle registers it lacks resonance and has little force and next to no brilliancy, nor does it sound fresh. Her ability to color her tones is limited, so my poor ear tells me, to singing either fortissimo or pianissimo. When she sings pianissimo her tones frequently stray from the pitch. She is addicted to the unpleasant habit of scooping. It is difficult to judge singing in an opera like 'Die Tote Stadt,' written in an unvocal and declamatory style, speaking from a traditional point of view. The rôle of *Sieglinde* exhibits Mme. Jeritza at her worst, both as actress and as singer, for *Sieglinde* is a mezzo-soprano rôle and the tessitura lies in the weakest part of this singer's voice, her medium. Certainly, she is the least interesting and the least audible *Sieglinde* I have ever heard. *Tosca*, on the other hand, is her best rôle. It suits her flamboyant style of acting, and the high music lies in the best register of her voice. It may be added that there are those who think it is difficult and original to sing 'Vissi d'Arte' lying on the floor. These naive souls appear to forget that every *Nedda* in every performance of 'Pagliacci' sings a good half of the Bird Song from this position. It also may be recalled that Luisa Tetrazzini was wont to stoop to pick up the train of her dress as she attacked a high E flat in the first act of 'La Traviata.' To return to Puccini's opera, has any one ever failed as *Tosca?* Ternina, Eames, Fremstad, Destinn, Farrar, Muzio, Garden, Cavalieri, Sylva, Carmen-Melis, Chénal, Raisa, how many others, have all made successes in this rôle. Like *Mimi* in 'La Bohème,' it is both singer and actor-proof.

"This investigation has been undertaken in no spirit of hostility; rather, the contrary. It is high time that some one pointed out Mme. Jeritza's limitations before the capricious public, quick to tire of a sensation, begins to discover them for itself. More is expected of a sensation than of a failure or a mediocrity, and unless Mme. Jeritza finds it possible to scale new vocal heights and descend into unexplored vocal depths, to refine somewhat upon her present explosive method of acting and upon her somewhat uncertain style in singing, she will soon lose some of her all too easily won admirers. A reputation is sometimes very easy to gain but it is often found very difficult to maintain it. These few remarks, therefore, may be taken as an attempt to place this paragon somewhat nearer the earth on which she stands so firmly, so that, in adjudging her future performances, she may be criticized as a charming woman, exceedingly magnetic, with a great deal to learn and yet more to forget."



PROOF OF A CHILDLIKE VISION AND A DELIGHT IN THINGS SEEN.

Fred Kabotie, of the Pueblo Indians, thus represents the "New Year Fructification Ceremony."

'WARE OF HOOPSKIRTS—As a reaction to flapperism, shall we soon be plunged back into Victorianism? The London *Times*, assuming that London may take some of the thunder of Paris in the setting of modes, points to the possibility. Thus:

"Not the least interesting event of the London season is likely to be a series of tableaux of Victorian characters, to be given for a charitable object. We understand that it is proposed to represent Winterhalter's well-known picture of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert with their young children, and the almost equally well-known group of the Empress Eugénie and her maids of honor. The tableaux may be expected to have even a certain influence on the fashions of the future. As is well known to our feminine readers, in the last few years tentative efforts have been made toward a return to the modes of the fifties and the sixties. There was never any reason to fear the return of the crinoline, with its billowy immensities; the practical conditions of modern life would always prevent the great majority of women from obeying such a decree of fashion, even supposing it were ever to be issued. But a return with subtler modifications to our grandmothers' costumes is quite possible, and might easily win more approval from the purely artistic eye than has ever been accorded to the present or penultimate fashions. Certainly the experience of both the stage and the film demonstrates the permanent interest taken by the public, in 'period' costume."

A BRITON CONCEDES OUR LANGUAGE

THE "JEALOUSY COMPLEX" which some of our writers are attributing to the English in their judgments of American books does not attach to all. Mr. E. B. Osborn is one of those who sees beauty and even interest in the American language, and does not merely wave it aside because it is not wholly English. His one impregnable point is that English and not American is the predestined universal tongue, and consequently dwellers in this land of ours must perforce learn English while his own countrymen will not be under the same obligation to acquire American, or "Statesish," if we go so far as to adopt so hideous a word. Mr. Osborn, who writes for the London *Morning Post*, is reconciled to the inevitable, and more or less enjoys the fulfilment of prophesies uttered in the early days of our life as a nation that "the language spoken by the American people would diverge widely from that spoken in England." For example:

"'The new circumstances under which we are placed,' wrote Thomas Jefferson in 1813, 'call for new words, new phrases, and for the transfer of old words to new objects. An American dialect will therefore be formed. And nearly a quarter of a century before this another famous American—Noah Webster—ventured upon a prophecy even more bold and specific. In his 'Dissertations on the English Language,' printed in 1789, and dedicated to Benjamin Franklin, that master of homespun speech, he formulated the following declaration of linguistic independence: 'Numerous local causes, such as a new country, new associations of people, new combinations of ideas in arts and sciences, and some intercourse with tribes wholly unknown in Europe, will introduce new words into the American tongue. These causes will produce, in a course of time, a language in North America as different from the future language of England as the modern Dutch, Danish and Swedish are from the German, or from one another.' These authorities, particularly Webster, did not make anything like a sufficient allowance for the various factors that were to put the brake on the process of divergence through a twofold change—twofold because English also is a living language with its own principles of growth. They did fully take into account the stabilizing influence of the books that are the common property of both peoples—the Bible which dominates the speech of either from the cradle to the tomb and, next in consequence, the works of the undying dramatist which are still so widely read on both sides of the Atlantic that there is even now much truth in the saying that English and Americans alike are 'the subjects of King Shakespeare.' One of the factors in question could not, of course, be foreseen by Webster and Jefferson. They never dreamed of that vast improvement in transoceanic communications which has brought New York relatively nearer to London to-day than it was to Boston or even Philadelphia, when Jefferson was President, and has brought about a steady exchange of ideas, opinions, and the gossip which bears slang words and phrases in its petulant current. Then English authority, even when its influence is unconfessed, counts for a good deal. And, strange to say, the American politician, tho indulging in twisting the Lion's tail or 'defying the nations of Europe at a clam-bake' (like the statesman in George Ade's 'Fables in Slang') still uses the Johnsonian diction with the 'highly-charged and heavy-shotted' periods (to use Matthew Arnold's phrase) which was spoken in our political orations and written in our leading articles fifty or sixty years ago."

The Americans, Mr. Osborn admits, have now "an exuberant vernacular, which is more than a new dialect, if not yet a separate language." Taking Mr. H. L. Mencken's book on "The American Language" as his point of departure he brings out some interesting reflections on the comparative speech of the two nearly related peoples:

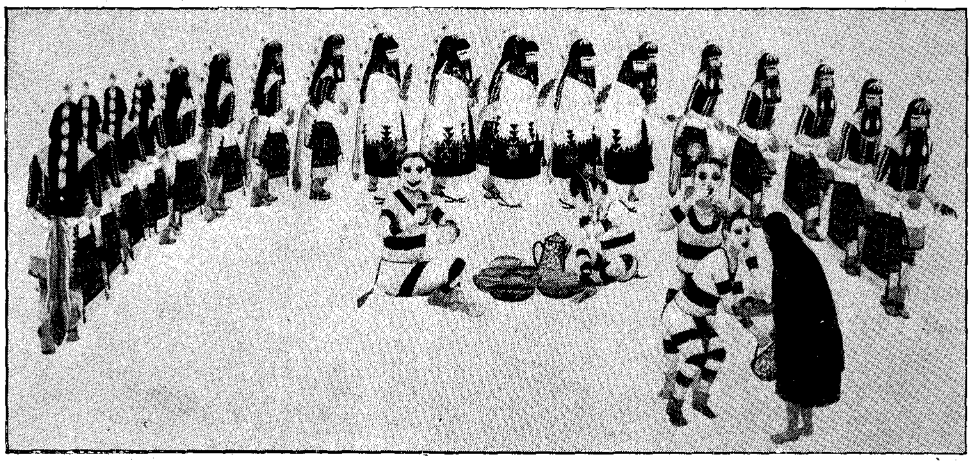
> "The Americans have always coined new words and similitudes much faster and with more audacity than we do, and the result is that we really need a guide to their speech and grammar, such as Mr. H. L. Mencken, who has just published a revised edition of his famous treatise—a much more entertaining work than any lexicon that was ever compiled, not excepting Dr. Johnson's. Mr. Mencken's point of view closely resembles that of Mr. Dooley, who once said: 'When we Americans are through with the English language, it will look as if it had been run over by a musical comedy.' The vernacular of his compatriots, he thinks, is full of what Bret Harte called the 'sabre-cuts of Saxon.' When a new problem turns up for the word-smith, he believes that the Americans show superior imaginativeness and resourcefulness; for example, *movie* is better than *cinema*, and 'tis a gladder and a wiser thing to call the fender in front of a steam-engine a *cow-catcher* than a *plow*. The American language, he insists, offers a far greater variety of synonyms than ours; to take a case in point, transatlantic equivalents for *drunk* are *piffled, spifflicated, awry-eyed, tanked, snooted, stewed, ossified, slopped, fiddled, edged, loaded, het-up, frazzled, jugged, soused, jiggered, corned, jagged,* and *bunned*. Farmer and Henley place only *corned* and *jagged* among English synonyms, and I think *tanked, loaded,* and one or two others have come to us through American humorists on and off the stage. Even in the matter of new drinks, surely an inspiring theme, we are inferior at finding picturesque names; thus we call a mixture of whisky and soda a *whisky-and-soda*, whereas in America it has the poetical name of *high-ball*. It is some consolation to know that, tho Americans may invent such pleasant appellations for cunning comminglings of 'hard' ingredients, as *golden-slipper, whisky-daisy, blue-blazer,* and *white-plush* (to give four names as yet unknown here), they will have to come to England to get a chance of drinking them! Often what seems an American neologism turns out to be the revival of an old English word or meaning (*e. g.*, *mad* in the sense of *angry*), or a simple employment of that franchise of our language which many great authors have taken advantage of (*e. g.*, the use of *tip-toe* as a verb which is found in 'Clarissa Harlowe,' where we are told 'Mabel *tip-toed* it to her door'). And we English may welcome, indeed we have welcomed, many of the terms which are translations of Indian words (*war-path, pale-face, fire-water,* &c., &c.). And I for one have a liking for the metaphorical phrases, familiar to readers of Bret Harte and Mark Twain, which recall memories of spacious days in the wild and wonderful West."

Mr. Osborn surrenders the British point of view and grants that nothing they can say "is likely to prevent the free development of the amazing tongue which one American authority—Mr. Rupert Hughes, wishes to call 'Statesish' or 'Statish.'" He knows—

> "The Americans will go on incorporating the slang of their vast polyglot cities (*e. g.*, *guy*, which is the Jewish *goyim*) into their language, and inventing purely artificial words (*sockdolager, rambunctious, scallywampus, exflunctificate,* and *guyascutis* are examples of those lang-nebbit terrors . . . one or two, such as *scrumptious* and *skedaddle* are now a part of English slang), and cultivating bad grammar (like the Governor of a State who used *has went* in a public oration), and reviving the multiple negatives which were a characteristic, strange to say, of Old English (Mr. Mencken gives an example of a char-lady who asked a friend: 'You *don't* know *nobody* what *don't* want *nothing* done for them, do you?'). Nothing can prevent them—except the common sense they unquestionably possess—from creating a language which shall be an amalgam of all the slang of emigrants from every European land. But, since English is manifestly destined to become the universal language, they may have to pay a penalty for a policy which, to quote Mr. Rupert Hughes once more, is prompted by the desire to 'put off livery and cease to be the butlers of another people's language.' They will have to learn English in order to communicate with the rest of the world. But we, and other intelligent foreigners, shall not be compelled, heaven be praised for it, to plunge into the *cloaca maxima* of their polyglot speech—we shall be safe in refusing to learn 'Statesish.'"

"TO JAZZ" OR "TO RAG"

RAGTIME and syncopation are two words that have been grievously misued, says Mr. Paul Whiteman whose orchestral leadership in the playing of popular airs is recognized as among the foremost. "Syncopation sounds important," he tells us in the New York *Tribune*. "It gives a sense to the ignorant of participation in the world's scientific knowledge." But he pulls us up:



A FINE RHYTHMIC BALANCE OF FIGURES

is achieved by the Indian, Fred Kabotie, in the "Hopi Mask Dance."

> "Every community has its own ragtime pests. These are the fellows that are killing American music and standing in the way of your development.
>
> "Syncopation no longer rules American music. Syncopation, of which ragtime is the most familiar form, as we use it in the United States, is an African inheritance. It has descended to us, on one hand, direct from Africa, and on the other, through Spain and Spanish-American civilization. . . .
>
> "Syncopation still exists in American music; in fact, you can not hear more than a very few bars of any popular composition without its cropping up. But to-day it is no longer a necessary thing. It has been retained much as an ornament. It gives to all American music much of its peculiar character. But if you listen close and look sharp you will note that few dances of to-day depend wholly on syncopation. The fox trot is being danced (this is in 1922) to the rhythm 1 and 2, 3 and 4, which is not syncopation. It is the rhythm of the old Greek poetic dactyl, older than Christianity."

The "rag" and the "jazz" are different, and we're glad to be enlightened:

> "Strictly speaking, to rag a tune means that you destroy its rhythm and tempo and substitute for the one a 2-4 or 4-4 time and a syncopated rhythm. To do this properly calls for a good ear, a good knowledge of primitive harmony and for quite a little experience with a set of ulterior musical laws as scientific as those which put up a building or write a sonnet. You may not know their science, because only the ear may be called into play. But remember that when you begin to rag a tune you follow some other man's methods—something you have heard some other fellow do. If you don't follow, you are a great and original genius, far too big a man for us in the Whiteman orchestra. Possibly the sculptor is just being born to-day who will make your statue before which future generations will stand bareheaded."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

CONAN DOYLE'S HEAVEN

As an evangelist of Spiritualism, the creator of "Sherlock Holmes" appears to most editors not quite so convincing as he is in his famous detective stories, yet all of them pay him the tribute of believing him sincere, if mistaken, in his new theology. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who is in this country on a lecture tour, is satisfied that through the agencies of the departed he has proved immortality and a paradise beyond, which, tho it differs in detail from most conceptions of heaven, seems to be comforting to those whose faith requires the prop of definite proof. The devout Christian, observes the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "needs no proof of immortality. The Easter celebration . . . contains all the evidence which he needs to prove to him that death is merely transition." The eagerness with which thousands listen to Sir Oliver Lodge and Conan Doyle is evidence, however, that "multitudes, perhaps a majority, lack the Christian faith, and hunger, like those of Judea, for a sign." Spiritualist manifestations are the "sign," believes the English author, and he declares in published interviews that the Spiritualist movement "is the most serious attempt ever made to place religion upon the basis of definite proof, which is all that earnest minds desire. It is the one great final antidote for materialism, which is the cause of most of our recent world troubles." And within fifty years, he maintains, it "will sweep the world and take the place of the religion of to-day—a religion which has long been decaying and is becoming a mere formality."

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A MODERN PROPHET WHO SEES A NEW VISION.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle believes that within fifty years Spiritualism "will sweep the world and take the place of the religion of to-day."

In proof of the Spiritualist theory, Sir Arthur declares that he has seen and communicated with his dead mother, and a son killed in the war, and that he has heard an angel voice joining in the singing of "Onward Christian Soldiers" in the nursery of the Doyle home. Other evidences include, he says, photographs of the "etheric," or astral, body; a substance called ectoplasm, which is supposed to issue from the body of the medium and take on the shape of a departed one, and the familiar rappings and knockings, which he regards as signals from the next world. "I believe," he said in his first lecture in Carnegie Hall, New York, "that when God gives consolation of this kind it is right to pass it on to the human race." In a second lecture Sir Arthur said that he "could see no future for Spiritualism in any one church, whether it be known as the Spiritualistic Church or otherwise. No church is our enemy. We recognize no enemy. We have something to give to all churches—not only Christian churches. We have the same thing for the Buddhist and the Mohammedans."

Heaven is described by Conan Doyle, we read in newspaper reports, as the land of fulfilled ideals, the place where the disharmony and worry of this life are not, where the old resume young manhood and womanhood, and where children grow to maturity. Buildings and towns are there, and all our domestic animals; but everything is on a higher plane, where there is neither unhappiness nor wrong. In his creed there is no such place as hell.

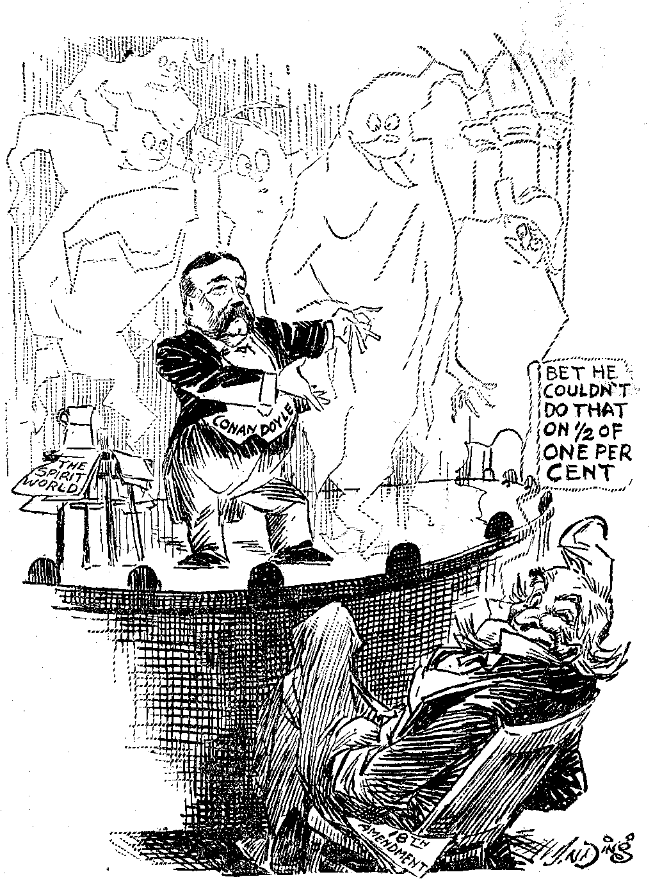
Venturing no opinion on the subject, the New York *Daily News* does think that "when hard-headed scientists like Sir Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge assert that they have seen and talked with their dead sons, their statements call for something besides ridicule. We are all in one fashion or another questing after the truth, and there is nothing in the Great Unknown which would answer our questionings more satisfactorily than to have some definite proof of existence after death. This proof has not come to us. It may never come. Some do not want it to come, but there are countless thousands who desire it with all the ardor of their souls." But even if Conan Doyle's proofs seem deficient, the world, remarks the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, "is sufficiently respectful of the man and his views not absolutely to deny that communication with the dead is possible. Science has made too much progress in the past century for peremptory doubt on any subject. That communication between this world and the beyond will be established within the next hundred years is no more remarkable a prediction than a prophecy of the 'radio' would have seemed to scientists of a century ago." And the Rochester *Times-Union* bears witness that "it ill behooves any to scoff at seeming impossibilities, for very often they shortly become realities."

However, there is voluminous adverse opinion on the Spiritualist cult, and, in line with other critics, the Baltimore *American* argues that, aside from the séance conversations on which Sir Arthur places great reliance, "there is nothing in his statement of any more so-called practical import than can be had in the well-established beliefs of the day. . . . People of easily stirred imaginations frequently have dreams that are more vivid than the real thing and there is no reason, with a proper setting, that something of the sort may not be brought about in waking hours." He has adopted an old vehicle, about which he has built many lectures, says the Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch*, "and he calls it Spiritualism. Spiritualism has already exacted a heavy toll in the United States. Numbers of its converts are in the insane asylums and others are seeking in vain for the joy that once was theirs when they took things pertaining to the curtained future for granted, and trusted in the God who had created them." However, this disciple of Spiritualism will make some inroads here among church-going people who take their views of religion rather lightly, thinks the Providence *News*. "Their Christian aspirations are usually satisfied by listening to a dull sermon and their knowledge of the Bible is too abstract for definition."

> "But he can hope for no success among those who are really Christians by instinct, sincere practise and indestructible faith. His cult will grow, just as does Dowie's, just as do the new fire worshipers of our Northwest, gathering in the unattached minds and the delvers after the impossible. The true Christian teachings will continue to blossom, adding to the wealth of souls saved and extending the power of established religion against the assaults of psychic schools, or well-thinking people with overdeveloped imagination."

Taking Sir Arthur to task for his statement that Spiritualism will supplant the religion of to-day, the Baltimore *News* remarks that notwithstanding many such assertions, the Church has kept on growing. And, "judging from recent reports, they have never been so active or so well attended as they have been within the last year. In practically all of them the communicants will not believe the less because their faith is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

And the average man, says the Indianapolis *Star*, is willing to trust in the Lord that the heavenly environment for his freed soul will be all that it should be. "For this reason the Biblical references to the abode of the departed meet all needs."



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WE DO HOPE SIR ARTHUR HAS MADE ALLOWANCES FOR LOCAL CONDITIONS.

—Darling in the New York *Tribune*.

> "Have the oftentimes unlettered mediums, with their Indian 'controls,' ever offered anything better or more beautiful than this told of the 'new heaven' by John: 'And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things have passed away.'
>
> "Also it is said: 'They shall see His face and His name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign forever and ever.'
>
> "The holy city 'of pure gold, like unto clear glass,' with its wall of jasper, its foundations garnished with all manner of precious stones and its gates of pearl, is a figurative picture, but it means all the glories that St. John the divine could comprehend and no description by spiritualist mediums approaches it. For the city as John leaves it may mean to each man the heaven of his highest dreams. He may picture heaven as endowed with all the glories that he knows or can imagine. There is no limit to its wonders save the limit of his mind. But how infinitely far it goes beyond Conan Doyle's heaven!"

CRIMINALS ON CAUSES OF CRIME

"THE WOMAN TEMPTED ME," is the first recorded complaint, and man has echoed it as ungallantly ever since the Garden of Eden was closed against him. It was reechoed the other day in the Illinois State Penitentiary at Joliet when a young man laid the cause of his downfall against that Eve in modern guise, the "flapper." An older man spoke more closely by the book, perhaps, when he said that environment and association and the lack of proper home training were chiefly responsible for his undoing. There were also several statements that graft on the part of corrupt officials made the path of crime easier to follow, since, if the criminal were moderately successful in his "profession," his case could be "fixt" for a stated amount. The convicts were examined by a committee appointed by the American Bar Association to study the cause of crime and to learn the preventives and remedies to be applied if the present crime wave is not to become a veritable flood. Headed by Judge Marcus Kavanagh, of Chicago, the committee includes former Governor Charles S. Whitman, of New York; Wade H. Ellis, of Cincinnati and Washington; former Attorney-General William B. Swaney, of Chattanooga; and Charles H. Farnham of St. Paul. After examining a few Chicago experts in criminology, the committee went to Joliet to learn from convicts themselves the chief causes of their undoing, and will come next month to New York.

"Why do men go wrong?" was the question put by the committee to several inmates of the Joliet penitentiary selected because of the intelligent answers they were expected to give. Failure properly to handle first offenders and the mistake of segregating them in the county jails—known to them as "schools of crime"—were the reasons assigned by three convicts. "The whole trouble as I see it," said a young confidence man, "lies in the fact that youngsters when first arrested are thrown into jail with a lot of old-time criminals. The criminals talk nothing but crime, crime, crime. How they pulled their last job, how they got away, how they beat a case. The first offender's mind is filled with schemes to make easy money and get away with it. Segregation of first offenders, I think, is the thing that is needed most, particularly in county jails." The most potent factor in causing crime, said an old offender who has educated himself behind the bars, is environment and association. "You see it is like this," he said, as Richard C. Burritt reports the law committee's interview in the Chicago *Daily News:*

> "'When a young man reaches the ages of eighteen to twenty, he begins to realize that there are women in the world. He goes out with some of them. He makes a friend or two who is fast.
>
> "'It is a time in his life when he is not making much money and in order to take the girl to cabarets and step around with her he has to get more money. It is an easy step to stealing.

He knows he must make money enough to step around, because if he doesn't the girl will go with some one else.

"'When he gets into a life of stealing he finds that there are organized sets or gangs of thieves. He finds that they have their lawyers, that they have professional bondsmen and professional witnesses. He finds that the gang pools its procedure; that when he belongs to the gang that his chances of beating a case are good and he can go on stealing. He observes that the man who works alone easily gets caught and is put away.'

"'You mention environment and association,' interposed a member of the committee. "What is the effect if the man's home life is a good one?'

"'I was just going to mention that. I believe,' the prisoner went on, 'that a majority of men would not go wrong if they had a good home life. Some do, of course, but I had none myself. My people died when I was little and I came up in the underworld. I had to educate myself in the penitentiary. As a matter of fact, I wouldn't be here if I had had six hundred and fifty dollars.'

"'Why not?' asked Wade Ellis of Washington, D. C., a member of the committee.

"'I could have squared the case for that. I was told some one in the State's attorney's office would have handled it for that.'

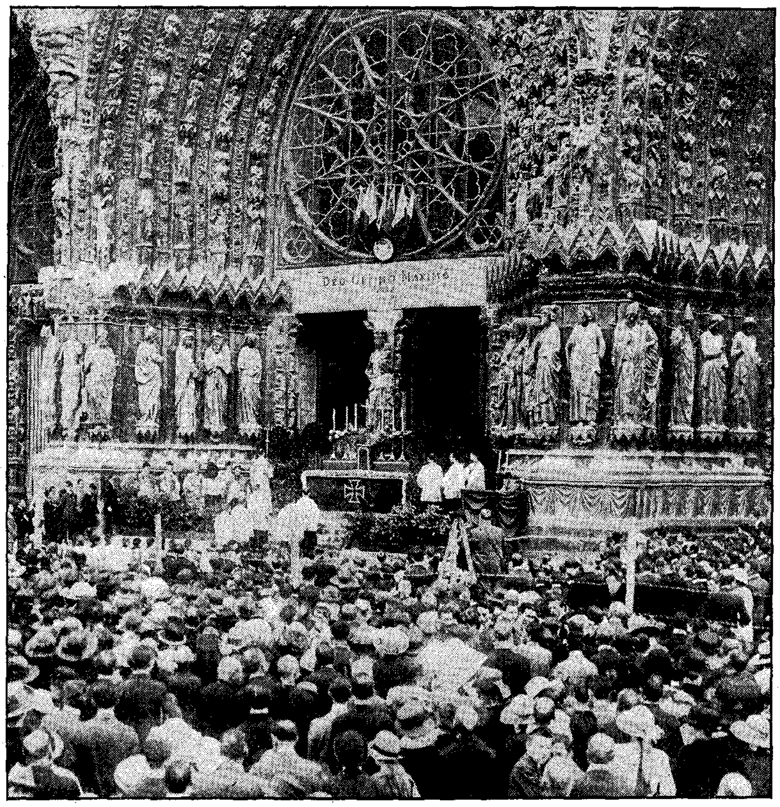
"'Why, is that done?' Judge Kavanagh asked.

"'It has always been done.'"

No simple and easy solution of the crime problem is indicated by the testimony of the Joliet penitentiary convicts, comments the Chicago paper editorially, but it thinks that this fact will not oppress or disappoint persons competent to deal with the matter. To realize the problem in all its magnitude is "the beginning of practical wisdom."

"Meantime the criminal code can be modernized, better juries obtained, needless delays avoided by firmness and independence on the part of the trial judges, and hair-splitting technicalities can be frowned upon by the courts of appeal and review.

"Much can be done by the mere application of common sense and civic courage. And politics can be kept out of the courtroom, prosecutors' offices and jury commissions."



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WHAT FRENCH FAITH AND COURAGE HAVE ACHIEVED.

The beautiful Rheims Cathedral, marred and badly damaged during the war by German shells, is restored, and the event is marked by public thanksgiving.

REBUILDING THE MARTYRED CHURCHES

RELIGION IN FRANCE is not imperiled, it seems; nor is the high courage of the French in the face of adversity abated. In spite of all the other huge and pressing demands upon it, the French Government has decided, we are told, to issue bonds amounting in value to 200,000,000 francs to rebuild 3,000 churches destroyed in the war. Carrying the burden of a vast public debt, with little relief from the German reparations upon which they had set so much store, the French are said to have had all they could do to carry the ordinary expenses of government and provide funds for the restoration of their ruined villages, and for the rebuilding of houses in which to shelter the homeless. Yet, says the Boston *Transcript*, this was not enough. It was not sufficient to build their homes and their schools anew. There was yet another call on their funds and their energy:

"The martyred churches—some 3,000 in number—must be built, however hard prest the country was to find funds with which to meet the demands of the ordinary budget. War laid a particularly heavy hand upon the churches in the battle-swept areas. They were a favorite registration and reference point for the artillery; when other landmarks failed, artillery commanders could invariably find a church spire upon which they could adjust their fire, and enable them to prepare an effective 'fire for effect.' What light these churches could throw upon the varying fortunes of war, if they could but tell their full story!

"The war has done much to strengthen the cause of religion in France and increase the prestige of the Church. Priests and prelates by the thousands answered the clarion call of battle, and served and suffered in the trenches side by side with laymen. There was neither Church nor State, but all was France. A grateful nation, as the dawn of peace turns into the full noontide, acknowledges its debt to the Church, and desires to repay that debt by rebuilding these thousands of ruined churches. Nor is it without significance, especially to Americans, that the French have had the initiative to begin themselves to raise funds for this purpose. In as much as they have not waited for the generosity of others to show itself, they merit that generosity all the more."

In some towns and villages of the North and East districts of France, writes a correspondent of the Boston *Pilot* (Catholic), the recent conditions of parish life have been pitiful. Temporary wooden huts which are used for churches and for the housing of the clergy have proved far too small. So, we are told,

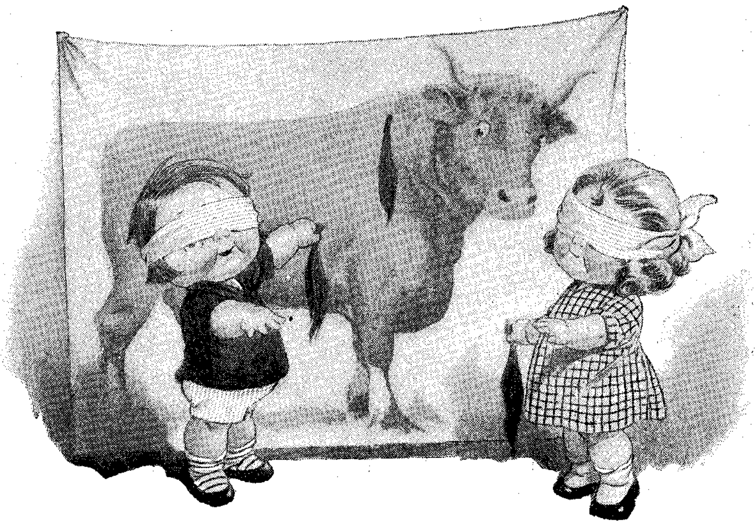
"It has been deemed wise that the rebuilding of permanent churches and presbyteries should be taken in hand without delay. There is to be a committee of architects to supervise all the work. This is looked upon as admirable for the artistic quality of the buildings to be undertaken.

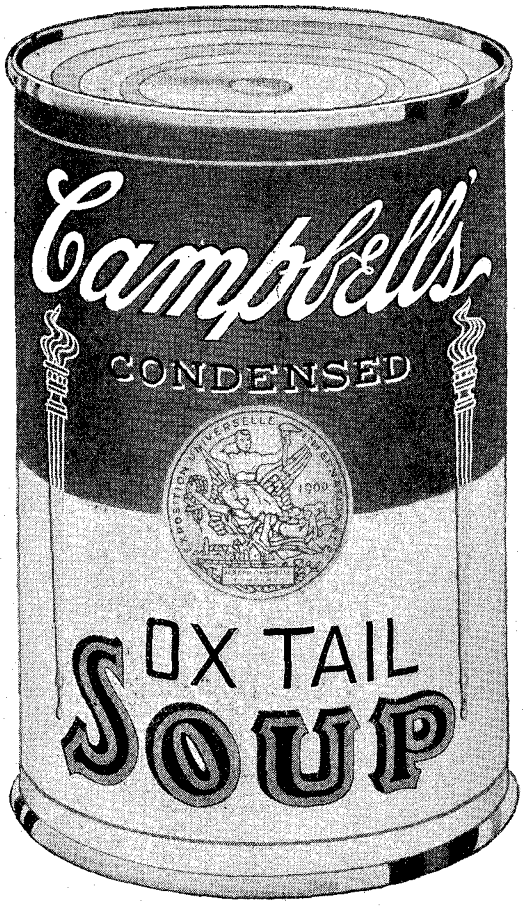
"To the student of church architecture the rebuilding of these churches easily recalls one of the greatest periods in the history of all architecture. It was in France that some of the greatest architecture of all time, the great Gothic cathedrals and churches of the Middle Ages, reared their stately heads in a sublime era of building, and they have been subjects of close study and interest for countless persons."

The rebuilt churches will not go begging for congregations, we are told, for, on the whole, the war seems to have had a salutary effect on the religious situation in France. Closer contacts are said to have healed many former prejudices and to have ended the old religious conflicts. The truth is, writes Paul Concoeur in the Paris *Etudes*, "that the soil of France has been opened by the plowshare of war; the furrows have been made ready; sturdy workmen have begun to cast in the good seed. The spirit of sacrifice must render that seed fertile."

THE GOLDEN RULE OF HEALTH—EAT SOUP DAILY

Here is a game the kids acclaim
With vigor, vim and zest.
Their pep and force derived, of course,
From "Ox Tail" at its best.





—and thereby hangs a tale

Campbell's is Ox Tail Soup at its best. Not merely a deliciously satisfying food but a recognized health-builder as well. It brings you, in a tasty dish, the native vigor of meaty, marrowy ox joints; the beneficial properties of fresh vegetables and herbs; the strength-building qualities of barley.

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A rich, nourishing stock made from medium-sized ox tails, combined with diced Chantenay carrots and golden turnips, tomato puree, sliced ox tail joints, celery, parsley, barley, a little leek, and a touch of flavoring to bring out the natural savor of this delicious combination. Order Ox Tail today.

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Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

CURRENT - POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department cannot be returned.

OUR department seems rather English this week. Just so our English cousins provide us more good poetry along conservative lines than we furnish ourselves. So much of our energy goes into free verse which our readers only half approve. Even Shakespeare is not an outworn theme. *The Cornhill Magazine* (London) gives us this which recalls the old-time favorite pictures that assembled in one group the figures of some novelist's or poet's creation:

SHAKESPEARE

By E. W.

In the mysterious twilight of the Past,
Among dim meadows and dark-shining streams,
I went, and through oak forests, till at last
I came up to the high-walled hill of Dreams,
Thick turreted, with roofs innumerable
Of faded red, and secret windows shut
With shutters green, where stories wonderful
Were acted. Roofs, signs, rooms and oriels jut
With gaping gargoyles over the steep streets,
Cobbled with cobbles white, all up and down.
Wise, witty, quaint and ripe with diverse sweets
Are the good folk of this enchanted Town.
Some fools there are, some villains, and some sad,
'Tis true, and cripples, and poor withered jades;
But in an honest glass, good, mad and bad,
All walk and talk here like real men and maids,
Transformed to something strange, immortal, sage,
By the wise King who set them on his Stage.

Here is a new adventure treated with a whimsical touch that both in deed and word might be rightly thought of as "American" only we get so many of our high adventures from suggestions given out freely abroad as the *New Witness* (London) does this:

THE BOOKWORM

(*Experts now accompany parties daily round the chief London museums and galleries.*)

By Geoffrey Dearmer

Not even judges, in the name of waste
(That sacred name) decry these daily sessions
When costly critics, that is, men of taste,
Take parties round our national possessions;
Imparting all that knowledge can impart
And quickening the sluggish soul and heart.

Now, under expert guides and guidance you can
Improve your mind on art, beasts, birds and cities—
Raphael, the titmouse, Titian and the toucan,
The great auk, Gainsborough, Greece—O, really it is
Impossible to speak without bravado
Of everything from Leeds to Leonardo!

Now, *I* think (these considered cogitations
Are surely wonderful and well conceived,
For only by avoiding dissipations
And thinking hard can great thoughts be achieved)
That this reform should be to books applied.
With me, of course, appointed as chief guide.

Then I will take the best and brightest parties
All round our bookshops. I will advertise
(Provided that my salary at the start is
Substantial, with the promise of a rise)
High Hill-air Belloc and low-lying Wells
Our Keynes and Caines, our deep ethereal Dells.

I'll recommend the best. I will not rob
Poor poets of their due. I will not heed
The claims of popularity. My job
Will be to serve not those who write but read:
To boost the best of charming books and chaste,
And found a literary League of Taste.

A sweet picture, here, of immemorial life that the London *Nation* brings us:

THE SHEEPFOLD

By Eleanor Farjeon

High upon the lonely Down
I came upon a shepherd's town,
A sort of kraal it seemed to be
Within a wattled boundary.
Dividing it, the herd had made
A waving man-high palisade
Of the black-headed rush that grows
Rank on the flats where Arun flows.
Within the outer camp was stored
The sheep's provision, a rude hoard
Of mangolds with their saffron stain,
Heaped near a blue and scarlet wain
Which bore the fairest yellow straw
That ever summer's thrashing saw.
The second closure, scattered deep
With that clean gold, confined the sheep,
Some heavy still, some past their throe,
And by these dams the lambs pushed low,
Nuzzling their mothers' dugs; but most
Of those the shepherd yet could boast
Were harboured in the wattle-sheds
Which he had built to keep their beds
From wet and frost. Hard by, his wheeled
Hut stood, and on the open field
Signs of the gipsy life he led;
Less kindly was he housed and fed
Than his own sheep, for whom his plans
Seemed to be nature's more than man's.
Till April he will live up there
With bleating mothers in his care,
The sole wise ruler on that Down
Of his well-ordered little town.
Yet nothing, wattle, straw, or reed,
Or root, that serves his flock at need,
But might have served the earliest sheep
Which on these hills once had their keep;
And nothing does this shepherd know
Or do, not known—how long ago?—
And done, by the first herd whose dams
Upon the high Down dropped their lambs.

James Stephens is, perhaps, one of the most considerable figures in English letters to-day. He is original and independent, and he sometimes gets into trouble. He won't with these lines of his in the *Nation and the Athenæum* (London).

THE PIT OF BLISS

(To Clement France)

By James Stephens

When I was young I dared to sing
Of everything and anything—
Of joy and wo and fate and God,
Of dreaming cloud and teeming sod,
Of hill that thrust an amber spear
Into the sunset, and the sheer
Precipice that shakes the soul
To its black gape—I sang the whole
Of God and man, nor sought to know
Man or God or joy or wo;
And, tho an older wight I be,
My soul hath still such ecstasy
That, on a pulse, I sing and sing
Of everything and anything.

There is a light shines in the head;
It is not gold, it is not red;
But, as the lightning's blinding light,
It is a stare of silver white
That one surmise would fancy blue:
On that mind-blinding hue I gaze
An instant, and am in a maze
Of thinking—could one think it so?
It is no feeling that I know—
An hurricane of knowing that
Could whelm the soul that was not pat
To flinch and lose the deadly thing
And sing, and sing again, and sing
Of everything and anything.
An eagle whirling up the sky,
Sunblind, dizzy, urging high,
And higher beating yet a wing
Until he can no longer cling,
Or hold, or do a thing, but fall
And sink and whirl and scream through all
The dizzy, heaven-hell of pit,
In mile-a-minute flight from it
That he had dared—From height of height
So the poet takes his flight
And tumble in the pit of bliss;
And in the roar of that abyss,
And falling, he will sing and sing
Of everything and anything.

What is knowing—but to see:
What is feeling—'tis to be:
What is love—but more and more
To see and be; to be a pour
And avalanche of being, till
The being ceases and is still
For every motion; what is joy—
Being, past all earthly cloy
And intermixture; being spun
Of itself is being won:
That is joy, and this is God
To be that in cloud and clod,
And in cloud and clod to sing
Of everything and anything.

If the sun never sets on British dominions so also the East winds never cease to blow, and *Punch* finds a beneficent ministry in them that we of other geographical alignment do not know so well:

EAST WINDS

England and India

By H. B.

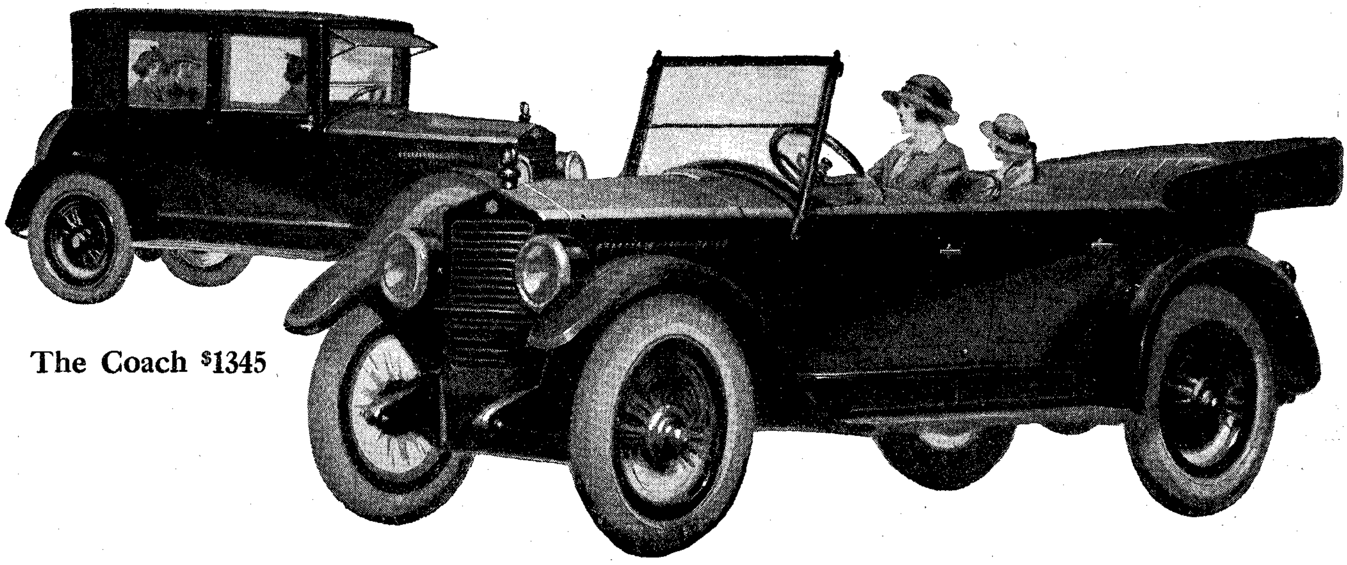
The folk who live in the West Country that is warm and wet and slow,
They speak no good of the singing wind that blows from the open East,
And they will have it a treacherous wind, bearing sickness and wo,
Fretting and fevering man and beast;
But to me the wind of the East is sib for the sake of long ago.

For ever the East wind I have known was a wind that blew from sea,
Whether the grey North Sea of home or the blaze of Bengal Bay,
And ever it stood for a sandy coast and the spindrift flying free,
And the moon's rise and the breaking day;
And the West Coast folk may say their fill, but the East is the wind for me.

For ever the East wind I have known brought merry days and clear,
Lifting the rain-wrack out of the sky at the end of a Scottish June,
Or thundering over the Indian plains in the falling of the year
At the flying heels of the black monsoon—
A wind that spoke like a pibroch, that struck like a pointed spear.

* * * * *

Excellent good the West Country, be it Devon or Malabar,
But the warm West winds are hung with rain and laden and sad with cloud,
Robbing the days of the gallant sun and the nights of moon and star;
So the East winds, the living and proud,
Shall be my choice, now as of yore, and the coasts where East winds are.



The Coach $1345

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ESSEX $1095

A Roomier Open Car—A Finer Chassis

You can have no appreciation of what this price buys until you examine and drive it.

To all that made Essex such a wonderful value in the past are added refinements and comforts never before offered in a car of its price class. Roomier seating, wider doors and greater riding ease, contribute something new in personal comfort.

The Result of Three Years' Experience

Back of the new Essex is all we learned in building 70,000 earlier Essex cars. Finer precision standards have resulted and Essex smoothness is even more pronounced. You will instantly note its greater beauty. Its care and attention are easier, cleaner, more convenient.

It will reveal a charm you never suspected in any except the large costly cars. Note how free it seems of usual limitations—how subdued all mechanical consciousness—how perfect its union with the driver's will.

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And how rarely is an Essex offered for resale. Old owners tell you of a car so enduringly designed and built that its performance improves for thousands of miles.

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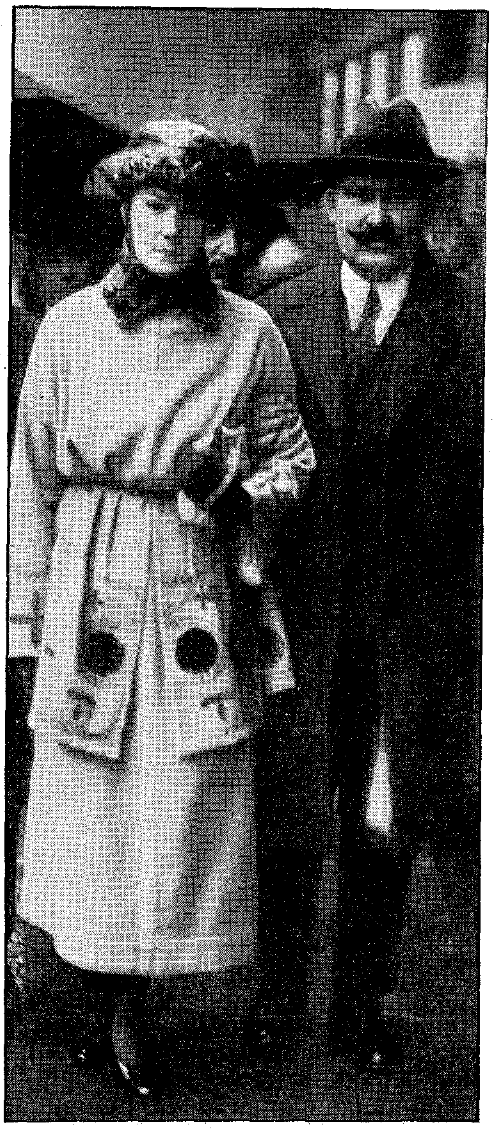
PERSONAL GLIMPSES

"HARD-BOILED" SEMENOFF

CRIES OF "BANDIT! Murderer! Cut-throat! Shoot him like a mad dog!" greeted General Gregory Semenoff, ataman of the Siberian Cossacks, during his recent journeys to and from the Ludlow Street Jail in New York City. At Washington, meanwhile, America's unwelcome guest is described no less harshly. General W. S. Graves, who commanded the American expedition in Eastern Siberia, and Lieutenant-Colonel Charles H. Morrow, who commanded the 27th Regiment under General Graves, accuse the ataman of shooting down American soldiers, massacring helpless prisoners, looting and killing unarmed peasants, and committing atrocities still more monstrous. Indeed, it appears that we narrowly dodged the necessity of making war on Semenoff in Siberia. Reviewing the testimony before Senator Borah's committee, who have been looking into the charges against him, a correspondent of the New York *Tribune* tells us:

> It was brought out that the relations between the American forces and Semenoff's force in Eastern Siberia were severely strained and that it was by a hairbreadth that war between them was avoided. On one occasion when the Americans were guarding the trans-Siberian railroad in the Baikal sector, Colonel Morrow gave Semenoff's forces 24 hours to move an armored train from the region of Verhnudinsk, and served notice that unless this was done he would fight. The train was moved.
>
> At Posolskaya, later, the train, which had been given permission by Colonel Morrow to pass, fired without provocation on an American force consisting of Lieutenant Kendall and thirty-eight men. One officer and one soldier of the American force were killed. The Americans fought with hand grenades and rifles and captured the armored train and General Bogomomoletz, who was in command. In spite of appeals to General Semenoff to try this officer and punish him, he was not punished, and was released when the Americans departed.
>
> The testimony was full of accounts of the slaughter of prisoners and peasants. Colonel Morrow said that he had made careful estimates of the non-combatants killed in the territory controlled by General Semenoff, and he put the number at 100,000 men, women and children.
>
> Both General Graves and Colonel Morrow told of the wholesale killings of prisoners at Adrianofsky. They put into the evidence statements of officers in the Russian railroad service who had taken pains to look into the facts. Near Adrianofsky was what was known as the "slaughter yard." Prisoners were taken out by carloads, according to the testimony, compelled to march up to great holes and shot down with machine-guns. Colonel Morrow said they were not Bolshevists, but harmless peasants, and declared the country had long before been swept clear of Bolshevists.
>
> Colonel Stepanoff was pointed out by Colonel Morrow as the chief executioner under Semenoff, and the climax of the massacres as he described them, taking his account from data furnished by Lieutenant C. I. McNutt, of the Russian railroad service, was the slaughter of fifty-three carloads of prisoners, totaling more than 1,600 persons, in one day. Stepanoff, according to the testimony, said he "couldn't sleep unless he had killed some one that day." The day following this great slaughter, Semenoff arrived at Adrianofsky, Stepanoff reported to him, and there was a banquet and celebration.
>
> In the Selenga Valley raids, according to Colonel Morrow, old men, women and children, peaceful peasants, were shot down by machine-guns and even locked in their houses and burned. The Mongolian and Cossack soldiers got 4,000 sleigh-loads of loot.



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OUT ON BAIL.

General Semenoff, "ataman of the Siberian Cossacks," at large in New York, with the wife who pledged her jewels to save him from jail.

However, it was not on account of all this that Semenoff fell into the hands of the New York police. As the New York *World* explains,

> The arrest was made in a civil suit brought against General Semenoff by the trustees in bankruptcy of the Yourovetta Home and Foreign Trade Corporation—a New York corporation—for the recovery on a judgment for 930,000 rubles for goods alleged to have been stolen by the General or troops at his command in the corporation's warehouses in Siberia. The judgment is alleged to have been obtained in the Chinese courts in Harbin, and the value in United States coin is said to be $478,578.

And yet Semenoff's other crimes—his murders, especially—are not being overlooked, and Senator Borah is quoted as saying, "If there is any way to hold him responsible in this country or elsewhere for these murders, I want to do it." In various quarters, meanwhile, there is evidence of a desire to learn who is responsible for admitting the ataman to this country. The New York *Call*, for instance, prints a Washington dispatch beginning,

> Is General Gregory Semenoff, killer of 100,000 helpless and harmless peasant men and women and children in Siberia, in the United States at the instance of Boris Bakhmetieff, "ambassador" in turn of Kerenski and of Kolchak? Or is he here as the agent of Japanese militarists? Or is he brought to America by the State Department as a special favor to the French Foreign Office?

In more or less the same spirit, the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* declares:

> The air will be cleaner and sweeter when General Semenoff, late of Siberia, shakes the dust of America from his Cossack boots. Wholesale murder, nameless atrocities and plain looting seem to have been the specialties of his army, supposedly operating against the Soviet forces.
>
> After the revelations made by American Army officers before a Senate committee there seems nothing left to do but take this Cossack ataman by the collar and set him aboard a steamer

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> bound for the Orient, where he belongs. There is no welcome in this country for a "master bandit and butcher" who has put to death 100,000 people, no matter what the nominal "cause" that put him in the field.
>
> No man lacking the colossal conceit of this Cossack chief would have dared set foot in the United States knowing his blood-marked record must be a part of the files of the American Expeditionary Forces in Siberia. Had this "hard-boiled" mercenary forgotten his clashes with American troops whom he had harassed and irritated and even attacked when they got in the way of his banditry?
>
> This Semenoff seems to have been one of the several head devils over the demoniacal packs of butchers and bandits who ravaged all they could reach of Siberia after the fall of the Romanoffs. His was a "white terror," but it seems to have been as blood-reddened as anything that came out of Moscow. His private graveyards rivaled that of the lesser Bolshevist chieftains, and his "slaughter yards" were as bad as anything the Moscow Reds owned. If Semenoff and his ilk were a fair sample of the other "saviors of Russia" from the Reds, little wonder the Russian population failed to rally and rise at their call.
>
> Who invited this self-advertised, self-styled "terror to the Red battalions" to America? If he had or has any sponsors, the best thing for them to do is to lend some aid toward getting him out of the country. There was no enthusiasm when his proposed visit was announced. There has always been doubt and suspicion as to this "white army" of his. Many of the facts given in detail by American officers before the Senate Committee have been hinted and told in part before. Their statements and the documentary evidence produced are damning to this Cossack. He should be deported.

According to Semenoff himself, this visit to America has no political significance. He claims to be merely on his way to Paris, where his wife, who accompanies him, intends to consult a physician. Helen Viktorovna is her name, and a reporter for the New York *Evening Post* describes her as young, blue-eyed and radiant. "There were many Ohs and Ahs and quick glances of admiration" when she appeared in the law office where the newspaper men also got a close-up impression of her husband:

> The ataman is the possessor of considerable aplomb, and he seemed little moved by the jostling throng of lawyers, interpreters, photographers and reporters. His black hair is thin on top, advancing in the middle of the skull to a sharp V and then retreating sparsely. He is broad-shouldered and deep-chested, a powerful figure of a man, with a short, thick neck. But freshly shaven and massaged, holding a gray Fedora hat, and smartly dressed in rich blue cloth, there was little of the militaristic touch about him.

Madame pledged her jewels in order to obtain bail for the General. Later on, the jewels were returned, and the New York *Tribune* man, who was present at the Sheriff's office when that occurred, writes of the incident and its sequel thus:

> Mme. Semenoff arrived at the Sheriff's office shortly before 2 o'clock, in company with Colonel Kroupsky and one of General Semenoff's attorneys, W. B. Roulstone. She wore a tailored suit of blue, a smart hat with blue velvet trimmings, and her trim feet were shod with dainty pumps. Her eyes smiled as she sat at ease awaiting the arrival of her husband. General Semenoff appeared a few minutes after 2 o'clock, accompanied by Mr. Goldin. He showed no concern, except that his eyes, which some thought furtive, surveyed the room expectantly. Mme. Semenoff greeted her husband with a kiss and stroked his pudgy hand with her delicate fingers and smoothed his hair. In the presence of a roomful of spectators this mark of affection seemed to disturb the General and he gave his wife a slight nudge.
>
> Mr. Roulstone announced that the Detroit Fidelity and Security Company had indicated it would supply a new bond and asked time for a representative of the company to appear. In the meantime, the jewels which Mme. Semenoff had given as security for the bond were returned by the representative of the Fidelity and Deposit Company. They were wrapt in a silk handkerchief and included a strand of 432 pearls with a diamond clasp, a platinum watch and diamond bracelet, and a pair of diamond ear-rings. Mme. Semenoff quickly caught up the long rope of pearls. She went to the window, sat upon the sill and for nearly a half hour was engaged in inspecting and counting the pearls.
>
> When she had signified with a smile that her gems, which it is asserted are worth more than $60,000, were intact, the necessary papers releasing the surety company were signed. Then began the wait of more than two hours for the appearance of the heralded bondsmen. Flashlight powder boomed as the General and Mme. Semenoff posed for the newspaper photographers. They seemed to think that this was part of the formality they had to go through.
>
> Once General Semenoff prest his hand to his right shoulder and his face twitched. Mr. Roulstone inquired through Colonel Kroupsky what the trouble was.
>
> "It is nothing," said General Semenoff. "I was wounded by five German and seven Bolshevik bullets, and at times my shoulder requires electric treatment."
>
> As the hands of the clock moved on toward four, the hour at which the Sheriff's office closes, General Semenoff showed signs of uneasiness. His wife again stroked his hand and spoke reassuringly in a soothing voice.
>
> Four o'clock came and the bondsmen failed to appear. Sheriff Nagle said he would extend the time until 4:25. At that time there was no aid in sight for the General, and Sheriff Nagle announced their departure for Ludlow Street Jail. Semenoff calmly touched the tips of his spiked mustache when told there could be no further delay. He was accompanied to the jail by the Sheriff and Deputy Sheriffs Murphy and Gillespie.
>
> The crowd gathered quickly in front of the jail, word having flashed through the district that Semenoff, the leader of the Cossacks, was a prisoner. When Mme. Semenoff arrived shortly after the doors had clanged behind her husband she had to make her way to the steps through a teeming group of children. Mr. Goldin, who with Colonel Kroupsky accompanied Mme. Semenoff, pushed the bell button. The doorman, speaking into the wicket, said that only the attorney could enter for the time being.
>
> Mme. Semenoff, a proud figure, stood resolutely with her back to the outer door of the prison. Her glance shifted from the crowd in the street to faces in the windows of the squalid tenements across the street. Some of the children prest so close that finally she sought refuge in the vestibule until Mr. Goldin came out with word that she would be permitted to return and see her husband later.
>
> Before they hurried away through the crowded thoroughfare Colonel Kroupsky spoke in behalf of his friend.
>
> "Certain stories have been told by American officers," he said. "Other American officers will also speak. The General is innocent of these crimes with which he has been charged and soon the truth will be known."

"A jolly old time," the Boston *Post* calls the Semenoff affair, and remarks:

> It is quite an unusual experience for a distinguished foreign general to be put under arrest in this country, therefore Semenoff, the anti-Bolshevist commander of certain forces in Siberia, was to be pardoned for mistaking the reading of a warrant authorizing his apprehension by New York sheriffs for the recital of an address of welcome, granting the freedom of the city. He must have heard of Mayor Hylan's liberality in this respect.
>
> Over the charge that Semenoff appropriated without leave a lot of goods belonging to a now defunct American firm doing business in Chita, in 1919, the public of this country is not likely to become at all excited. Much more interesting is the General's defense:
>
> "I have no recollection of it. All was chaos in Siberia at that time. Everybody took what they thought they could use or sell. The Bolsheviki stole from me. I stole from the Bolsheviki. Both of us stole where we found something to steal. How am I to remember whether I took these particular goods?"
>
> A jolly old time must have been had by all, and any American firm trying to do business in Siberia at that period doubtless agreed fervently that war was what another and more distinguished general called it.

Discussing the case more seriously, the Brooklyn *Eagle* calls attention to points of international law it involves:

> Jailed on a civil debt body execution, in Ludlow Street Jail, where a Russian Jew can hiss him when he walks in the jail yard for exercise, General Gregory Semenoff, Ataman of the Siberian Cossacks, is the pivot of two international law problems. Granted that he was responsible for the killing of Americans in Siberia, how, when and where can he be punished? Murder is murder, and it ought to be punishable somewhere. But Colonel William Hayward, who is United States Attorney in the district where Semenoff is held, finds that no State court, no Federal court, no military court can take cognizance of the crimes charged against him, because the territoriality of crime is first to be recognized. Colonel Hayward's view is that "It would seem that he would be punishable by his own military superiors, but not by our Government." As the Czar is gone for good and all, and Semenoff had no "military superiors," being a law unto himself, this would mean immunity but for the Colonel's further suggestion that the General "would be subject to prosecution under any

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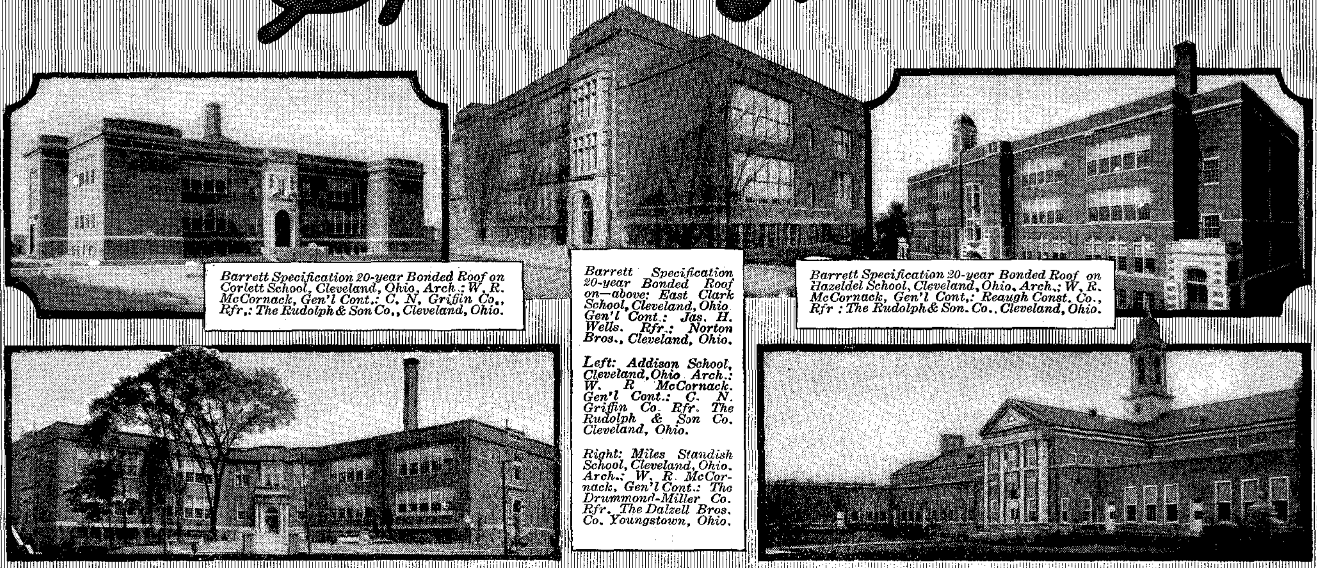

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Barrett Specification 20-year Bonded Roof on—above: East Clark School, Cleveland, Ohio Gen'l Cont.: Jas. H. Wells. Rfr.: Norton Bros., Cleveland, Ohio.

Left: Addison School, Cleveland, Ohio Arch.: W. R McCornack. Gen'l Cont.: C. N. Griffin Co. Rfr. The Rudolph & Son Co. Cleveland, Ohio.

Right: Miles Standish School, Cleveland, Ohio. Arch.: W. R. McCornack, Gen'l Cont.: The Drummond-Miller Co. Rfr. The Dalzell Bros. Co. Youngstown, Ohio.

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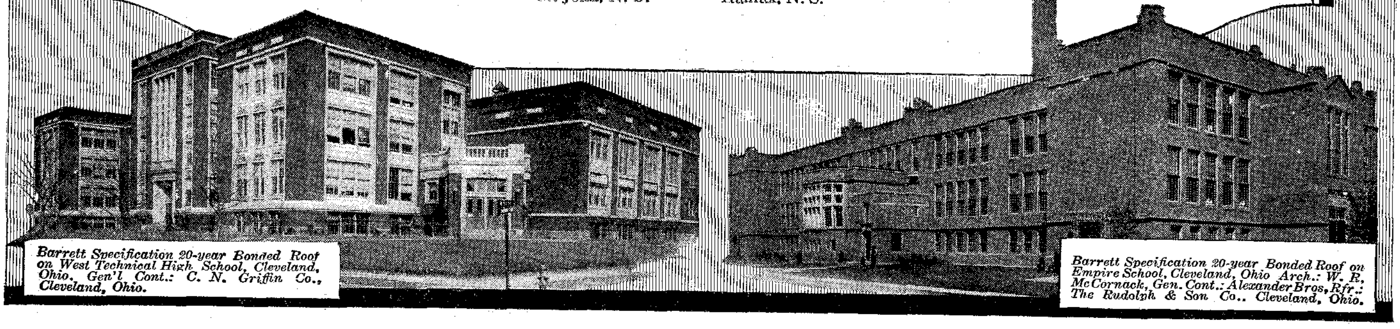

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government now or hereafter maintaining sovereignty over the territory where the acts were committed."

The implication here is that if we had recognized the Soviet Government in Moscow there would have been an easy way out; indeed, that there may be an easy way out if we recognize that government before Semenoff escapes custody. He could then be handed over to Russia and his fate would hardly be a matter of guesswork.

Among our soldiers and former soldiers there is a strong sentiment for the punishment of Semenoff that the Administration may not choose to defy. That sentiment will be very intolerant of any stretching of international law technicalities for the protection of a man who is regarded as a murderer.

NOW IT CAN BE TOLD, BUT ISN'T

WHAT ARE EUROPEAN CHILDREN being taught about the Great War? The answer to that question, if we could find the answer, has seemed to Mr. William G. Shepherd more than likely to show "whether there will ever be another war." Hence an investigation, whose results he gives us in an article in *Our World.* Says Mr. Shepherd:

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"WASN'T THERE ANY WAR?"

German school-books avoid all mention of the World War, but they can't fool these Berlin school children.

In Germany school children in various districts have different history books. In one district the book will contain all the old allusions to the Kaiser and the greatness of his family. In another district all of this has been cut out. There is such a discrepancy between the various books that the explanations of the school officials are highly entertaining. I sought out Dr. Becker, secretary of the Prussian ministry of education. He is an avowed Republican.

"There are two things that we are not teaching our children," he said. "One subject that is forbidden is the Kaiser and his dynasty. The other is the war."

"But there are history books that tell of the Kaiser," I said.

"Yes," he smiled, "but let me explain. You see, books cost a great deal of money. The old histories used to glorify the Kaiser. We still have many copies of these old books on hand. We can not afford to throw them away. But we have issued orders to all teachers that they must not ask the children to study the Kaiser and his dynasty. That part of the book is skipt over in every school in Prussia. But we have gone further than this. Whenever a publisher issues a new edition of a school-book, he cuts out every reference to the old dynasty. We have given orders to all the publishers of school-books that this must be done. The editing is carefully done, and whenever a child is given a new history book in the Prussian schools, you may be sure that every bit of Kaiser-worship and king-worship has been cut out of it."

"Has anything new been put in its place?"

"No. Editing does not cost so much, but the addition of material is a difficult thing."

"But are the children being taught nothing about the war?"

"Not a single word," said Dr. Becker. "The teachers are not allowed to discuss the war. Their history books do not contain a single word about the war."

"Is this done purposely?" I asked.

"Yes," he explained. "It's politics. You see there are six different parties in Prussia. Each different party has a different idea about the causes of the war, the events and the mistakes. As soon as the ministries of education start to prepare a story of the war for the school children, some leader of a party arises and says that the story is wrong, in some detail. Then we have to drop the whole thing and start over again. We must find some story that will suit all the parties, including the Socialists and the extremists on both sides. It is an impossible thing to do, and we have quit trying.

"Our latest plan is to have a chronology of the war appear in the school-books so that the children may learn the dates of various important events. We have four experts working on this now, but while they agree on dates, they can not agree in describing what happened on those dates. Something about the inwardness of the war is bound to creep into any arrangement of dates, and so we are in as much trouble with our new plan as we were with our previous efforts. We must try to satisfy the parents of the children as well as the party leaders," continued Dr. Becker. "Parents are giving their version of the war to their children at home, and if our school-books give a different explanation from that believed by the parents, we will be in trouble.

"The schools are not as they used to be in the Kaiser's time. Then the government decided what the children should be taught, and that was the end of it. To-day, in every school, the children have their own organization, with a spokesman, who has a right to criticize the teacher on any occasion, or even go over the teacher's head, if necessary, to higher authorities. The parents have taken an interest in the schools and in what their children are being taught, and a parent may go either to a leader of the party in his district and make a complaint, which will reach us with a roar in due time, or he may complain to the school officials themselves."

I suggested that it must have been necessary to tell the children something about the revolution which changed the form of government in Germany.

"Well," hesitated Dr. Becker, "whenever that question comes up, we find it possible to refer to the attempted revolution of 1848 in Germany with which the children are familiar. We are able to point out that the revolution of 1918 was a sequence of 1848. There is a great deal in common in both revolutions, and sometimes we are able to show how the 1918 revolution was a sequence of the revolution in which the grandparents of our pupils were engaged.

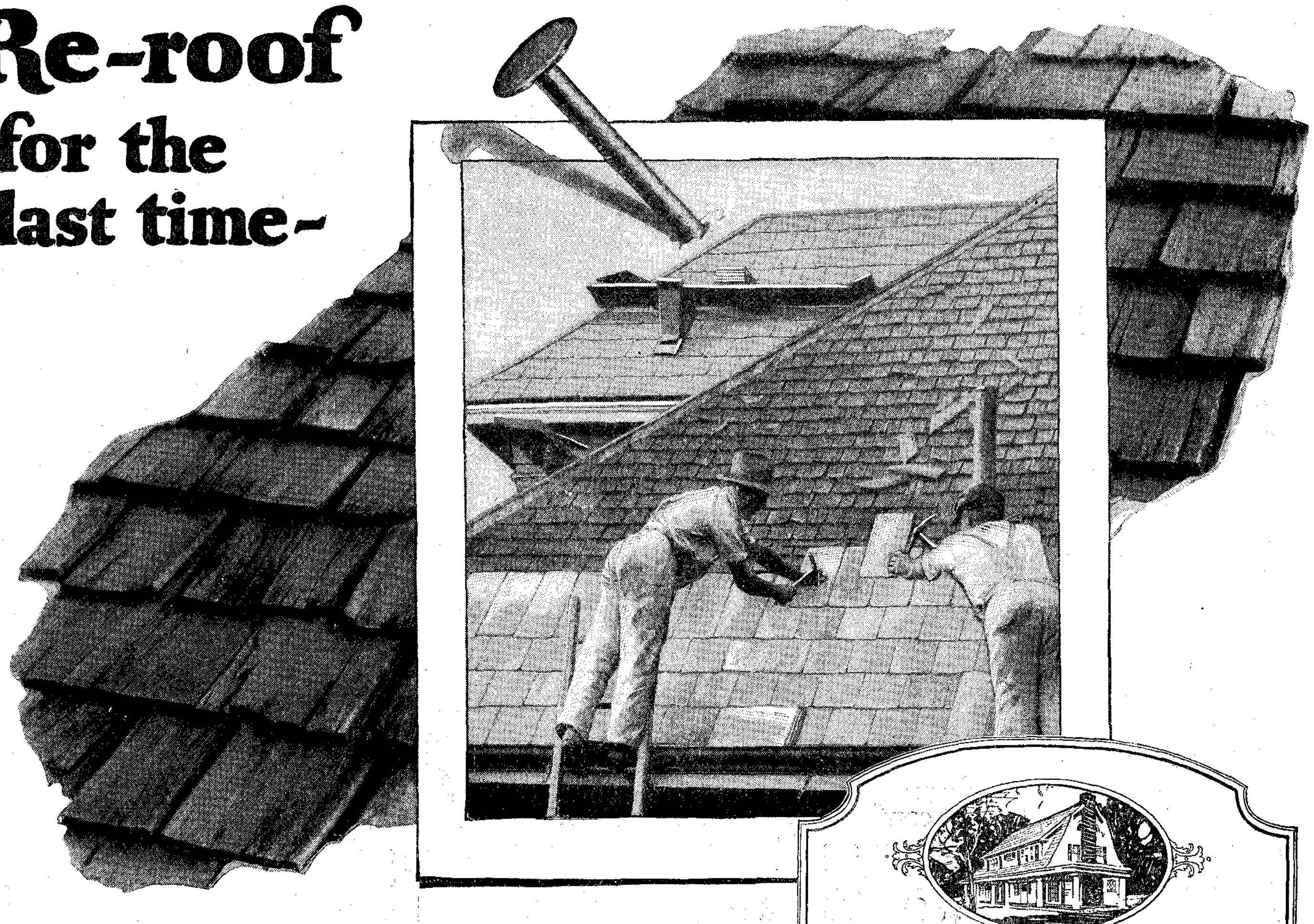
"Certain democratic principles that caused the 1848 affair also produced the revolution of two years ago. The war gave these principles a chance to manifest themselves. That is as far as we can go in telling the children about the recent affairs in Germany."

What, meanwhile, are French school children being taught about the war? For an answer to this question, Mr. Shepherd went to Paris and sought out the minister of Public Instruction, who, tho too cautious to make a statement, himself, detailed a subordinate to talk:

"When peace came," said this official, "the school-teachers everywhere in France felt free to ignore the old military regulations and to tell their pupils in the class-rooms just what had happened during the previous four years. There were not text-books with which the teachers could work; so many of them began giving little lectures to their pupils.

"But the department of education found itself in trouble immediately. Parents deluged us with complaints. They said their children were being taught lies about the war. Socialist workmen said their children were being instructed in imperialism. Caillaux's followers said that teachers were lying about the origin and purpose of the war. Parents of the upper classes said their children were being taught Socialism in their study of the war. It was a trying time for us. We saw that something must be done; so we issued orders that teachers were not to try to teach their pupils about the war until proper text-books had been issued.

"Ever since then we have been looking for proper text-books.



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

But we can not find them. The text-book writers tell as many different stories as the teachers used to tell.

"You see," he continued, "the whole difficulty lies in the fact that we have seven influential parties in France.

"It was necessary for us to find text-books that would contain versions of the war that would satisfy members of all these parties. Well, that is impossible. We can not do it. Parents belong to one or another of these parties, and they raise so much trouble when their own version of the war is not told to their children that we have finally decided that the fathers and mothers of France must be the modern history teachers of France until the war has become more distant and party feelings lie down."

He explained how text-books are selected in France. A superior council of the ministry of education passes on all books which are submitted by text-book writers. The books which are approved are put on a list which is sent to all the schools of France. From this list the school officials in the various districts of France may choose the books which they consider best adapted for the local schools.

"At first," continued the official, "the text-book writers deluged the superior council with books about the war. The members of the council found themselves disagreeing about the facts stated in these books. Very soon the complaints of the parents began to pour in on us, and we decided that, if the council itself could not agree, neither could teachers or parents."

"When do you think you will be able to begin studying the history of the war in your schools?" I asked.

"Not until this generation dies," he answered. "You see everybody is in politics or has some political leaning. No text-book writer or school-teacher is free of political bias. He sees everything through the eyes of his own politics and beliefs. Whatever he wants to believe looks like the truth to him; whatever he doesn't want to believe looks false. And there we have the difficulty."

Leaving Paris, Mr. Shepherd went to London, where he called upon Mr. Richards, who has charge of the English school inspectors, and asked him what English school children were being taught about the war.

"We have an Anglo-Saxon dread," he said, "of permitting the government to control the schools. All school government in England is local. The government does not control the publication of school text-books. Any schoolmaster or member of a school board may go to any publisher and purchase any book he wishes and introduce it into the local school.

"The only thing the national government does is to inspect and advise. Our inspectors move about among all the schools constantly, and, if they find anything amiss—subjects being wrongly considered or improper books being used—they make recommendations which, in time reach the local authorities. And then the proper changes are usually made. The local authorities rarely disagree with the national school inspectors."

In a glass case in Mr. Richard's office were rows of text-books. He went to this case and took out a dozen or more small books.

"I won't say that text-books on the Great War are not being written and even put into the schools in some localities," he said. "But the inspectors have an infallible test for these books. If the books do not meet the test, they are usually withdrawn from the school."

"What is the test?" I asked.

"You see, all these books are written anonymously. No reliable and well-known text-book writers have attempted to write any text-book of the war. All the school histories that have appeared, with a very few exceptions, have been thrown together for greedy publishers, by hack writers. The paper is poor, as you will notice, the illustrations are unspeakably poor, and the statements of facts are absolutely unreliable.

"Every one of these unsigned anonymous text-books found by our inspectors in use in the schoolrooms is immediately thrown out. The result is that children in England are not learning the history of the war in our schools."

"What about geography?" I asked.

"Well, the teachers are presenting geography in a hit-or-miss way. The mapmakers are not taking any chances on making maps for schoolroom use which may be right to-day but wrong to-morrow.

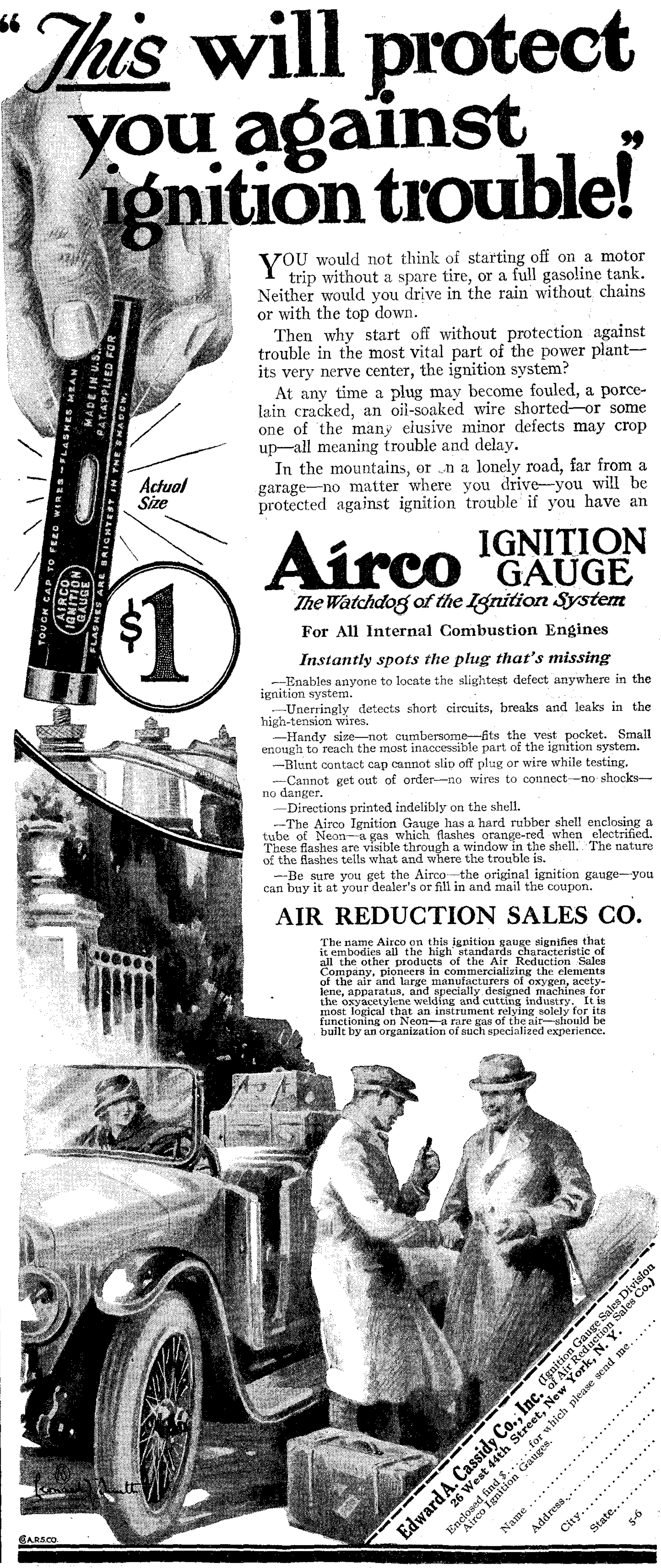
"As a usual thing the teachers use colored crayons and draw the new borders and the new countries in the old maps."

"And there you are!" gasps Mr. Shepherd. Altho in Germany, France and England every child must learn to read, "the printing-press is paralyzed and the historian is palsied when it comes to the task of telling the new generation about the war."

"PASSAPASSAPASSAPASSAPASSAPASSA"

A LITTLE, frock-coated, short-bearded, smiling old gentleman from France has appeared in London with the cheapest known remedy for "what ails you." Merely say over and over again very rapidly the French words for "going, going, going," and, sure enough, it goes—or at all events so an article by Hannen Swaffer in the London *Graphic* assures us, which we merely quote, of course, as a matter of news. Mr. Coué, the healer—tho "teacher of self-healing" would be a more exact designation—is a retired chemist of Nancy, we are told, and makes no claim to be a worker of miracles. As the writer explains,

> If you are suffering you walk on the platform where he is lecturing—and he lectures without payment and without price—and he tells you to say "*Ça passe*," repeatedly, until you feel better. It only means "Going"; but he has used the words so often, in French, that he sticks to them; and his patients say "*Ça passe*" so quickly that it sounds like:
>
> "Passapassapassapassapassapassapassa."
>
> How stupidly simple! How ridiculous! But there are undoubted cases—hundreds of them—where he has cured.
>
> I saw him cure three blind men the other day. They take all things to St. Dunstan's to cheer the blind men up. Great singers go, preachers whose voices, speaking of God, sound like a great organ in a cathe-


TOUCH CAP TO FEED WIRES—FLASHES MEAN
MADE IN U.S.
PAT. APPLIED FOR
FLASHES ARE BRIGHTEST IN THE SHADOW.
AIRCO IGNITION GAUGE
Actual Size
$1
©A.R.S.CO.

"*This* will protect you against ignition trouble!"

YOU would not think of starting off on a motor trip without a spare tire, or a full gasoline tank. Neither would you drive in the rain without chains or with the top down.

Then why start off without protection against trouble in the most vital part of the power plant—its very nerve center, the ignition system?

At any time a plug may become fouled, a porcelain cracked, an oil-soaked wire shorted—or some one of the many elusive minor defects may crop up—all meaning trouble and delay.

In the mountains, or on a lonely road, far from a garage—no matter where you drive—you will be protected against ignition trouble if you have an

Airco IGNITION GAUGE

The Watchdog of the Ignition System

For All Internal Combustion Engines

Instantly spots the plug that's missing

—Enables anyone to locate the slightest defect anywhere in the ignition system.

—Unerringly detects short circuits, breaks and leaks in the high-tension wires.

—Handy size—not cumbersome—fits the vest pocket. Small enough to reach the most inaccessible part of the ignition system.

—Blunt contact cap cannot slip off plug or wire while testing.

—Cannot get out of order—no wires to connect—no shocks—no danger.

—Directions printed indelibly on the shell.

—The Airco Ignition Gauge has a hard rubber shell enclosing a tube of Neon—a gas which flashes orange-red when electrified. These flashes are visible through a window in the shell. The nature of the flashes tells what and where the trouble is.

—Be sure you get the Airco—the original ignition gauge—you can buy it at your dealer's or fill in and mail the coupon.

AIR REDUCTION SALES CO.

The name Airco on this ignition gauge signifies that it embodies all the high standards characteristic of all the other products of the Air Reduction Sales Company, pioneers in commercializing the elements of the air and large manufacturers of oxygen, acetylene, apparatus, and specially designed machines for the oxyacetylene welding and cutting industry. It is most logical that an instrument relying solely for its functioning on Neon—a rare gas of the air—should be built by an organization of such specialized experience.

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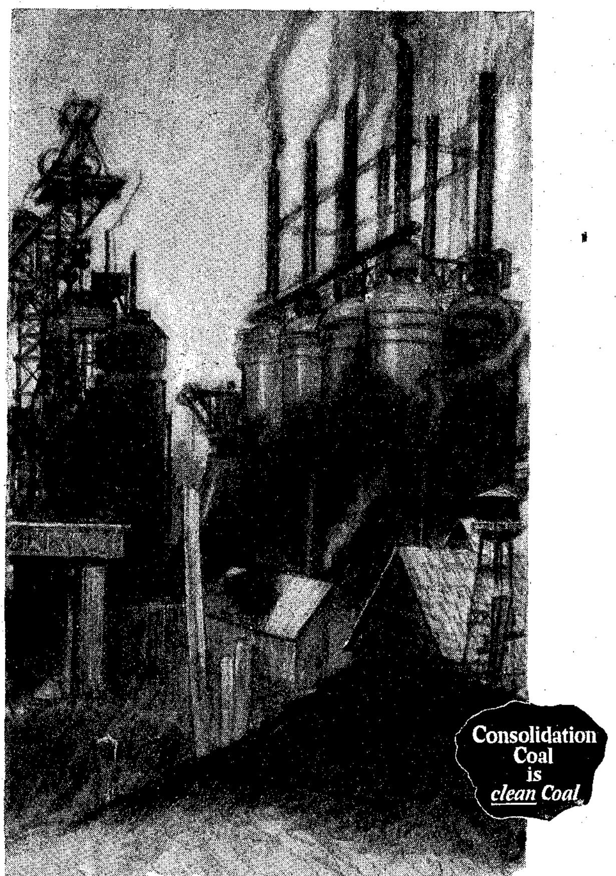

The Power That Makes Steel

Prosperity manifests itself invariably in an increased demand for steel. From farm implements and machinery to pleasure cars and the fine tools of expert industry, little that is important in American life can be done without the use of steel.

Coal furnishes the power that transforms iron ore into the vital and necessary steel. It is estimated that the iron and steel industries of America consume approximately 100,000,000 tons of bituminous coal each year. Three-quarters of a ton are required to produce one ton of iron ingots and four tons are consumed in making one of finished steel.

From our 92 mines in the four great coal producing states, The Consolidation Coal Company supplies a large volume of bituminous coal precisely suited to the needs of steel production.

Consolidation Coal of high heat content and greatest possible cleanliness appeals to the industrial manager with an eye for economy.

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Munson Building - New York City

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

dral, comedians whose noses are red and whose jokes might, perhaps, be blue, did not the forlornness of the men without any eyes remind them. So Coué went on his mission of mercy; and as they explained it, in words, to the men who could not see, he cured three cases—cases of blind men who were suffering from temporary pain.

There was a man called Clarke, with a "wonky" knee. "Passapassapassapassa" went on, for a minute or two. "It's decidedly less tender," Clarke shouted. "That fellow had better be careful," said another blind man, "or he'll lose his pension."

Everybody laughed, and then Roylance was cured of stomach-ache. It was "Passapassapassad" out of existence. Then Wawne, whose country had not only taken both his eyes, but one of his legs, said the stump of the leg that was gone was always aching. He, too, blundered back into the eternal darkness of his life, feeling better.

Coué told them of a woman who had not seen through one eye for twenty years, and whom, in a few minutes, he had persuaded to see; and he told the blind men of a wealthy stockbroker who had stammered all his life and who, the day after he had met Coué last week, stammered no longer, and told 600 people in fluent French that he could talk as well as any one.

Yes, the cure is just, "*Ça passe, ça passe, ça passe.*" Coué has brought down the science of curing many ills—he says that it will not cure cancer, but that it will remove the pain—to a simple formula. When you are lying in bed, in the morning, you say twenty times to yourself:

"Every day in every way I am getting better and better."

A few days ago he used the words, "in every respect," but it now is changed to "in every way," no doubt because you can say it even more easily. You say it to yourself, opening your mouth just wide enough so that you can hear yourself speak. I use his own words, as he spoke to me, "You must not think of anything in particular but keep on repeating it every night and every morning. Pay attention to what you are saying, just like you recite litanies in church. Little by little, it will penetrate into your mind and you will get well. If you think it you are well." That is how simple it is.

There is no quackery in this, we are solemnly told; it is simply an affair of "making your conscious Jekyll overcome your subconscious Hyde." And there is no commercialism about it, either. Says the writer:

For this silly, simple, stupid, effective remedy Coué charges nothing. When I have printed it, the secret is given away. He stands up, in his short frock-coat, and with his pleasing little smile, before an audience, and they go away knowing nearly as much as he does.

Thousands throng to meet him and thousands are turned away. They come on their crutches and in their chairs. They are carried in sitting, hunching themselves with pain and lying down; they go away, feeling better than they were before.

At the institute in Grosvenor Gardens, which Coué's first visit founded, there is no charge except that the payment of three shillings goes to meet expenses. Rent has to be paid and the printing of bills, and postage stamps. Otherwise, this remedy is free to all who care to call; and the dozen English men and women who have studied with Coué at Nancy are now curing the sick in England.

And yet the little Frenchman in the frock-coat has told us nothing new. Coué-ism is a part of every cure and of every remedy. But— Coué has reduced the science of "Cure yourself" to eleven words. "I am growing richer and richer every day," implanted at the back of the mind, has made many millionaires; "I am growing holier and holier every day, by God's grace," has made many saints. Faith can remove mountains; hope can conquer continents; auto-suggestion can make weak men strong.

OUR MOVIES REMAKING JAPAN

"IRASSHAI! Irasshai" — "Welcome! Welcome!"—cries the smiling girl usher at a Japanese moving-picture show, and tea is served while you wait for the cherry-blossomed curtain to go up on Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, or "Doug" Fairbanks. A delightful Jap, by name Sadao Imada, discusses all this in *Asia*, and if his English is a bit peculiar, well, so much the better. The editor of *Asia* had neither the heart nor the unwisdom to alter a word, as any such revision "would destroy the charm and the fine spirit and feeling of the article." It is in a style of his own, accordingly, that Mr. Imada proceeds:

> I have been harboured from long since the wish that of to write these observation about movie, of which now thus starting. In Japan the film fan already have seen Chalie Chaplin's "Kid," Douglas Fairbanks's "Three Musketeers", and many other latest and well-known productions of America. Almost all leading news papers of Tokio have their sole column for movie; and American moving picture magazines are prevailing no less than any other periodicals of United States.
>
> Think these facts! In every city and town all over Japan, except those pictures which made in Japan, American pictures unholding their shadows by day and night. In other words, Japan is inmersing in the wave of American picture; it is not exaggeration a bit.
>
> And now Japan of present, is being yet on the road to rebuild her new civilization; and she is revealing the appearance of most queer to be seen; her tradition melted with the shawer of foreign tides, and devastating in whirlpool. As a whole, outwardly and inwardly, Japan is now suspending in the state of chaos. Every traveller could perceive it at a glance, when who has set their first step on the soil of "rising sun".
>
> Any-how as the nation of the civilized world, we require the environment that of fine and beautiful, but on this point, we Japanese living far beyond of it, we are breathing in the surrounding that of most unconfortable.
>
> Out of this seetheing curldolone, what sort of civilization will lined up? It can not be clearly taken in view yet. But the fact is true, to compete or to live in shoulder by shoulder among the civilized nations of world, Japan can not be loitered in the atmosphere that of samurai and daimyo. Efficiency is forcing her to follow along the line of Europe and American civilization. Every material deviced in Europe and America imported and still coming.
>
> Old things substituted by new ones, and

Authorized Dealers
SUNBEAM
FURNACES
Sales and Service

Think now, of saving ⅓ your fuel next winter

AT THIS time of the year, dealers have plenty of time to spend with you, helping you decide upon the size and type of Sunbeam Furnace that will heat your home thoroughly for the least amount of money.

Besides, Sunbeam prices are now lower than ever before, so, this is the season to see a Sunbeam dealer.

He will explain how the Sunbeam Furnace can heat a given number of rooms more evenly, more healthfully and with one-third less fuel than stoves or fireplaces.

The Sunbeam is made on a quantity-production basis by one of the oldest and largest furnace manufacturers in the country; it is for this reason that it can be sold at such a surprisingly low cost.

All parts are accurately fitted by a process which makes them leak-proof and they are made so much over-size that a Sunbeam will practically never wear out.

The Sunbeam burns any kind of fuel. It quickly takes the chill off your house in the brisk days of early fall; it maintains an even temperature of warm, moist air in every room; even in below-zero weather. A Sunbeam will warm the most isolated room in the house so that you can dress in comfort on the coldest winter morning.

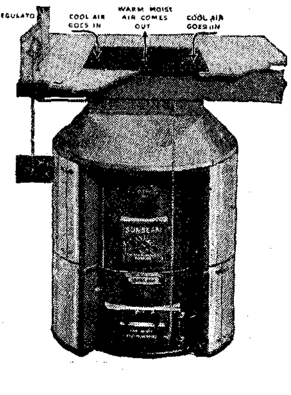
It usually takes only one working day to install a Sunbeam Pipeless Furnace; and there is no muss or dirt. Its economy of fuel will be apparent from the first day.

Think *now*, of saving one-third your fuel next winter. And think of the wet, disagreeable days still to come this spring. Why wait for winter to save fuel; why not begin at once?

"Warms like the Sun"—heating the entire house with one central register

As everyone knows, warm air rises and cold air falls; that is the simple principle upon which Sunbeam Pipeless Furnaces work. Heated air, mixed with vapor, rises through the central compartment of the large register placed in your hall or living room. A constant, gentle circulation of warm, moist air at an even temperature is maintained in every room; the cool air of the house being drawn down through the outer compartment of your register, heated, and sent upward again. Owners tell us that their Sunbeams save ⅓ on the cost of fuel. See your local Sunbeam dealer.

SUNBEAM
PIPE and PIPELESS
FURNACES



No obligation—so just send us the coupon today
Find out how little it will cost to install a Sunbeam, how much you will save in fuel and how much you will gain in comfort. Just tear off this coupon and mail today.

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The FOX
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Gentlemen:
Without obligating me in any way, I would like to learn more about heating my home with the Sunbeam Furnace. Also, mail me a copy of your *"Sunbeam Book."*

Name.......................................
Street Address.......................................
City and State.......................................

"Here Is the Secret of My Good Cooking"

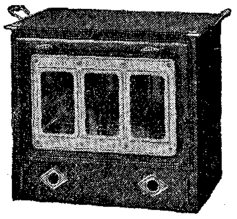
"I bought an oil stove equipped with the Patented KEROGAS Burner and get the same good, uniform results I used to get with my gas range—and at less cost."

The Right Heat When You Want It

The Patented KEROGAS Burner mixes kerosene with air, turns the oil into gas and gives a double flame concentrated on the cooking utensils. Have it high or low—intense or simmering just by the turn of a little control wheel.

You cook at least cost because every particle of fuel is used. Kerosene is cheap and then with the Kerogas Burner, only 1 gallon of oil is used to 400 gallons of air.

The Patented KEROGAS Burner is very simple—made from one piece of brass—rust proof, leak proof. Lasts for years. Be sure that the oil stove you buy is equipped with it.



The Kerogas Oven gives wonderful results in baking and roasting. Heats quickly and uniformly. See it at your dealer's.

PATENTED KEROGAS BURNER

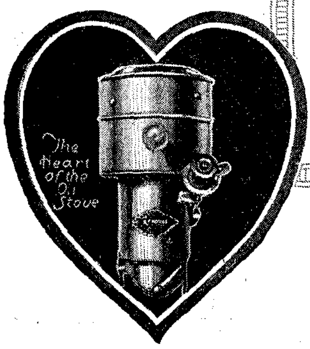
Look for this mark on the oil stove burner.

A. J. LINDEMANN & HOVERSON CO.
1211 First Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

Manufacturers of Burners, Ovens, Cooking and Heating Stoves and Ranges.

PATENTED KEROGAS BURNER

Standard Equipment on the Better Makes of Oil Stoves


The heart of the Oil Stove

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

that new one effects on the other things it cocern. For instance if some one purchased a piano it naturally will attracts the need of a room which furnished in the style of European to harmonize it. Foreign material make by iteself gives change to the things around or concern it. It is the material. And through books and magazines or every kind of art, new vision for life well be awaken and planted in the mind of Japanese, and it will give the effection or change on their way of living.

As Mr. Imato tells us, "morally and physically Japan is the country of import yet," for Europe and America "sway upon everything of Japan," but he recognizes that "this influx" is "not yet well digested and refined, the change is never superficial and no more than stuffy mixture."

To adjust, digest and refine or contract the environment which is now landing on such situation and tendency, we must relish the brain with more stress, and must enrich or improve our minds to stand it. For this purpose, we must learn more about of societies of other countries, from which we are chewing the nourishments of to be necessarily for the grown up of our civilization. And whereupon, the need of mental communication is most imperative than that of material's. From this point of view I am luring by the significance of movie, as I must admit its merits.

As the medium of mental communication, we can count on book, periodical, art and anything which convey the means of information. But it would be most effective on that purpose, that if we can found ourselves in the country itsself, of which we want to know. Because we can see very environment in which those books, arts, and everything are going lively. But this chance is the thing of rare blessing. And then every body naturally be take in mind the ability of movie.

It would be sounds odd, if I say, as, ther are American colony in Japan. But the fact is true. Any movie center of Japanese cities is in its mean a colony of America. In these parts America is living. Where, we can see the sky scrapers of New York, quaint and simple town of New England, and grand view of nature of Colorado. We can hit the trail with cow boy, also can enjoy the part in a gorgeous hall with swell folks of society, and can feel the thrilling sensations in the "fish alley" or the Chaina town of San Fransisco.

We can laugh, anger, and tear with American people at our movie theatres. Of course I know that there are many people in America, who don't want to know, that, there are such fact as through movie understand America by some of people. But I do not intending here a bit, to go touch on any discussion which concern to the quality of movie as an art. But yet, I want to admire American picture as an art and amusement. I am always highly appreciating of its cleanness and healthfulness and yet having the strong value of entertainment. And am always envy for such comunity, in which such healthy amusement is required and going.

But it would be undeniable, that the moving picture bring America wherever it goes, it unhold the vivid scenes of the land of liverty before the presence of people everywhere on globe. It is most vital and lively interpretation of New World. The message of celloid therfore unoverlookable. It is the nerve and blood of America that of covering all parts of globe.

As in America, the movie is the leading amusement or diversion in Japan. And since Japanese picture can not stand yet for foreign film, almost all pictures are supplying from United States. And the picture of Hollywood found every kind of people as its audience in Japan. But its most absorbing fan wil be found largely among the younger generation.

There are such boy among my acquatances, as who like movie rather passionately, as a result of it, some kind of Americanization became apparent. It is his most pet topic of discussion, as, efficiency. And on the everything he argue on the basis that of he think is America, and always comment on the everything of his country harshly. He is utterly dociled by America of what he thinks she is.

Thus the moving-pictures, by developing an intense interest in things American, tends to develop a spirit of progress in the rising generation in Japan. Says Mr. Imato:

> Since they younger people of her are awaking for the unadequatness of their custom and efficiency, for the century they are landing, and therefore they are feeling unreasoneness of their standard of moral it is still controlling upon their way of living, which had been back-boning the feudal age. Then better things and reasons will be find by them in the society of the beyond of Pacific.
>
> It can be say that the moving picture is a refrection of the country in which it is making. In American moving picture America is being mirriored. In which we can peep the moral, custom and ideal and everything which currenting and going.
>
> So it is one of good references to Japanese people, now who are on the exigent state to reconstract the structure that of her civilization. It will enrich their minds not least extent, and its effect will visible on the way of their living.
>
> There is such facts, as Japanese tailor learn the cutting and any suggestion from movie, or its customers order their cloths minding what size of clothes was appealed to their tastes and suggest the tailor hoping to realize it. My friend who is an architect often attend to movie theatre to enrich his vision and to learn.
>
> Thus American moving picture are appealing to every kind of audiences, with various meanings in Japan. After all the magic of celloid is now playing on Japan, whose organic body as a whole now on the busiest currency to change into fine state as civilization, as she is now persuading by her friendly nations with agreeing her good achievement on material side.
>
> We Japanese people must wipe away the unfair reputation, as soon as possible of what we are now owing. We are inspiring by America not least degree. We owe very much to her. And it is the thing of blessing for Japan, that her people are enjoying the movie of America. It is by itself telling the progress of amiable feeling towards America is going and latenting among Japanese people. And therefore American moving picture having the mission of peace in its significance, also.
>
> There are in our country many American haters, but I want here to demnstrate the sentiment of friendly feeling to United States, which now prevailing among we younger generation of Japan.

Teeth You Envy

Are brushed in this new way

Millions of people daily now combat the film on teeth. This method is fast spreading all the world over, largely by dental advice.

You see the results in every circle. Teeth once dingy now glisten as they should. Teeth once concealed now show in smiles.

This is to offer a ten-day test to prove the benefits to you.

That cloudy film

A dingy film accumulates on teeth. When fresh it is viscous—you can feel it. Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It forms the basis of cloudy coats.

Film is what discolors—not the teeth. Tartar is based on film. Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few escape them.

Must be combated

Film has formed a great tooth problem. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. So dental science has for years sought ways to fight this film.

Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. A new tooth paste has been perfected, to comply with modern requirements. And these two film combatants are embodied in it.

This tooth paste is Pepsodent, now employed by forty races, largely by dental advice.

Other tooth enemies

Starch is another tooth enemy. It gums the teeth, gets between the teeth, and often ferments and forms acid.

Nature puts a starch digestant in the saliva to digest those starch deposits, but with modern diet it is often too weak.

Pepsodent multiplies that starch digestant with every application. It also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus Pepsodent brings effects which modern authorities desire. They are bringing to millions a new dental era. Now we ask you to watch those effects for a few days and learn what they mean to you.

The facts are most important to you. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 884

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 986, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

....

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Only one tube to a family.

THE "ROOSEVELTIAN" LADY ASTOR

"I SAID A MOUTHFUL," quoted Lady Astor on the occasion of her first public address in New York, for, despite her membership in the British House of Commons, she is as jolly an American as when she was Miss Langhorne of Virginia. On the ship, coming over, the quartermaster called her "a regular guy," and reporters seem to have got very much the same impression. According to the New York *Evening Post*,

"You look like a lot of white trash," she shouted from the rail of the steamer to her sister, Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, and a deputation of Women Voters' League members who went to the pier to greet her. "You just ought to see my new coat."

It was Nancy Langhorne speaking, and no mistake. The new coat, incidentally, attracted the attention of a dozen women reporters, who journeyed down the bay at daylight to greet the world's *foremost* woman in politics. It was a furry affair of black broadtail with a collar of gray chinchilla.

"And I bought it just for the occasion," explained Lady Astor, with a twinkle. "At home I dress like Cinderella."

Viscount Astor came with her. At her request he remained at her side while the photographers cranked and the interviewers plied her with questions. And he seemed to enjoy it.

There is something Rooseveltian about Lady Astor. She is ready for any question that comes her way. She is more than ready. Knowing what she was in for, she took the precaution to interview herself before landing and to supply the results to the press in the form of a two-page typewritten statement on things in general.

Reporters and photographers swarmed aboard the steamer after leaving Quarantine. But Lady Astor was ready for them. Some one made the mistake of hailing her as the "leader of the woman's movement."

"That's nonsense," she broke in. "I have been very much overrated. I am just an ordinary woman. I am only a symbol. If an ordinary woman can do what I have done, what can not the others do?"

Copyrighted by Paul Thompson.

LADY ASTOR, A "REGULAR GUY."

This is what the Quartermaster called her on the way over, and he, too, "said a mouthful."

Lady Astor talked like that—in short, crisp sentences, always coming back at her questioners as quickly as they could think up things to ask her about. On only one subject was she determined to remain silent—Margot Asquith. She would not talk about that.

When one insistent reporter, unwilling to take the hint, returned to inquire what she thought about Margot's views on Prohibition, Lady Astor fixt him with her clear blue eyes and said: "Man, you ought to go back to Texas." She guessed the place he came from by his accent.

Speaking of accents, Lady Astor is proud of the fact that she hasn't acquired a full-grown English accent after all these years.

"I still talk like a nigger," she said—tho, if the truth must be told, she didn't talk quite like that.

Whatever else may be thought of Lady Astor during her stay here, it can be set down right now that she won the hearts of the women reporters who went down the bay to meet her.

They found her a "darling." And a sort of a Russian blouse much decorated with Bulgarian embroidery, which she wore under her new coat, caught the feminine fancy quite as much as did the soft, black velvet hat which adorned her slender, girlish head.

Lady Astor was alone when the vanguard of reporters and photographers discovered her.

"Help! Where's my husband? Steward, find my husband at once," she shouted, as the firing squad closed in.

Viscount Astor was found lurking somewhere in the background, and arm in arm with his Lady, led the way to the boat deck. Here, with the Statue of Liberty as a background, Lady Astor was photographed and photographed and photographed, now with her coat on, now with her coat off, now with the Viscount by her side, now all by her lonesome—whatever the camera sharp-shooters commanded her to do was done. Through it all Lady Astor laughed and joked and chided the photographers.

"You think I look foolish," she told them, "but you ought to see how funny you look yourself."

In the midst of it she sighted a gray-haired sailor.

"Come on, Petty," she called, "get into the picture. I love sailors."

Bashfully the tar complied, taking up his stand opposite to the Viscount while the cameras whirred.

"What's your name?" he was asked.

"Murphy," came the reply. "Quartermaster Murphy, and this is my sixty-seventh trip. Get that down."

Lady Astor laughed.

Later on, when interviewed by a squad of newspaper men, she gave her views on various matters, among them Prohibition. It is not yet a political issue in England, she said.

"I have been told tho," she went on, "that the wets are prepared to spend $50,000 to keep me out of Plymouth. I say, let them come on. We need the money."

To another question she said she did not advocate the formation of a woman's party.

"No," she snapt, "we've suffered too much from men's parties, haven't we? There isn't any such thing as the woman's point of view.

"Women are just as individual as men," she assured the nearest woman reporter—who, incidentally, came all the way from Philadelphia to ask Lady Astor what she thought of that city. "The woman's point of view is just as variegated as the man's point of view, and that's a veritable whirligig, isn't it?"

"How about Lloyd George?" some one asked.

"Oh, he's still got his head above water," was her answer, "and"—this with a sly wink—"it's a head, too."

Women's dress? It was "unfortunate."

"Nothing," she declared, "lets women down more than to go about half naked. There is no use talking about equality so long as we use our liberty to expose our hideousness."

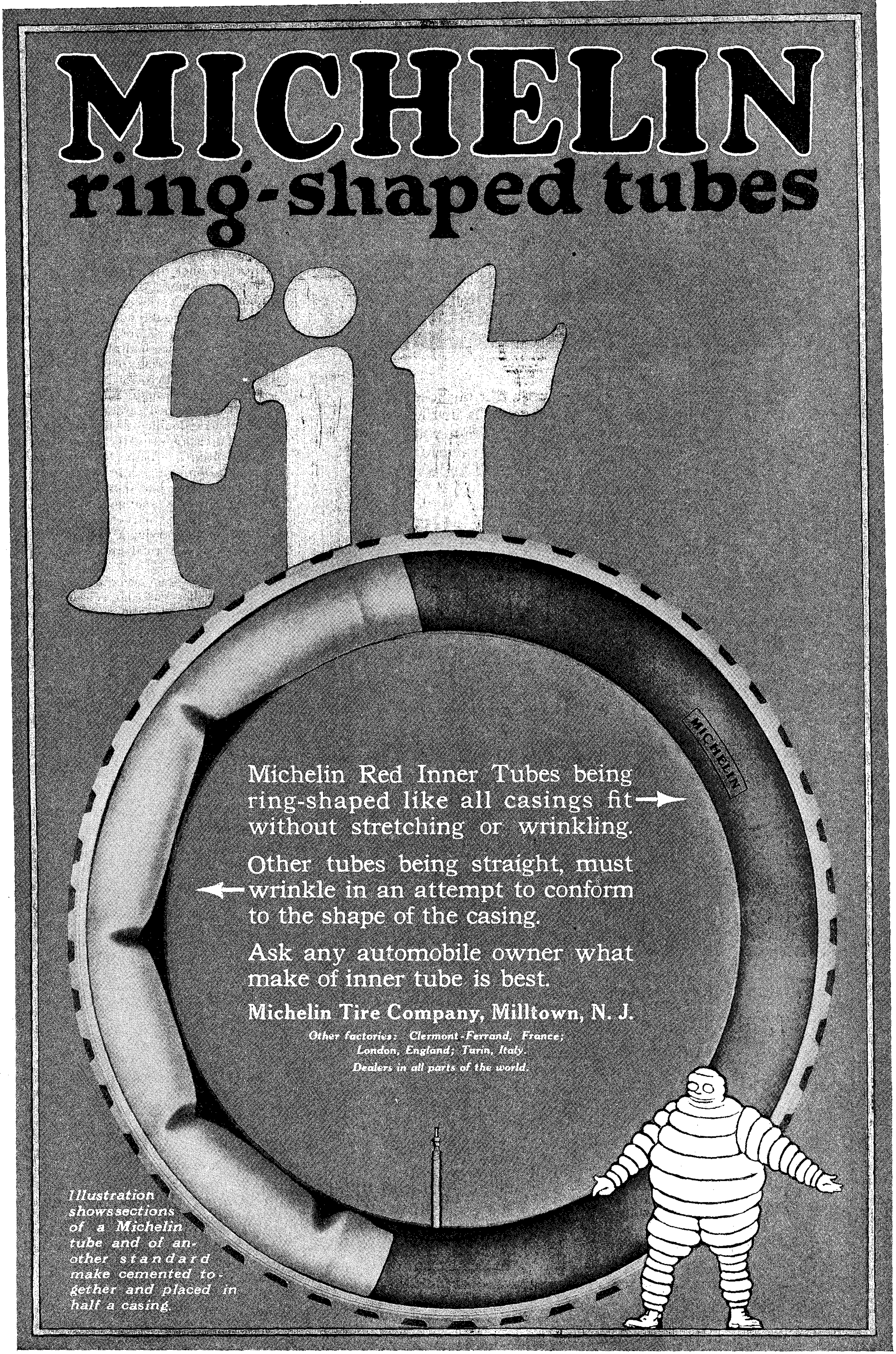
There was much more talk—as to her six children, whom she called "mongrels," being more American than English; as to flappers, whose parents, she thought, ought to take them in hand; as to the South, which she was glad to hear was beginning to wake up; as to a score of different things.

And then, as the liner was being warped into her pier, Lady Astor turned the guns on her besiegers.

"Here," she exclaimed, gripping the arm of her neighbor, ex-Gov. James Goodrich of Indiana, back from a visit to Russia, "why don't you reporters interview this man? He's done something. He's seen things. He can give you a real story. And yet you come to me, just an ordinary woman. Why," she concluded, "you are a lot of half-wits."

In its account of Lady Astor's address at the Town Hall—her first on reaching New York—the *Post* tells us:

On the platform Lady Astor displayed the same quick wit and



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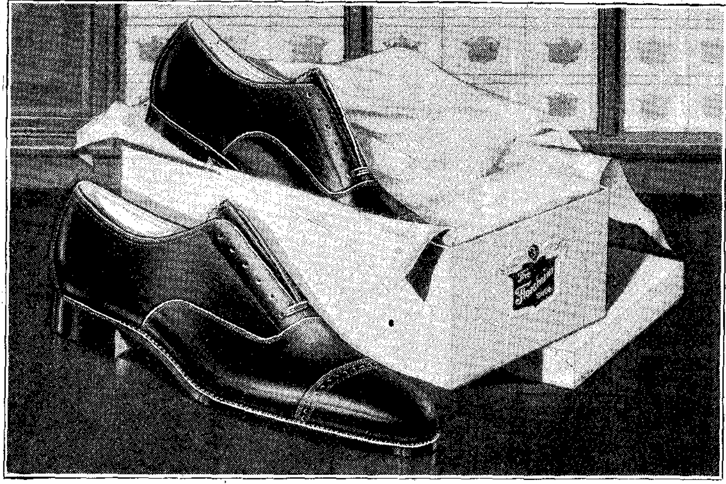

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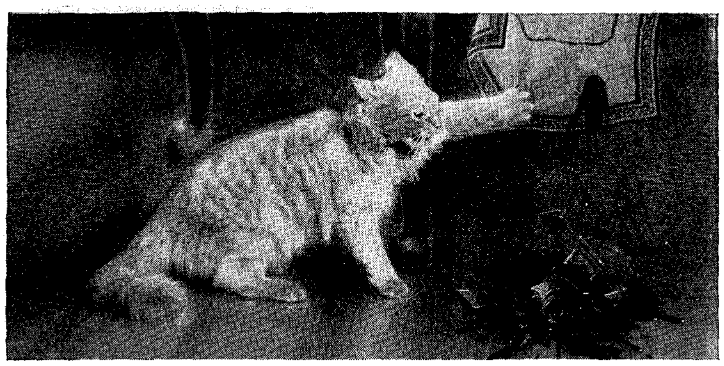

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
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sly jesting which some of her colleagues in the House of Commons know to their sorrow. She praised the members of Parliament, tho, even if they did greet her as a pirate instead of as the political pilgrim from Plymouth, which she felt herself to be. "They bore their shock with dauntless decency," she said, "for it was almost enough to have broken up the House."

When Lady Astor had finished her speech, Mary Garret Hay presented her with a bouquet matching the city colors, and said jokingly that she wasn't "the Mayor of New York—yet."

"I hope it would not seem tactless of me," said Lady Astor, with the smile which the audience had already learned to interpret, "but I wish to goodness the presenter was the Mayor of New York."

This remark brought forth a din of approval that shamed ordinary applause to silence, and redoubled itself as the speaker followed up her smile with, "I see you know what I mean." Again there was a big demonstration, but Lady Astor was not yet content. She had another delicate dart in her sheaf, and she launched it with a full appreciation of its barbed edges.

"And that's a saying a 'mouthful,'" she concluded, and turned and left the platform.

Lady Astor was accompanied on the platform by her husband, Viscount Astor, and Vincent Astor. She said her husband was "the one who started her off on this downward path—from the fireside to public life," and declared that if she has helped the cause of women, "he is the one to thank, not me." "He doesn't think you can right wrongs with philanthropy," she said, again referring to Viscount Astor; "he realizes that you must go to the bottom of the causes of wrongs and not simply gild them up." He is, she said, "a strange and remarkable man."

After relating with much gusto her experiences in the House of Commons, Lady Astor discust the more general aspects of woman in politics. There was one point, she declared, at which she agreed with Schopenhauer, namely, when he remarked of woman, "The race is to her more than the individual." She added:

"I feel, somehow, we do care about the race as a whole; our very nature makes us take a forward vision; there is no reason why women should look back—mercifully we have no political past; we have all the mistakes of sex legislation, with its appalling failures, to guide us.

"We should know what to avoid, it is no use blaming the men—we made them what they are—and now it is up to us to try and make ourselves—the makers of men—a little more responsible in the future. We realize that no one sex can govern alone. I believe that one of the reasons why civilization has failed so lamentably is that it has had a one-sided government. Don't let us make the mistake of ever allowing that to happen again.

"I can conceive of nothing worse than a man-governed world, she declared earnestly—"except a woman-governed world—but I can see the combination of the two going forward and making civilization more worthy of the name of civilization based on Christianity, not force. A civilization based on justice and mercy. I feel men have a greater sense of justice and we of mercy. They must borrow our mercy and we must use their justice. We are new brooms; let us see that we sweep the right rooms."

Lady Astor advised women to enter local politics, saying that it is a "fine apprenticeship to central government," and declaring that women are up against unseen forces, "generations and generations of prejudice." To overcome this prejudice of men, who, she said, have "without knowing it, westernized the harem mind of the East," "woman must go on being his guide, his mother, and his better half. But we must prove to him that we are a necessary half not only in private but in political life."

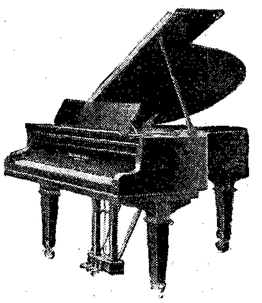
"The best way that we can do that is to show them our ambitions are not personal. Let them see that we desire a better, safer, and a cleaner world for our children and their children and we realize that only by doing our bit, by facing unclean things with cleanliness, by facing wrongs with right, by going fearlessly into all things that may be disagreeable, that we will somehow make it a little better world.

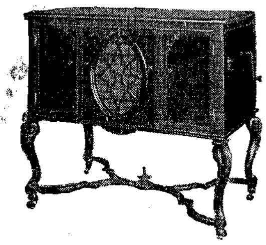
"I don't know that we are going to do this—I don't say that women will change the world, but I do say that they can if they want, and I, coming in from the Old World, which has seen a devastating war, can not face the future without this hope—that the women of all countries will do their duty and raise a generation of men and women who will look upon war and all that leads to it with as much horror as we now look upon a cold-blooded murder. All of the women of England want to do away with war.

"If we want this new world, we can only get it by striving for it; the real struggle will be within ourselves, to put out of our consciousness, of our hearts and of our thoughts all that makes for war, hate, envy, greed, pride, force, and material ambition."

"Our Nancy," as they still call Lady Astor in Virginia, is the subject of a biographical sketch contributed to the Richmond *Times-Despatch* by Mr. Harry Tucker, who observes:

> Many of the middle-aged gallants of to-day remember the Langhorne girls, of whom "Our Nancy" was one of the sprightliest. They could ride and hunt and swim and row with the best of them. They were leaders in their set, and they all came into the public eye more or less. They set the styles, and whatever the Langhorne girls achieved, their followers, a big crowd, tried. Some won, but most of them failed to keep along with the leaders. They all became famous. Yet it was up to "Our Nancy" to reach the apex.
>
> Nannie Langhorne took her seat in the House of Commons on December 1, 1919, following a picturesque and exciting and withal entertaining campaign in the Plymouth District. All America and all England watched that whirlwind campaign. The newspapers pictured it as "charming and classy." The seat which she won was vacated by her husband, Major Waldorf Astor, when he was elevated to be Viscount Astor upon the death of his father, William Waldorf Astor, of Hever Castle and New York City.
>
> Her great wealth, drawn largely from Virginia and New York real estate, and her Virginia birth, gave the famous British hecklers plenty of opportunity to intrude themselves upon her otherwise peaceful stumping tours. But, held up by that old spirit which is so well remembered by pres-





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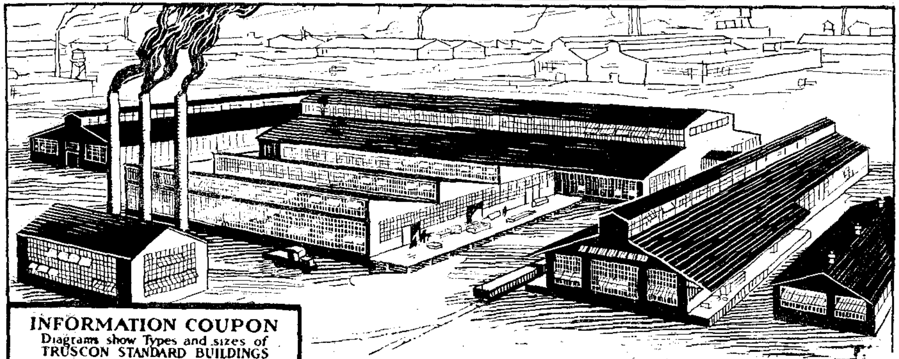

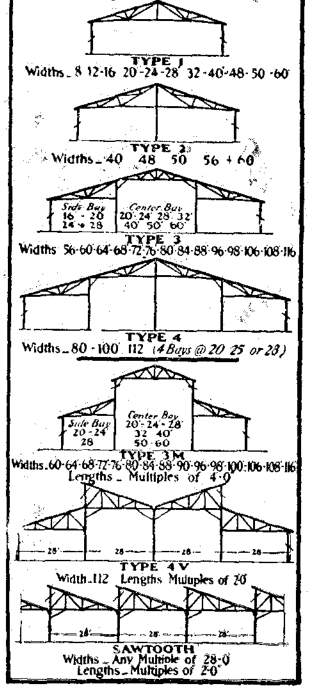

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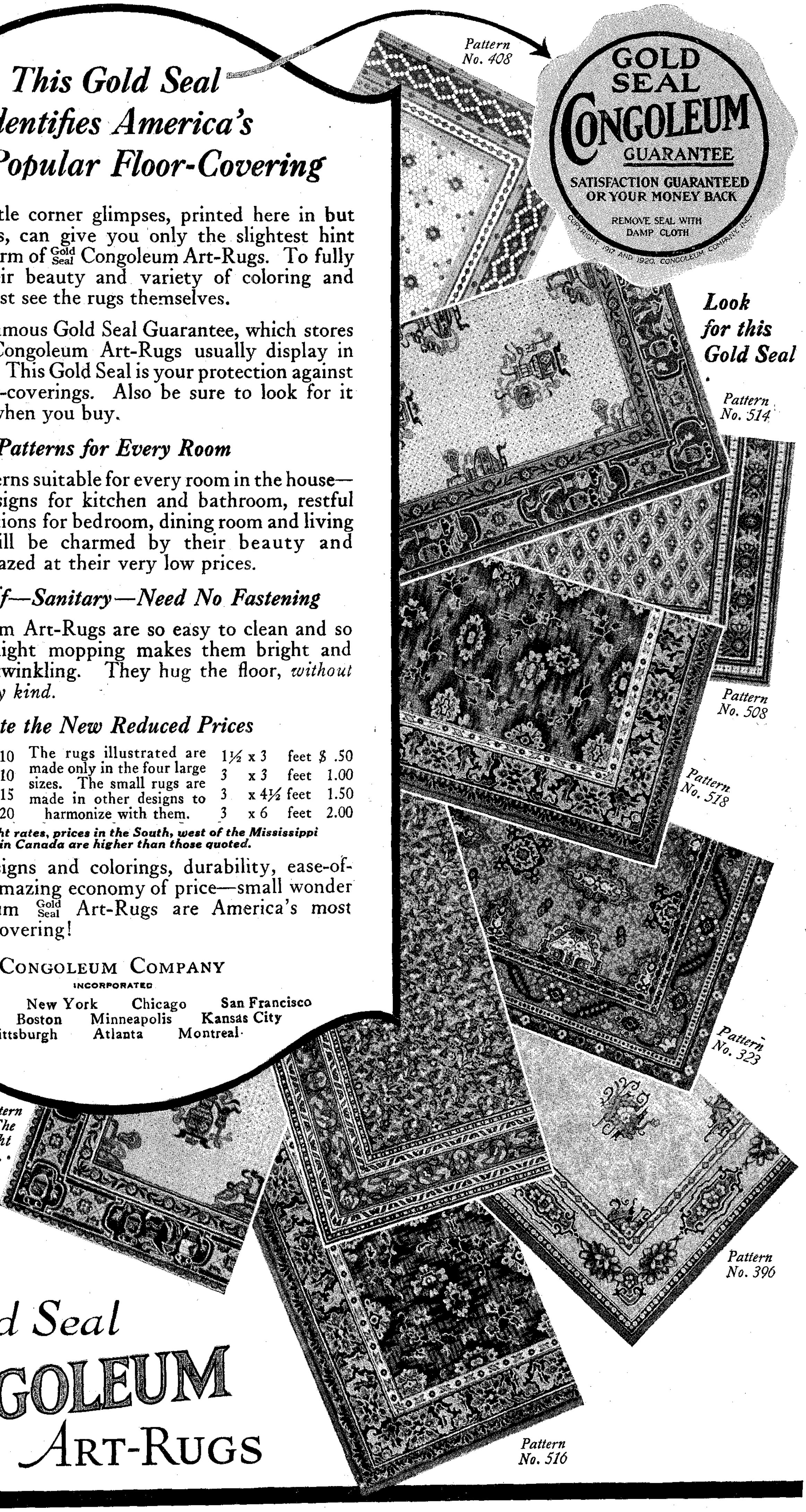
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> ent-day not-so-old gallants here and hereabouts, she met every onslaught, as one reporter said, "with a flashing courage, which she boasted of having derived from the very pilgrims who helped make Plymouth famous, parrying every thrust with a quip or a witty story."
>
> It was generally agreed that her campaign represented a triumph of personality over adverse conditions. The Liberal and Radical newspapers fought her and all she stood for, but even at that, it was said by British journals that if she had run on an anti-government ticket, her majority would have been greater. Here is the New York *Times* appreciation:
>
> "Twenty-odd years ago: A Virginia belle, dancing all night in Richmond, or riding to the hounds in the Albemarle hills, playing a great deal, thinking none too much along conventional lines, yet always brilliant, alert, witty, with a mind that made up in natural flash what it lacked in serious training; altogether fascinating, temperamentally fit for endless social gaieties in town or grueling outdoor sports in the country, a typical Southern girl of the leisurely, pleasure-loving type not unusual in the aristocracy of her day in the Old Dominion.
>
> "To-day: A British viscountess, wealthy beyond imagination, still beautiful, turning from the world's pleasures with which she has been surfeited, to seek new excitements in the field of British politics, candidate in yesterday's election for a seat in the House of Commons; using her old wit and fluency, and sometimes displaying her old temper, in a picturesque campaign among the rough elements of her neighborhood, still fascinating, still the same Nannie Langhorne who contributed to the fame of the 'five Langhorne sisters' and made their beauty a by-word."

Continuing, Mr. Tucker remarks, "This is Nancy Astor, who has been making many American hearts warm by her piquant campaigns in English Plymouth," while, he proceeds:

> According to her friends here, it is their old Nannie Langhorne who has been letting the staid old Britishers know that, English peeress as she is, she has not forgotten her American traditions, and is not ashamed of them. 'Don't think for one moment,' she said when heckled to American charities, 'that I am ashamed of my Virginia blood. I married in England; my interests have been in Plymouth; every drop of blood in my veins is Anglo-Saxon, and I am proud of my American birth.'
>
> Lady Astor has always been deeply religious. Not in the sense of being a devoted churchwoman, but in having a fine faith in the words of the Bible. She quotes Scripture on most untoward occasions in a manner that only she can do and not offend one. She is big-hearted and tender, and many a time has drudged around to relieve some tired mother with half a dozen kiddies running about half-washed and half-fed. She has acted as nurse-maid often, and will probably continue to do so whenever occasion demands or opportunity offers.
>
> She is fond of children, and is never happier than when in close communion with her own numerous brood. Nancy never did like the word charity. She hates the things it implies, and yet there is no one on the other side who has the reputation she has of taking care of folks. When a child, she was famous for giving away her slices of pie and her molasses candy to some little girl whose mother could not afford the supply the Langhorne children got. And all the little girls loved her—not to say the boys.
>
> A recent writer, in an interview with Lady Astor, says: "Her day begins about 8 o'clock, when she breakfasts with Lord Astor and her younger children (the older boys are at school). Then she has two hours with her home and social secretaries, looking after the affairs of her several households, answering correspondence, declaring or accepting invitations, etc. Her mail is all sorted out, and the begging, political or business letters go to her other secretaries. In these morning hours only home and social correspondence is dealt with.
>
> "Lady Astor has a great belief in what women may accomplish in statesmanship and municipal politics, and I have no doubt she will urge women in the United States to take up political careers. She has already urged several of her Virginia cousins who visited her in London last season to try to enter the State Legislature."

Perhaps the most impressive of Lady Astor's utterances has been her plea for the League of Nations. According to the New York *Tribune*, she said:

> "Now I'm going to take the plunge and walk where angels fear to tread. I am going to speak of the League of Nations. I was warned not to speak of it, but why shouldn't I? My heart is all right and I have no personal motives, no ax to grind. Any one who has lived through four years of war in England has been purified and is not thinking of personal ambitions or low motives when it comes to finding a solution for war.
>
> "The much misrepresented and despised League of Nations, which, after all, is only half a league, is, thank God, half a league onward.
>
> "Change its name, call it a different name every week if you like, but, for God's sake, give it a chance.
>
> "It is all very well to hear people talk of European entanglements, but the world is already tangled, and we have to think of a plan to disentangle ourselves. No one could think that English fathers and mothers—with nearly 800,000 sons who will never return—would want to join in a league which would entangle them or any one else in the war. The English know enough about wars never to want to fight or to see any one else have to fight. These mothers and fathers think, as I feel sure the fathers and mothers of America do, that the safest and sanest way to get out of wars is to join some sort of association of nations for peace."

IRELAND'S "NEW DICTATOR"

"GORY" O'CONNOR they call him now, tho he used to be Rory, and in the New York *World* Mr. P. J. Kelly discribes him as to-day "reputed chief of Ireland's Republican militants, who has in effect seized the power of Eamon de Valera." His nominal office, Mr. Kelly tells us, is that of Director of Publicity, with headquarters in the Four Courts. Tho his real rank as a leader is one of the mysteries of the personnel of the new Army Executive. His publicity department is responsible for his public reputation as a leader and military dictator for Ireland, but his real authority comes from his membership in the Executive.

Having, with Brig. Oscar Traynor, led publicly the revolt against the Dail Eireann's authority over the Republican Army, he becomes vested by popular opinion with personal domination almost fantastic. To-day he is the center of more attention than any other man in Ireland, and legends are springing up around his name with the amazing fertility of the popular Irish imagination.

This new guerrilla chief is a direct product of Irish politics, altho he stedfastly disclaims being a politician.

In his college days as a student of engineering at Dublin University he was one of the most prominent young enthusiasts in the Young Ireland branch of the United Irish League, then a national organization and John Redmond's Parliamentary party. That particular branch was an extremist party with youth directing and constituting itself the critic and driving force of the slower moving leaders.

There O'Connor was schooled in impetuous politics. Later he went to Canada as an engineer, helping to lay some of the Dominion's chief railway lines.

He tells how after the outbreak of the war he was in a lonely camp one night when he heard an Irish song being sung outside. The singer, who had heard another Irishman was in the vicinity, had walked many miles to shake O'Connor's hand and ask, "Will the boys in Ireland do something now when England is held by the throat?"

The stranger had not been in Ireland for forty years and his words made such an impression upon O'Connor that one gathers the meeting in the lonely camp was the real inspiration of his subsequent career.

O'Connor returned to Ireland, joined the volunteer movement and fought in the 1916 rebellion in Dublin. He was jailed, and when released threw his energies into Sinn Fein politics until the guerrilla war started. Then he returned to soldiering and became the I. R. A.'s engineering director at headquarters.

Still on the right side of forty, his dark hair shows many silver streaks. He is of medium height and sallow complexion, his thin features giving a cadaverous suggestion of coldness and moroseness in repose.

O'Connor speaks slowly, choosing his words, and conveys an impression of directness and clear conviction. Gentle, almost retiring in manner, with a courtesy that has a hint of restrained amiability, he looks utterly unlike a fierce revolutionary chief.

Mention of the conversion of Rory to "Gory" brings a quick smile to his face and a leaping glint of humor to his eyes. It is obvious to his intimates that the cares and responsibilities of his stormy revolt are ever present with him, placing stern restraints on a naturally genial disposition. One leaves him fully believing in his sincerity, imprest with his cold inflexibility.

His creed is simple. He believes in the Irish Republic and is convinced it was subverted in and out of the Dail by Collins, Griffith and others. He holds the army belongs to the republic and must maintain the republic or betray Ireland.

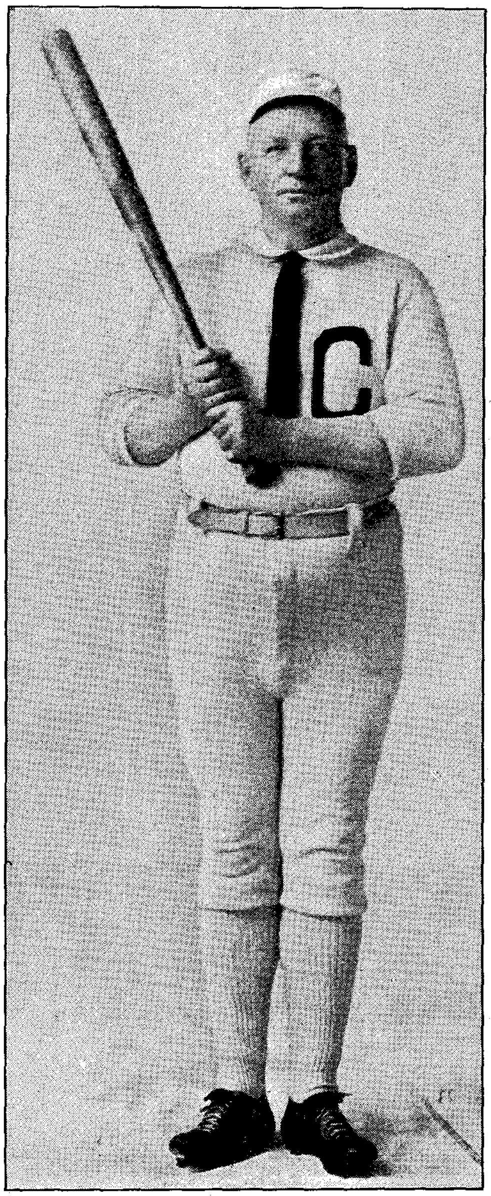
He does not want civil war, but says "there can be no peace until the treaty is scrapped." The picture of Irishmen killing Irishmen brings the disclaimer, "We don't want to kill anybody."

Satisfied with his doctrines, convinced of their righteousness, but probably shrinking from facing the consequences of their logical application, he is apparently content to await events.

BASEBALL'S "GRAND OLD MAN"

"HERE LIES A MAN THAT BATTED .300" was the epitaph "Pop" Anson used to say he wanted inscribed on his tombstone, but when he died the other day at the age of seventy a wide choice of more laudatory phrases was afforded by the tributes from baseball celebrities the country over. "They never made any greater or better players," declares "old" Cy Young. "All who knew him loved him," says "Muggsy" McGraw; "the death of Adrian Anson takes a very prominent figure in baseball of thirty years ago and more away." "A wonderful fellow," Judge Landis calls him. Writing in the Peoria *Transcript*, Mr. Frederick A. Stowe observes:

> Adrian Constantine Anson, who for fifty years was a headliner in professional baseball, was more than captain of the old Chicago White Stockings, more than a champion hitter for two decades and more than a pioneer in baseball—he was a sportsman of high character who preferred a square deal to victory.
>
> Anson started his baseball career at Marshalltown, Iowa, from which city he was matriculated at the University of Iowa, Iowa City. He was a poor student, but a zealous ball player. He played also at Rockford, Ill., and with the Philadelphia Athletics before he became a partner of A. G. Spalding and a fixture on the White Stockings team. It was while captain and first baseman of the White Stockings that he became acquainted with "Billy" Sunday. "Billy" played right field and was a fast sprinter. Gore played center and Dalrymple right, while "Old Silver" Flint presided behind the plate.
>
> After his retirement from professional baseball, Anson managed a semi-pro team which played in and about Chicago, but he was "broke" most of the time. Old friends tried to secure a place for him as a National League umpire, but Anson was modest and lacked the effrontery necessary to push himself to the fore. The modern game of baseball, if it did not have its beginnings, at least saw its greatest development during Anson's time. The game owes much to Anson and Comiskey of the present Chicago White Sox. Comiskey was a contemporary of Anson and opposed him for world championship honors as captain and first baseman of the old St. Louis "Browns," famous players of the eighties.



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WHEN "POP" ANSON WAS YOUNG.

The idol of baseball became a big leaguer in 1876. Behold the ancient uniform.

> Anson was a tall, large-boned man who normally weighed about 190 pounds. He was of Swedish descent and possest a marvelous temperament. His very presence on the ball field inspired confidence. Altho a strict disciplinarian, he never fretted or scolded. He worked with clock-like precision and always encouraged team play as against individual brilliancy. As a batter, he usually "passed the first one." To the writer he said several years ago, "I always liked to see how they were coming, so I braced to make it appear I was going to swing without any intention of striking. I would pass the first one and sometimes the second. Then I would make ready for a blow. It is always worth a called strike or two to know how the balls are coming, and then, you know, it takes only one to line it out."

In point of morale, baseball owes an immense debt to the "grand old man." As Mr. Stowe reminds us,

> Anson was the first manager of a professional baseball team to take his men out of the ruffian class. He hired carriages instead of buses to haul his players to the ball grounds, and in the evening put his men in dress-suits at fashionable hotels. He took a ball team around the world and was entertained by royalty. In fact, he made baseball a professional game in the better sense of the term. When close decisions were made by the umpire, Anson submitted his arguments in lawyer-like fashion, but refused to wrangle and did not hesitate to yield a point if the "house" was annoyed. Anson always used the expression, "We played to a good house yesterday."
>
> His sportsmanship and willingness to accord a square deal whether he got one or not made him a favorite with baseball writers and fans. The brevity of his name also added to his fame, as it was a constant temptation to newspaper head-writers to display "Anson Colts." When the veteran quit the Chicago team, the White Stockings were called "Orphans," and at a later date "Cubs."
>
> No man in the United States has received more publicity than Anson, and practically all of it was favorable because whether Anson won or lost, he was a generous sport who praised the winner, and a champion of clean baseball under all circumstances. Instances are on record of opposing teams withdrawing a protest on assurance from Anson that it was not supported by the facts.
>
> Anson, however, was too "easy" to be a successful money-getter. He was frequently "double-crossed" by business associates, and died without an estate. His name will go down in the history of baseball as its greatest exemplar, and when Comiskey, the "Old Roman," passes, the best of the pioneers will have flied out. Anson and Comiskey were distinguished players, managers and sportsmen.
>
> Anson, because he was idolized by millions of men and boys, was a great preacher as well as a great player. He was honorable on and off the field, and his word was as good as his bond.

Mr. Grantland Rice, in writing of Anson for the New York *Tribune*, remarks:

> The simple fact that Anson batted over .300 in his forty-fifth year—through his twenty-second campaign—is in itself typical of the most enduring of all the stalwarts who have earned their living with ball, bat and glove. The light in his batting eye was still carrying a bright glow when his ancient arms and legs had at last given away and ended his career upon the field.
>
> Old Cap, who earned the title as "The Grand Old Man of Baseball," saw the game start when crowds of 3,000 were far above the average and when few salaries passed $1,000 a year. Since then he has seen thousands turned away as great stadiums were filled to capacity, with salaries offered above $20,000, and where managers are willing to pay $150,000 for some star.
>
> In Anson's time $150,000 might have bought a league. Through all this growth he must have known that no man had played a greater part. For he was no small part of the foundation upon which the great structure of to-day was built, and in his death baseball loses one of its greatest spirits and one of its most enduring memories from the dawn of the game. He fought for the love of fighting and he played for the love of his profession, where a base hit meant more than a week's pay.
>
> It took Father Time twenty-two years to crowd him from the lists. There is none in sight who will ever quite take his place.
>
> Anson made two trips abroad as an American baseball player,

Too bad!

But that won't help your next car. *What will?*

YOU give your car every care it should have, perhaps—save one. You may always thoughtlessly say, "Give me a quart of oil."

Queer, unexpected knocks come. Repair bills seem high and frequent. Operating troubles multiply. The repair man simply can't seem to keep the engine sweet. You expected to keep the car five seasons. But the engine already shows signs of age.

All around you are men who *don't* turn cars in every season or two—who *aren't* constantly face-to-face with unexpected repair bills—who climb long hills easily and quietly even when the car is old.

They are the men who fondle their cars a bit, keep them up well. And they are particularly careful about lubrication.

Have you ever noticed how many of them are enthusiasts on Gargoyle Mobiloil?

Now for Economy

People are learning that they have a right to expect more from their lubrication. More automobile owners will learn the lesson this year than ever before. More will wake up to the fact that incorrect lubrication doubles engine repair bills. Instead of saying "Give me a quart of oil" they will ask for the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil.

If your car is not listed in the partial chart shown here, ask the dealer. He has the complete list of recommendations—covering every car built.

Not a gasoline by-product

Nine out of ten lubricating oils on the market are simply by-products in the manufacture of gasoline.

Gargoyle Mobiloil is *not* a by-product.

It is produced by lubrication specialists who are recognized the world over as leaders in lubricating practice. Gargoyle Mobiloil is manufactured from crude oil chosen for its *lubricating* qualities—not for its gasoline content. Gargoyle Mobiloil is manufactured by processes designed to bring out the highest *lubricating* value—not the greatest gallonage of gasoline.

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

Warning:

Don't be misled by some similar sounding name. Look on the container for the correct name **Mobiloil** (not Mobile) and for the red Gargoyle.

Domestic Branches:

New York (*Main Office*)	Chicago
	Detroit
Boston	Indianapolis
Philadelphia	Minneapolis
Pittsburgh	Des Moines
Buffalo	Kansas City, Kan.
	Dallas

Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart:

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

FW1 NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1922		1921		1920		1919		1918	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Allen	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Anderson	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Apperson (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models									A	A
Beck (Model A, Junior)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.						
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Briscoe			A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Buick	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chalmers	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler Six	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chevrolet (8 cyl.)							A	A	A	A
" (Model 490, G, & Lt. Del.)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Cleveland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
Cole	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Columbia (Det.) (Model 7R)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" " All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.						
Comet	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (Commercial)							A	Arc.		
Cunningham	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
D-E (¾ ton)									A	Arc.
" (2½ ton)	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Diamond T (1½ & 5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Models U2 ton & K3½ ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Models					Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Dixie Flyer	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Dodge Brothers	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Dort	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant Four	Arc	Arc.								
Earl	A	Arc.								
Elgin Six	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Federal (Model X2)	A	A								
" (Cont. Eng.)									Arc.	Arc.
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Grant (6 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (Com'l) (Model 12)							A	Arc.		
" " All Other Models			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.		
Hal-Fur	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Haynes (6 cyl.)	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (12 cyl.)			A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
H. C. S.	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Holmes	A	A	A	A	B	A				
Hudson Super Six	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Jordan	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Kelly-Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
King (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Kissel Kar (12 cyl.)									A	A
" " All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
LaFayette (Indianapolis)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Lexington	A	A	A	A						
" (Cont. Eng.)			Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Liberty	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Lincoln	A	A	A	A						
Locomobile	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	E
Luverne (2½ ton)	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.				
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
" (Com'l)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Mitchell	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Monroe (Model M-3)									A	Arc
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc
Nash	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
" (Model 671)									A	A
" (Com'l) (Quad)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" " (1 & 2 ton)	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
National (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.
" (12 cyl.)							A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile (6 & 8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.		
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc
Packard	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige (Cont. Eng.)	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc	Arc.
" (Com'l)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc
Pan (Model 250)									Arc.	Arc
" All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models									Arc	Arc.
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" " (Com'l) (5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc
" " " All Other Models	A	A	A	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
R & V Knight	BB	A	B	A	B	A				
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Republic (Motorbus)	B	A								
" (¾ ton)	A	Arc.	A	Arc						
" (1 & 1½ ton)	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rolls Royce	B	A	B	A						
Saxon (Model 125G)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.						
" All Other Models			A	Arc.	A	Arc	E	E	E	E
Scripps-Booth (4 cyl.)									Arc.	Arc.
" " All Other Models	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Templar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Westcott	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
White (Mods. 15-45 & 20-45)	A	A								
" (16 valve)							A	A	A	A
" (3 & 5 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc.
Wills Sainte Claire	A	A	A	A						
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Winton	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.

Makes of Engines

(recommendations shown separately for convenience)

Ansted	A	A	A	A						
Buda (Models OU, QU, TU)							A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" (Models RU, WU)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Continental (Model B5)	A	A								
" (Model B2)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (Model T)							A	Arc	A	Arc.
" All Other Models	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Falls	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
G. B. & S. (Model AA)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hercules	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Herschell-Spillman (Models JU, S, V & VA)							A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Hinkley	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Lycoming	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Midwest (Model 408)	A	Arc	A	A	A	A				
" (Model 409)	A	Arc.								
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Northway	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Rochester (Duesenberg)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Waukesha (Models CU, DU, EU & FU)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" All Other Models	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Weidely	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Wisconsin (Mod. Q & QU)							A	Arc.	A	Arc
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

Transmission and Differential:
For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "CC" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Their wedding anniversary made happy because he remembered

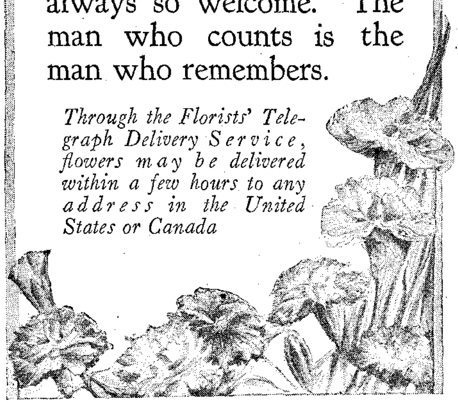
AND flowers expressed for him what words alone could never do. Do you remember? Do you place a red ink ring around that day on the calendar which is your wedding anniversary, somebody's birthday or some special day to remember and

"Say it with Flowers"

A graceful, thoughtful tribute is a gift of flowers to those dear to you.

And flowers so beautifully express you. They are always in good taste, always right, always timely and always so welcome. The man who counts is the man who remembers.

Through the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Service, flowers may be delivered within a few hours to any address in the United States or Canada



PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

the Chicago *Journal* reminds us—one in 1874, the other in 1888.

In 1874 he was a member of the American team which toured England, playing both baseball and cricket. The team knew little or nothing of cricket, but their terrific batting offset their other playing defects and they won every cricket game played, including a victory over the famous Marylebone All-English eleven by the score of 107 to 105 runs.

In 1888 he toured the world with the National League players' party, which included John K. Tener, now president of the National League; A. G. Spalding, John M. Ward, Ed Hanlon and many other noted players of the day.

After Anson's retirement from baseball he opened a billiard hall in Chicago, and later entered the political field. He was elected City Clerk for one term from 1905 to 1907, but failed of reelection.

In 1909-10 he managed a semiprofessional team and toured the country, but all these ventures were financial failures. He was more successful in a vaudeville monologue act in which he appeared in later years.

A great joker was Anson. According to the Boston *Post*,

> When "Pop" had been a good many years with the old Chicagos, several baseball writers thought he had been there too long. In their daily stories they called him "Old Man" Anson and boldly hinted that he should give way to a younger and more active man; this despite the fact that Anson still was hitting .300 and driving in many runs.
>
> One afternoon on the ball field, imagine the surprize of the crowd when a figure was seen to take a position near the first sack, this figure wearing the usual habiliments of the ball player, but being facially disguised behind a heavy full beard.
>
> It was Anson, and he had donned the make-up in deference to the old man idea. Not during the afternoon would Anson lay aside the false whiskers, and the chuckling tellers of the story say that the star slugger, even then a veteran, altho playing for years afterward, slammed out three hits that afternoon and trotted gleefully around the bases, his false whiskers whistling in the breeze.

A story "Pop" always loved to tell when Billy Sunday was around, says the *Post*, was one about Ed Williamson, a star of the old Chicago White Sox:

> "Ed," said Pop, "was along with the Chicago club when the two teams, piloted by Al Spalding, made the tour of the world. The team crossed from England to France in a steamer during one of the worst storms that ever visited the English Channel. Things got so bad that even the captain of the ship surrendered in despair. Ed grabbed two life-preservers, strapped them around him and then offered up this prayer:
>
> "'O Lord, I will lead a different life if you will spare this ship and our lives.'
>
> "He did," continued Pop. "The ship arrived safely in port and Ed went back to Chicago, gave up baseball and started a saloon."

As to "Pop's" racial origin, accounts

Are you a sensitive person?

NATURALLY, you are. Every person of culture and refinement possesses those finer sensibilities that mark the gentleman and gentlewoman.

And particularly are such people sensitive about the little personal things that so quickly identify you as a desirable associate—socially or in business.

Attention to the condition of your breath ought to be as systematic a part of your daily toilet routine as the washing of your face and hands. Yet how many, many men and women neglect this most important item!

The reason is a perfectly natural one. Halitosis (or unpleasant breath, as the scientific term has it) is an insidious affliction that you may have and still be entirely ignorant of.

Your mirror can't tell you. Usually you can't tell it yourself. And the subject is too delicate for your friends—maybe even your wife or husband—to care to mention to you. So you may unconsciously offend your friends and those you come in intimate contact with day by day.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is usually temporary, due to some local condition. Again it may be chronic, due to some organic disorder which a doctor or dentist should diagnose and correct.

When halitosis is temporary it may easily be overcome by the use of Listerine, the well-known liquid antiseptic, used regularly as a gargle and mouth wash.

Listerine possesses unusually effective properties as an antiseptic. It quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth and dispels the unpleasant halitosis incident to such a condition.

Provide yourself with a bottle today and relieve yourself of that uncomfortable uncertainty as to whether your breath is sweet, fresh and clean—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, Missouri.

For HALITOSIS use LISTERINE

vary. Some call him Swedish, others of English and Irish descent, a view held by the great player himself. Says the *Post:*

For his aggressiveness some baseball writers nicknamed him the "Swede." Anson was not at all pleased when he noted the reference in the sporting pages one day, and he immediately looked up the sporting editor of one of the Philadelphia dailies.

"How did you happen to call me a 'Swede'?" demanded Anson, peeved, but fighting to hold himself in control.

"Well, aren't you?" inquired the scribe, slowly.

"No, I'm not," declared Anson, indignantly. "In fact, there isn't a drop of Swedish blood in me. My folks came from England and Ireland."

The sporting editor paused a moment and then remarked slowly and with sarcasm: "My dear Captain Anson, I am very sorry I made such a mistake. There is so much Scandinavian blood in Old England's veins, if I were you really I wouldn't disclose the fact I was a Swede."

Anson spun on his heel and beat it for the door. Afterward he admitted arguing with the umpire was much easier.

However, there was no question as to his Americanism.

When the old Chicago White Stockings visited Boston once in the early eighties with Captain Pop Anson at their head, a Bostonian took the famous ball player for a walk one morning before going with him to the old Walpole Street grounds.

They finally arrived over on Massachusetts Avenue where they could look across the Charles to Cambridge.

"See that noble river?" asked the Bostonian. "This is the place where the British crossed over in boats for the attack on Bunker Hill. Lord Howe was in the foremost boat. Isn't it wonderful to think about?"

"Sure," answered Pop. "How I wish I could have been there."

"On the heights of Bunker Hill with Prescott and Warren?" asked the Bostonian.

"No," said Pop, "along with that fellow Lord Howe doing service for my country."

"Why!" exclaimed the shocked Bostonian. "Would you have fought for the British?"

"Nix, nix," grinned Anson. "But I could have rocked the boat."

No Cause for Anxiety.—Father had been cleaning the bedroom windows outside, when little Muriel came in from the garden, and said, "Mother, did you hear the ladder fall down just now?"

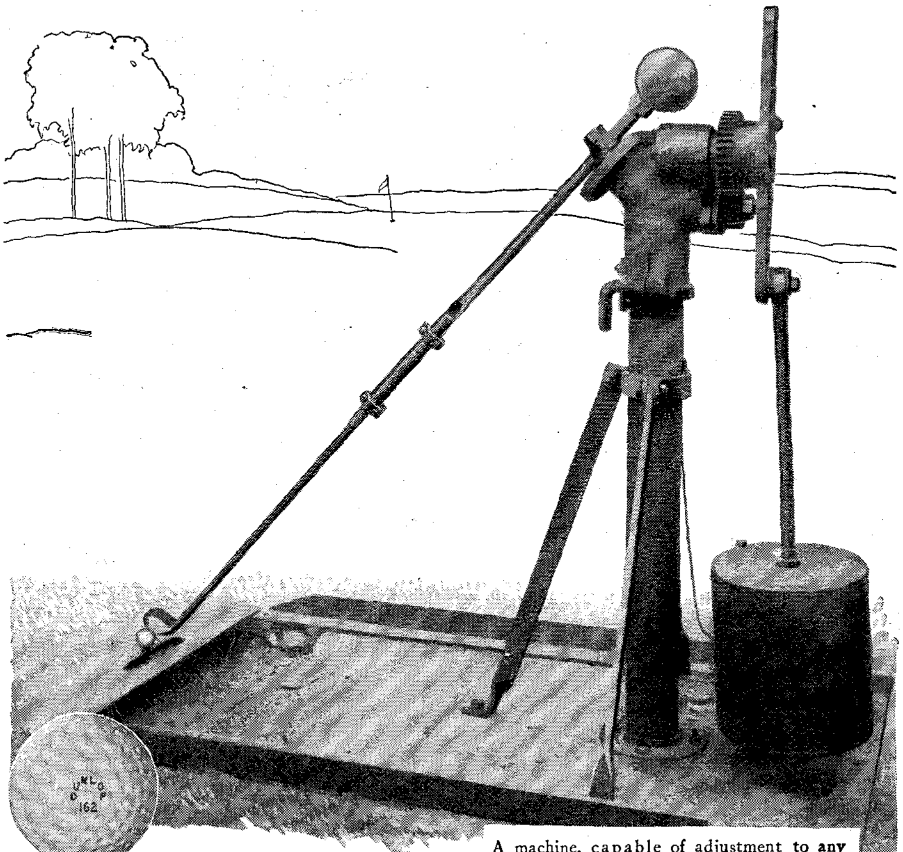
"No," replied the mother.

"Well," said the child, "it fell down and broke three flower-pots. I told daddy you'd be cross."

"Oh, dear," said mother; "I hope your daddy hasn't hurt himself!"

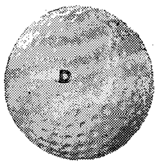
"I don't think he has yet," said little Muriel; "he's still hanging on to the window-sill."—*Exchange.*

What Well-Bred People Do.—Have you ever seen a "Fire-Fly" Rose Comb R. I. Red? Like well-bred people, they have risen to the emergency and rank first as winter layers as well as first in the show rooms.—*From a Poultry Farm Advertisement.*

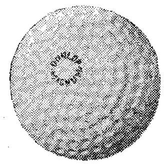


A machine, capable of adjustment to any human stroke, governed by a falling weight (not a spring) with perfect "follow-thru" and exactly-measured force expended in each stroke.

Dunlop *162*
The *best* ball to play with. Smaller size.
85c.



Dunlop *"D"*
The *most durable* ball to play with.
85c.



Dunlop *Magnum*
The *easiest* ball to play with. Large size.
85c.

Dunlop *Warwick*
The *cheapest* of *good* balls to play with.
70c.

The Serious Business of Making *Good* Golf Balls

Bedded in concrete on the grounds of Fort Dunlop, Birmingham, England, is a patented driving machine—one of the many devices used in maintaining and improving the qualities of Dunlop golf balls.

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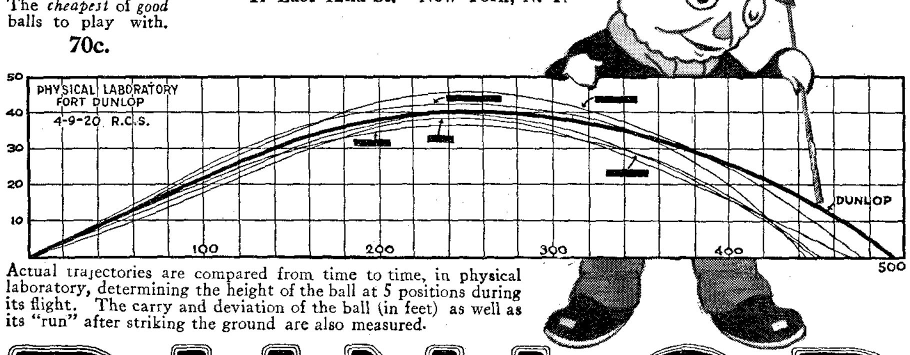

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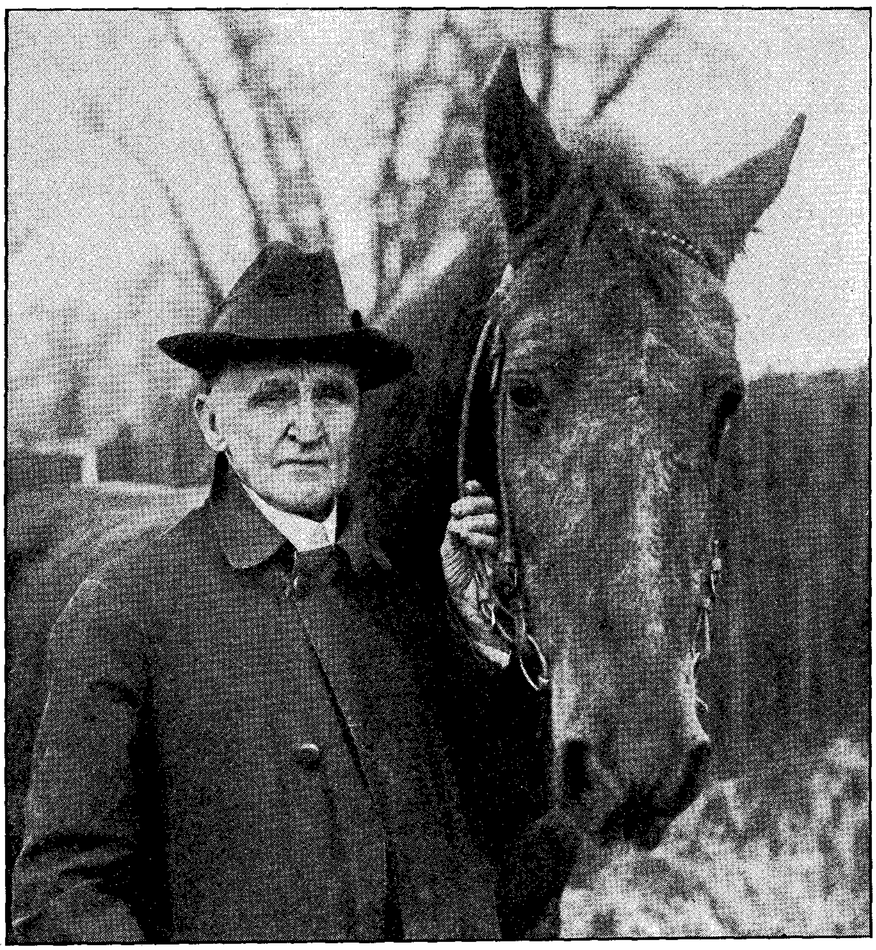
DUNLOP

BIRDS - BEASTS - AND - TREES

CLOVER, OLDEST HORSE IN THE WORLD, PENSIONED

WHILE NEW YORK AND LONDON sportsmen, veterinarians, and horse lovers generally are speculating whether Clover is entitled to his fifty-one years of life, Clover himself cares not at all. A few days ago it looked as if he might have to be killed, because his owner could not afford to keep him; but one morning Clover woke to find himself famous, not only for his admirable character, maintained through his years of race-track and church activities, but as actually the oldest horse in the world. And now all his troubles are over, for he has been receiving gifts of money and offers of homes or of maintenance from many sources. An eminent veterinarian even promises him many more years in which to enjoy his good fortune and his fame. It all began from a little story in the New York *World*, from which we quote:



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CLOVER CARRIES HIS YEARS AND HONORS LIGHTLY.

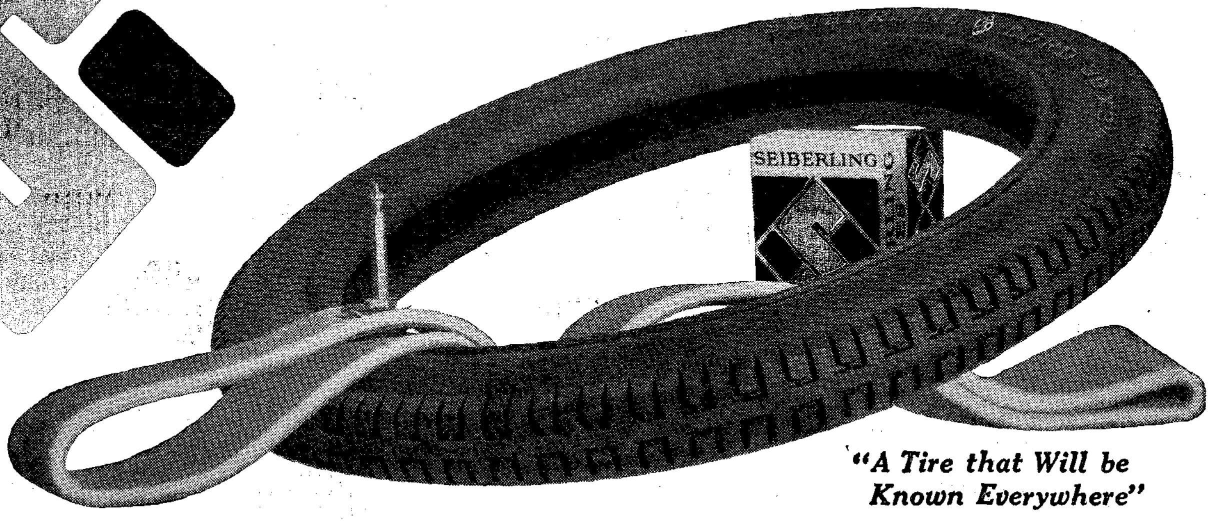
At fifty-one years of age, he is rated the oldest horse in the world. In his youth he was a racing pacer, but for thirty-five years he has lived with his master, the Rev. Dr. Uriah Myers, who appears with him here. "Some one," says Heywood Broun, "has been reading 'Back to Methuselah' to that horse."

> Clover, thought to be the oldest horse in the world, will be fifty-one in July, but if some kind animal lover does not go to his aid he may meet an unmerited end. Any one with a soft spot in his heart for this old-timer will earn the undying gratitude both of his master, the Rev. Dr. U. Myers of St. Matthew's Episcopal Lutheran Church of Catawissa, Pa., and Clover.
>
> Clover, formerly a trotting racer, is of Hambletonian stock. When the horse was fifteen years old his master died, and he was then sold to the Rev. Dr. Myers, with whom he has been "one of the family" for over thirty-five years.
>
> But now Dr. Myers is too old to preach and he has been retired on a pension of a little more than a dollar a day. To save expense the church members have urged him to kill his old horse, but the doctor and his wife have loyally sworn to "share their last crust with Clover."
>
> Still, it is hard even for the old couple to make ends meet themselves, so it is asked of some horse lover to send a little contribution to help along the devoted trio.

A few days later a representative of the *World* went to Catawissa to see Pastor Myers, who greeted him with tears in his eyes, and, says the writer:

> The aged clergyman found it almost incredible that the simple story of his faithful horse should arouse such a furore of interest, sympathy and prompt offers of pensioning for Clover. He held a handful of letters with checks in many of them. He told the story of Clover and how he came, sickly and a cripple, into his hands to grow in strength and soon to be identified, as he soberly pulled the pastoral buggy, as a famed racing pacer of the Blue Grass, a winner of many track contests in his earlier days.
>
> Blood kept its promise in Clover. For twice the ordinary span of horse life he has loyally served his ministerial master just as he loyally and well strove to keep faith and win victory in the unreligious activities of his racing youth.
>
> He has a certain sporting look, even yet. He stood shaggy and a bit crocky yesterday, for his half-century legs that carried him a mile in the blue grass country when Jay Eye See wasn't foaled, never were mates. One of them is an inch shorter than the other. Oddly enough Clover is not lame, because the hoof of the shorter leg is longer and equalizes its length to that of the longer foreleg. He stands sixteen hands and weighs about 1,200 pounds, and his condition shows the good care his loving master has given him in spite of the narrowness of income which finally brought the appeal for Clover's keep to *The World.*
>
> There is "a look of eagles" about the great horse, some one truly wrote, and Clover has the look of one who was of the eagles in his youth. His sporting history was never suspected by Pastor Myers when in 1887 he decided that he needed a horse and buggy to get about and fully perform his pastoral duties. His cousin, E. J. Walker, of Philadelphia, had bought the horse just previously, but Clover, not then so called, promised ill. He was sick, his ribs stuck out and he evidently needed building up and a quiet life, and not hard work, for which Walker needed a horse. He sold him to Pastor Myers, the latter paying $100 on condition of delivery of the horse in good condition at Catawissa.
>
> Mr. Myers is the kindest and gentlest of beings, and from the Mayor to the terrible example of Catawissa everybody loves him. He probably decided to buy the horse mostly because the horse then seemed badly to need a good friend. He found one then and there, and the name Clover too. He grew strong and plump and forgot the fifteen years which the local veterinarian told Pastor Myers was the horse's age then, in 1887.
>
> Clover demurely trotted about the countryside, drawing the pastor's buggy for six years before his sporting past was suspected. Then one day he was in a blacksmith shop being shod. A stranger in town with a fine team stopt at the shop. Clover caught his eye and he went to the clergyman's horse, carefully

The Small Car Deserves a Good Tire



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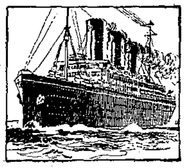

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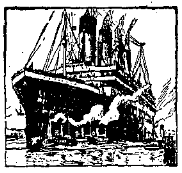
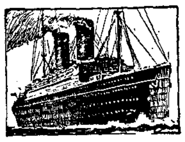


The *Olympic* (46,500 tons)—The Ship Magnificent.

Olympic
(46,500 tons)



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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

inspected him, exclaimed with astonishment and gratification and then put his arm around the neck of Clover, patted him and called him a "good old boy."

As to the horse's age, Henry Fairfield Osborn, President of the Museum of Natural History and author of "The Evolution of the Horse," was inclined to be skeptical, and he said:

> A horse could not live to that age. All horses between thirty and thirty-five lose all their teeth, and a horse must have teeth to live.
>
> There might be exceptions, of course, for if a horse could grow a new set of teeth he might easily live to be 100 years old.

However, a different opinion was exprest by Cornish Bowden, an authority on horses and a London veterinary surgeon, who said:

> It is quite possible for horses to live to an age of fifty-one. Shortly after the Northwest Rebellion I bought an old charger in Canada. I had him until he was well on into the thirties—in fact, he must have been thirty-seven or thirty-eight. When I sold my ranch I intended to do away with him, but he was such a good horse that several neighbors wanted him, so I spared his life. For all I know he lived on for several years longer, to do useful service.
>
> The house surgeon of the Royal Veterinary College, London, which is the foremost institution of its kind in England, said:
>
> To my knowledge the age of fifty-one constitutes the world's record for the life span of any horse. The oldest I can recall is a pony in the Midlands which lived to be thirty-nine and was at work until thirty-eight. Race-horses are usually past their prime after six years, altho hunters and working horses are regarded as in their prime up to twelve years.
>
> Experts at Aldrich's famous sales market, London, said Pastor Myers's horse had won his right to be exhibited in a zoo, for they had never heard of any horse approaching his age.

Finally, because the story of Clover had aroused international interest and because doubt had been exprest by scientists and horsemen whether it were possible for a horse to attain such an age as was claimed for Clover, the *World* sent Dr. R. W. McCully, who is considered one of the foremost veterinarians in the country, to examine Clover and give his opinion on the subject. We quote from Dr. McCully's report in part:

> Clover has the oldest mouth I have ever examined. I have seen horses, twenty-five, twenty-seven, thirty years old, but he is the oldest. He is an old, old horse.
>
> Everything about him points to advanced age; his mane, the hair in his tail, his swayback and the atrophy of the muscles of his neck and shoulders.
>
> The Rev. Dr. Uriah Myers told me today that he has owned Clover thirty-five years and before that the horse was raced as a trotter and used as a workhorse more than ten years. In those days it was not

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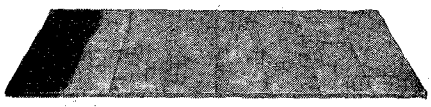

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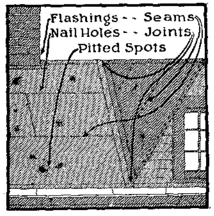

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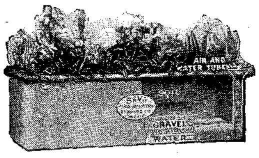

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TOURS AND CRUISES

the custom to race a trotter until he was at least five.

I can well believe the horse is fifty-one years old. He has the oldest face of a horse I ever have seen.

I first examined the horse's mouth, then his legs and hoofs, as tho I were passing on a thoroughbred. I found his general condition good. He is sound in wind and has wonderfully clean legs. There is a luster to his coat that is remarkable in an animal so old. His only blemish is a cataract on the right eye. This is not necessarily traceable to advanced age.

I believe constant care, careful feeding and regular but not too strenuous exercise are responsible for Clover's long life. No horse in the best appointed racing stable in this country is fed better or more carefully selected food. Dr. Myers, for all that he is a man of the cloth, is a good horseman, too.

Clover's ration, twice daily, consists of one scoop of bran, one of middlings and two of a mixture of oats, clover and molasses, topped off with three ears of corn. It takes him a long time to eat this, as he masticates slowly.

It is hard to tell the exact age of a horse by his teeth after the fifteenth year. However, the contour of the mouth changes with age. In a young horse the teeth meet at an obtuse angle, but as the animal grows older the angle becomes more and more acute. Judging by this, Clover has the oldest mouth I ever saw. His incisors are as long as a man's forefinger and straight in the jawbone. The most surprizing thing is that the teeth are in as good condition as those of a ten-year-old horse. His molars are perfect and in this lies the secret of his health.

Another thing much in his favor is a big, deep mouth. As a rule, horses with little fish mouths are little good.

There is no doubt in my mind that this horse is of standard bred trotting family. His head, particularly, resembles that of Rysdyk's Hambletonian. Even tho age has left its mark on the head, which is turning gray, there is the look of the good horse about him.

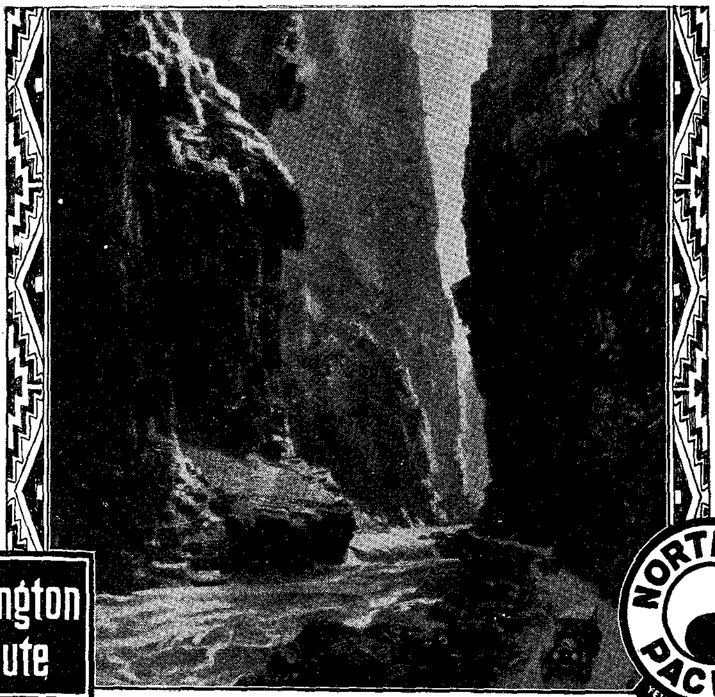
Clover is a bay gelding, 16 hands, weighing about 1,100 pounds. He stands squarely on his feet, altho his nigh foreleg is about a half inch longer than the other; however, this is a natural conformation. This has no effect on his gait, for he walks without the slightest indication of lameness.

He is remarkably spry and playful. When I examined him in his box to-day I was astonished at the quickness of his movements. He lies down and gets up with ease, a sign that he is still many years from his end. One of the first symptoms of marked old age in a horse is the difficulty of lying down and getting up again.

The horse never has been worked hard, but Dr. Myers tells me he has driven him fifty-four miles in seven hours with perfect ease; also that Clover has trotted a mile in 2.22 and paced a mile in 2.17, many years ago, of course. Last year his greatest effort was carrying Dr. Myers and his wife to the Bloomsburg Fair and back, a distance of about ten miles, but his owner believes he could do fifteen miles a day without any physical strain.

When a horse reaches an age that makes it notable many are ready and eager to question it, basing their contention on records that few horses live 35 years. There is no reason why there should not be an exception, why a freak should not crop up now and then, any more than that no man should live to be 100 years old.

THE tour ideal of Yellowstone Park



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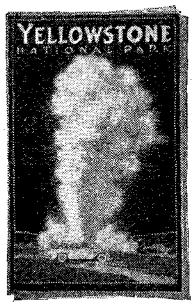

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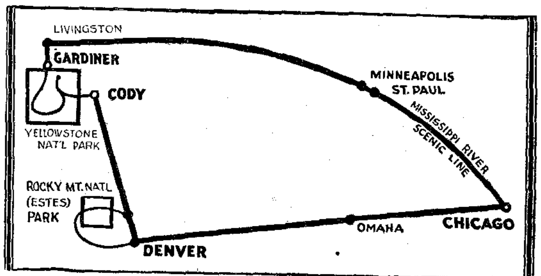
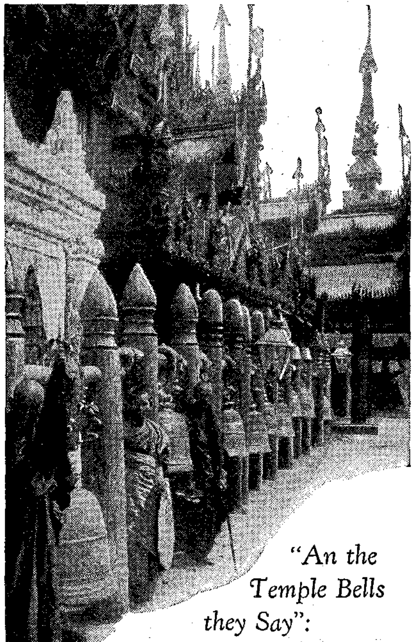


Three great wonder spots—Yellowstone Park, Rocky Mountain (Estes) Park, and Colorado, all on one circle trip



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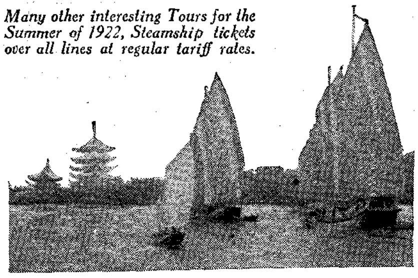


BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

It was established to my satisfaction that Dr. Myers has had the horse Clover in his possession for 35 years. Even with lack of proof of his age, he is an exceptionally old horse.

Heywood Broun makes the following contribution to the subject:

> Scientists who are perplexed at the extraordinary age of Clover, now in his fifty-second year, seem to have overlooked the most rational explanation. Somebody has been reading "Back to Methuselah" to that horse.

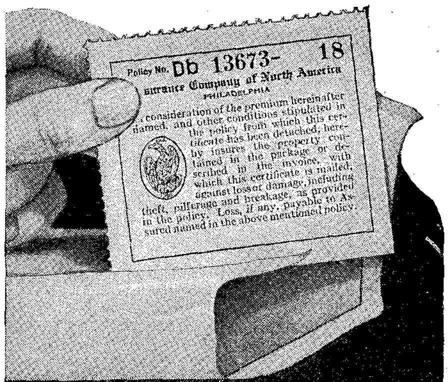
Arthur Brisbane, in the New York *American*, touches ironically upon an angle of the story overlooked by other commentators:

> Much interest is shown in the horse. Thus far, nobody has seemed much excited about the Rev. Dr. Myers, too old to preach, and, after a life in the pulpit, retired on a trifle over $1 a day. A horse more than fifty years old is unusual, therefore interesting. A clergyman more than seventy years old, retired with not enough to live on, is not unusual, therefore not interesting.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE OF THE SAW-WHET OWL

OUT popped the little round head and blazing yellow eyes of an owl, in answer to the knocking of the callers. Its house was a giant Douglas fir, weather-beaten and decaying, but with a likely-looking cavity that drew the attention of the naturalists. When they knocked, they had expected to see the flash of the brilliant red wings of a mother flicker, and they were doubly surprized when they realized that their hostess had no ear tufts. What could she be? Not a screech owl, because that little pal of theirs had ear tufts and was gray, while their new friend had none and was brown. They pondered over the owl family, and at last it dawned upon them that they had discovered a saw-whet owl. After twenty years of roaming over Colorado mountains, hills and valleys, finding no hint of the presence of this species, they had supposed it was a myth so far as that State was concerned. The men were Robert B. Rockwell and Clark Blickensderfer, and the result of their intimacy with the saw-whet owl family is set forth in *Natural History* (New York). The owl, sitting there in the entrance to the cavity barely five feet from them, very much awake and equally unafraid, made a comical picture, reminding them of a tiny gladiator, challenging them with her great yellow eyes to mortal combat, and the writer says:

> She sat perfectly still, watching us closely with an expression on her funny little face (if the term is permissible) of mingled surprize and indignation. Not until we started noisily to climb the stump did she



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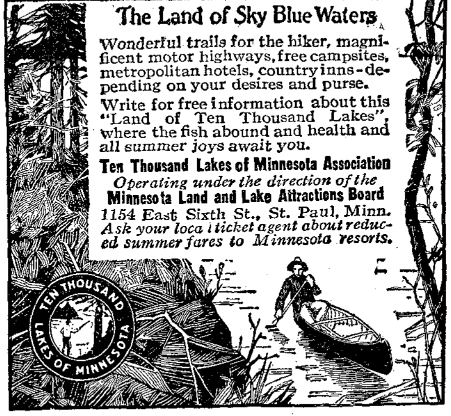

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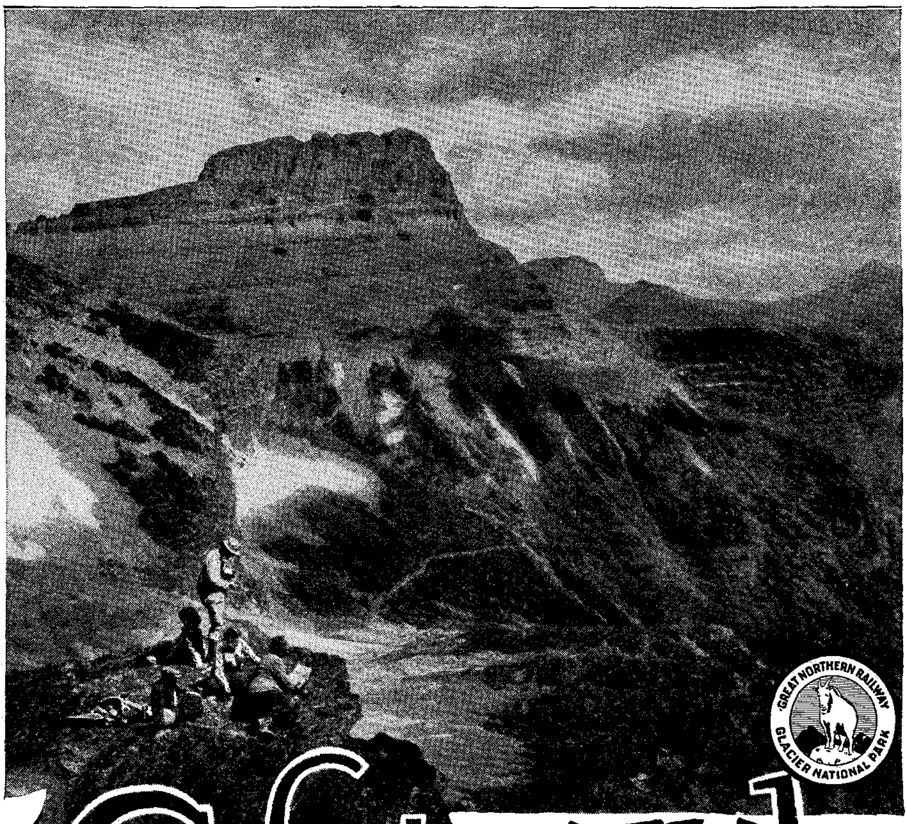
deign to move, and then she launched herself awkwardly into the air and with rapid, weak, and irregular wing-beats fluttered to the lower limbs of an overhanging evergreen a few feet away, and from there watched subsequent proceedings with a lively tho silent interest.

We begrudged the moments spent in climbing the seven feet of stump to the entrance of the nest, and when we did get a peep, we found to our disgust that the cavity was too deep for us to see the bottom and too small to admit our arms, so to our regret we had to cut away part of the rotting wood. When this was done, we hauled triumphantly forth one of the scrawniest, most wo-begone little creatures imaginable, with great homely "nose," heavy, awkward feet, and a puny body covered with soiled whitish down. Its eyes were not yet open, and the feeble neck seemed unable to carry the weight of its abnormally large head and beak, so that it lay flat in our hands, apparently quite helpless, but uttering frequently a soft, musical little "cheep" not unlike that of a freshly hatched chick. After examining it for a moment we replaced it in the nest and then discovered that the cavity also contained three very dirty, blood-stained eggs, which had originally been white, and which were apparently about ready to hatch. After descending the tree, we watched the parent bird for some minutes at a distance of not more than a dozen feet. During this time she repeatedly flew from the dense shade of the pine, where she first sought refuge, to the nest, but at our least movement of approach she would pop out of the cavity and flutter back to the sheltering pine. At last we regretfully departed for fear the eggs might chill. We had left the stump but a few feet behind when the little mother fluttered back to care for her treasures.

A week later we called again to get better acquainted, and found the old stump lying prostrate. Three bedraggled little corpses told an eloquent tale of another forest tragedy, but the bereaved mother was nowhere to be found. To this day—and that was on June 11, 1917—we have a creepy feeling that we were in some unexplained way criminally responsible for the catastrophe.

The second meeting of the writers with these owls was fully as surprizing as the first. They were taking a bird-study trip with some thirty others in the Wildcat Point country, about twenty-five miles south of Denver. Their path led directly under a large dead yellow pine, and, the account reads:

> We happened to be the last of the party and as we passed this tree, we made our discovery—the round, fluffy head of a saw-whet snugly framed in an old woodpecker hole about ten feet above our heads. We called the entire party back to where we stood in full sight of the owl and told them to locate a bird within a few feet of them. Thirty pairs of excited eyes, after several minutes' search, failed to locate the bird, and when she was pointed out to the party, bedlam broke loose (a large proportion of the party were ladies).
>
> In spite of all the noise the brave little mother gazed forth calmly from her retreat, and not until the ascent of the tree was begun did she seek safety in flight. She fluttered to a pine tree near by with rapid but rather awkward wing-beats, with the crowd in wild pursuit. Once in the deep shadows of the pine, she ap-



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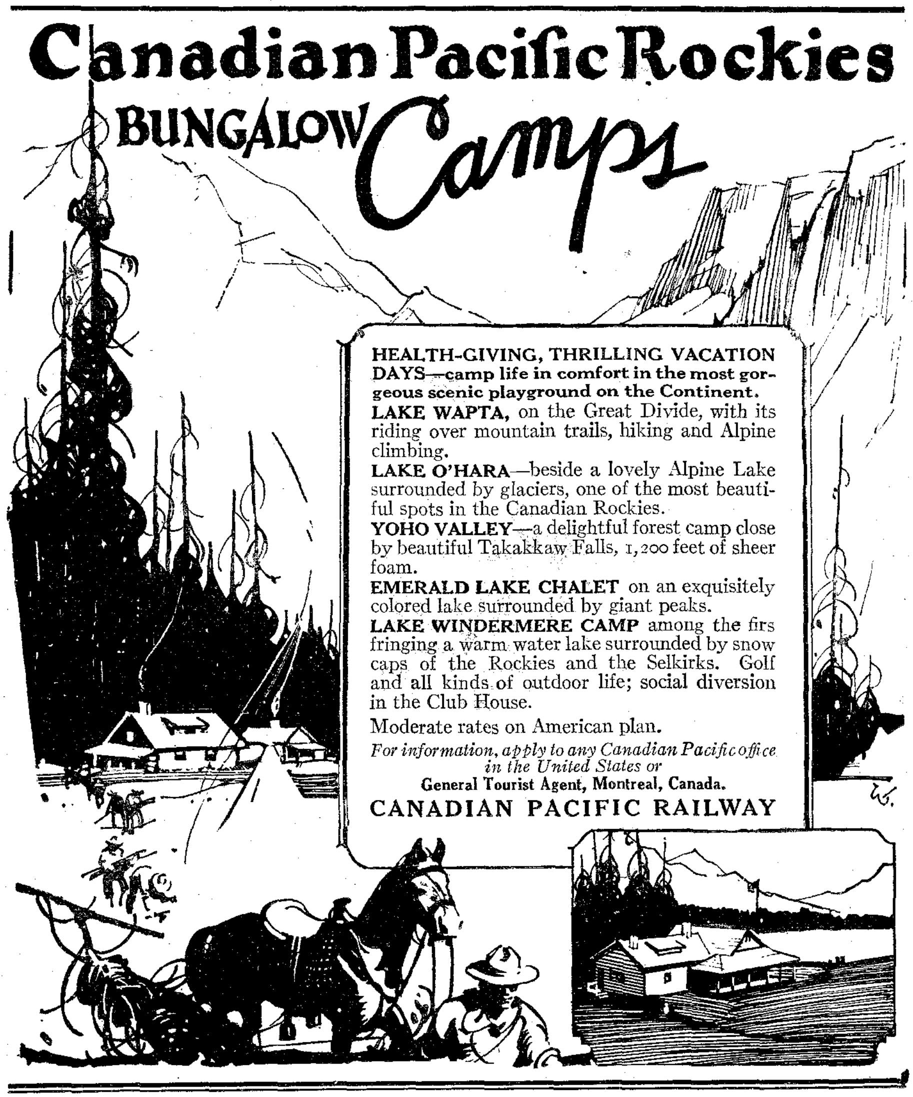

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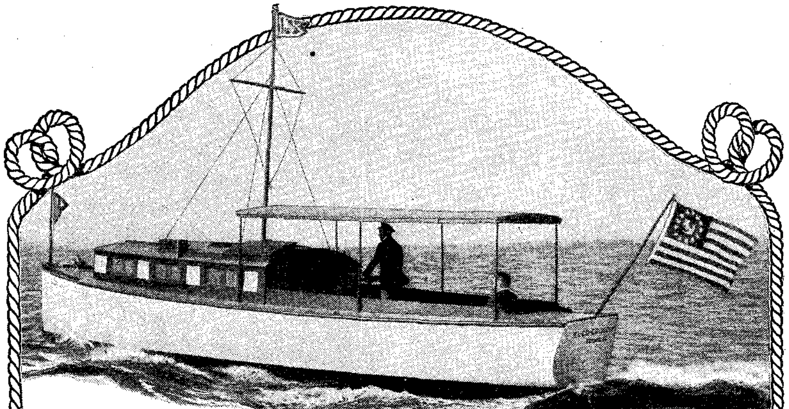

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

parently overcame her fear and permitted us to come within a few feet of her. One of the party almost touched her with his hand before she again took flight and disappeared in a thicket of firs where we were unable to locate her.

Three days later, on May 12, 1918, we returned to the nest site without the crowd. As before, the mother bird greeted us at the entrance to her home. We climbed the tree and carefully cut out a piece below the entrance hole to permit a good view of the interior. An examination of the nesting cavity, which was about ten inches deep, revealed four soiled white eggs lying on an accumulation of chips, bits of rotting wood, and other débris, without any evidence of an attempt at lining the nest. The eggs were apparently far advanced in incubation, so, after carefully nailing the piece of the trunk back into place, we hurried away to give the mother an opportunity to return to her eggs.

The location of this nest was so unusual as to be worthy of comment. All authorities agree that this species is essentially a bird of the deep forest; that the nests are invariably located in shady spots in heavy timber and usually close to running water or swampy ground. The tree in which this nest was located was on an exposed slope commanding a wide view of the adjacent country. The surrounding timber was sparse; the nesting cavity faced directly south into the bright sunlight and was unshaded except for a single overhanging dead branch; and the immediate surroundings were very dry. The nearest stream was fully half a mile distant, and there was not even a trickle of spring water closer at hand. Taking everything into consideration, the nesting site differed altogether from the typical locations described by the various authorities on the subject.

On June 5 we again returned, and to our delight found four tiny birdlings.apparently only a few days old, identical in appearance with the one we had seen the preceding year. We were immediately imprest with the striking difference in size of the four babies, the largest being fully twice the size of the smallest. This substantiated the statements of various writers that the eggs of this species are laid at intervals of two or three days and that incubation begins as soon as the first egg is deposited. We had fully intended to photograph the little fellows, but when we removed them from the nest, they seemed so weak and frail, and showed such evident discomfort in the hot sun, that we lost heart and hurriedly replaced them in the nest without taking the coveted pictures.

Our fourth visit on June 16 was especially interesting. The youngsters had begun to take an active interest in life, and photographing them was rather strenuous work. The hot sun seemed to wilt them, unaccustomed as they were to its rays after days spent in their dark retreat. They could keep their eyes open only a few moments at a time, and when exposed to the sun's rays for any length of time, they closed their eyes, opened their beaks, and panted violently, making anything but fast, instantaneous photography impossible.

On June 23 the birds were fully one-half the size of the parents; the general color was much more brownish (the white down having almost disappeared), the wing coverts were well feathered, and the flight feathers were just beginning to grow.

On June 30 we were greatly surprized at the marked change in their appearance. The white down had entirely disappeared; the wings and tail, while short, were fully feathered out; the prominent, light-colored "V" between the eyes was very conspicuous; the entire plumage was of pure chocolate color (altogether different from the color and markings of the parent); and the birds were almost as large as their mother. This was the stage of their growth we had been waiting for, so we placed them in a roomy box and carried them triumphantly home where they could be more closely studied.

At each of their trips, they had been greeted by the parent bird at the entrance of her nest, and, while she did not show any evidence of fear or excitement, it was plain that she did not relish the company of her callers, and she left the nest a little sooner at each succeeding visit. But she did not go far, for, the naturalists continue:

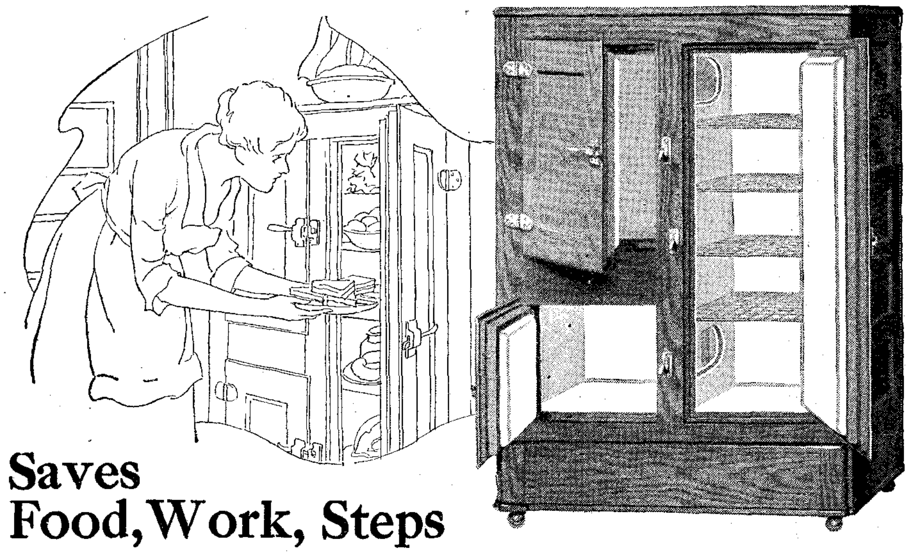
While we had the young ones out of the nest, she made no demonstration, altho a careful search would usually reveal her in a shady spot near by intently watching us. So far as we could tell, we did not see the male bird at all. In any event we did not see both parents at the same time. After our first visit we were unable to approach the old bird closer than fifteen or twenty feet.

The only evidence of food about the nest were remains of mice, and we were unable to find any disgorged "owl pellets," which are the best index of an owl's food. There were no bird feathers about the nest, and in fact no feathers at all in the nest cavity, altho the entire abdomen and part of the breast of the female were entirely devoid of feathers.

The young birds, from beginning to end, showed no fear of us whatever, and did not make any attempt to escape, even when fully fledged. They were very awkward, often falling off the branches where we placed them and (until well grown) frequently tipping forward on to their beaks in a most ludicrous fashion. We handled them freely with bare hands and they made no attempt to use their strong, sharp claws which, even in the very early stages would have made formidable weapons, had the birds been inclined to use them upon us. The attitude of both young and adult, except in rare instances, was decidedly lacking in animation, spirit, and aggressiveness, in sharp contrast to that of other species of owls. They seemed rather to enjoy gentle stroking and would cuddle down in the palm of one's hand in a very confiding manner. As the young grew older, they were much less affected by heat and bright light; and the parent to our amazement would gaze with unblinking eyes directly into the sun's rays reflected from a mirror (used to throw light upon the object) for minutes at a time. During all of our visits we did not hear the parent utter a sound, and unfortunately we were unable to spend a night near the nest to enjoy their peculiar night "song" from which their name is derived.

The young birds from the first took kindly to their captivity, showing comparatively little fear, and maintaining their characteristic lack of animation. They readily accepted a change of diet from the mice they had undoubtedly subsisted upon while in the nest to one of small bits of beef and an occasional meal of liver.

THE 40th LEONARD YEAR



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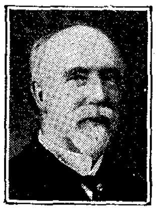

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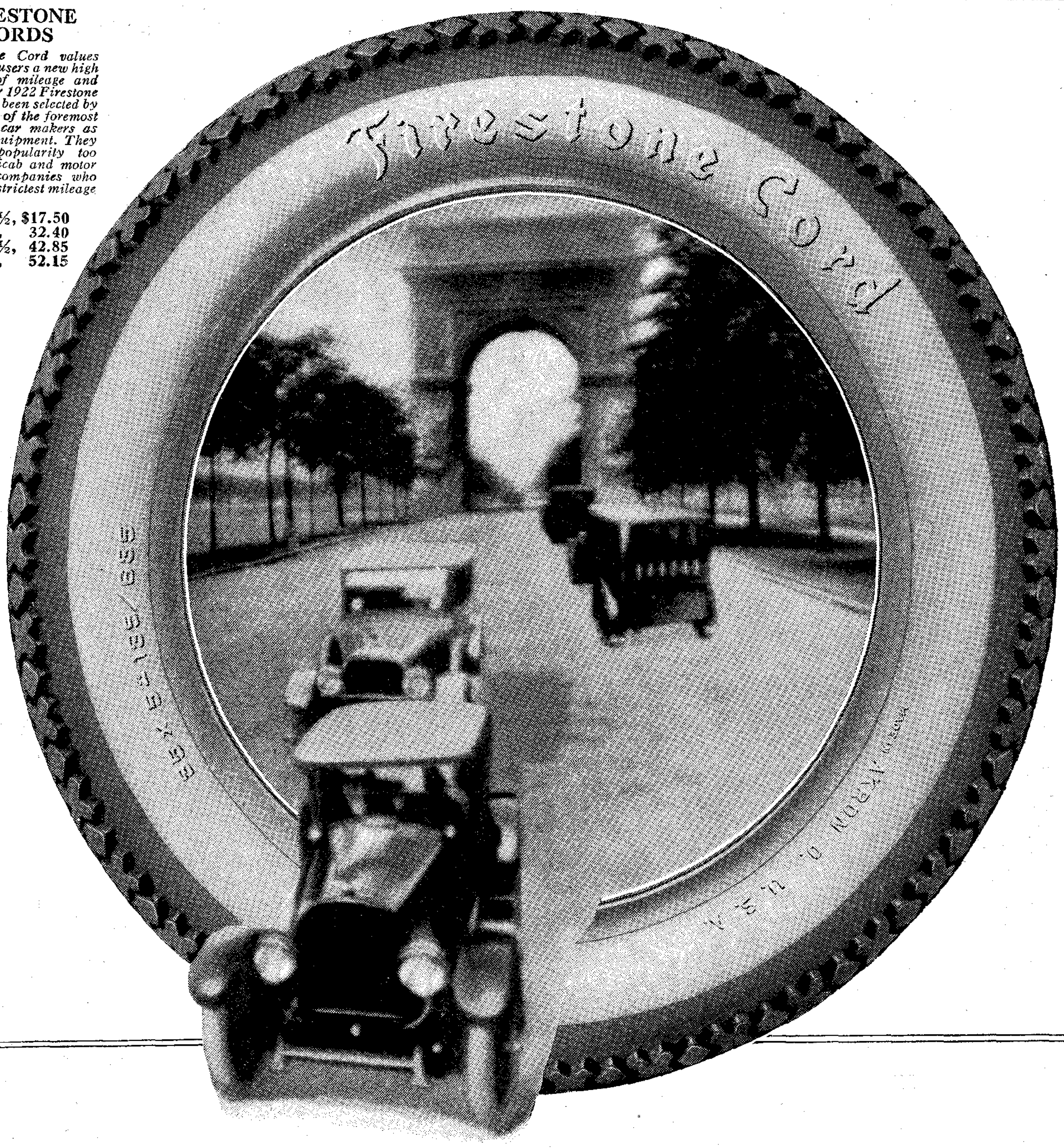

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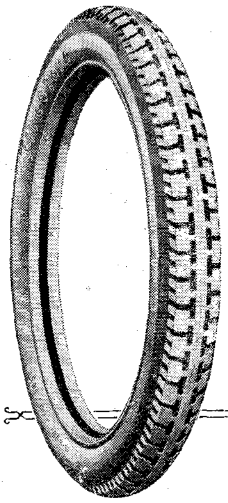

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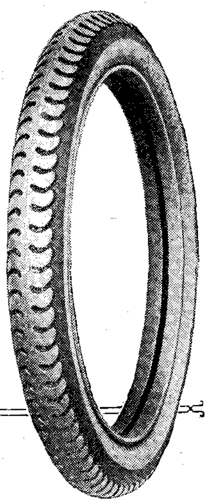

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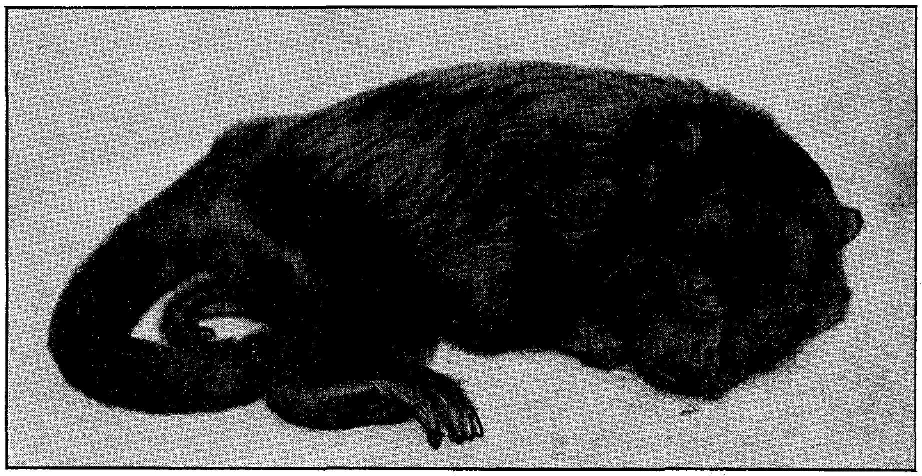
RED, THE RECORD-BREAKING HOWLER MONKEY

IT was an ominous day. Red, the supposedly "delicate" howler monkey, who had been reared with the greatest care, was left in the charge of two little girls who were very fond of him. A boy came along bearing gifts in the form of a frankfurter, roll, and sauerkraut, and Red partook heartily of the first and last. Later on he was favored by a parking attendant with a copious drink of sarsaparilla. As if this were not enough, in the evening, all too late, the cook discovered that Red had wrecked the frosted decoration of a lemon-meringue pie and had also entered deeply into the foundation of the pie itself, not scorning the crust. But strange to say, Red was none the worse for his dietary carousing, and his owners were led to think that the difficulty of rearing howler monkeys has been due to mental rather than physical trouble. For from zoological records in both Europe and America it appears that the South American howling monkeys are "impossible" as captives. They partake sparingly of food and pine away after two or three months of exhibition. The longest-lived was a howler in the London zoo who lived thirteen months. In New York the few that had ever arrived lived only two or three months. Therefore, so far as known at present, the record for rearing a howler monkey has been broken by Gladys M. Ditmars, daughter of R. L. Ditmars of the New York Zoological Park, who at the time of writing an article for the *Zoological Society Bulletin* (New York) had brought Red safely through a period of fourteen months.

Red was first found clinging to the body of his mother, who had been shot for scientific investigation by some one at the Society's Tropical Research Station at Kartabo, British Guiana. A few plaintive sounds had revealed his presence, and the waif was adopted by the wife of one of the zoologists. It was estimated that the infant monkey must have been born about the 15th of September, 1920. From that time, says Miss Ditmars:

> The baby took grudgingly to a diet of powdered barley and evaporated milk. It required frequent feeding, but Mrs. Emerson delivered her little charge at the Zoological Park in good health, and with it gave specific directions for its care.
>
> During its first day in the Park, my father kept the little fellow in his office and fed it four times. He noted that the baby looked very miserable as it sat with drooping shoulders, and with big round eyes gazed mournfully from its cage. To send this tender little waif to the Monkey House, where the keepers were all day very busy with a series of about a hundred specimens, many of them dangerous, seemed out of the question. Here was a rare and interesting baby, of a notoriously delicate kind, and something out of the ordinary course had to be done. Director Hornaday was consulted, and at once his decision was to turn the care of the new arrival over to me.



Courtesy New York Zoological Park.

RED TAKES A SUN BATH.

The howler monkey does not howl—he roars like a big-cat animal. This one from British Guiana has lived longer in captivity than any other. Full-grown howlers weigh twenty-five pounds and measure nearly five feet, body and tail. Their make-up is "weird and grotesque."

> The fiery hue of the little stranger at once suggested a name, so we called him "Red." As we drove up home to Scarsdale with Red buttoned in my fur coat, his big shiny eyes set in a jet black face frequently glanced up at me in interrogation. That was his last day in a cage. He has been free ever since, and is absolutely different in habits from any other monkey we have ever had at home—and we have reared a number of interesting kinds.
>
> To start properly, I gave the newcomer a warm bath and noted the following facts: Red's estimated age was three months. His total length, including body and tail, was 15 inches. The general color of skin was very dark brown, except the face, hands and feet, which were black. His back was covered with thick, silky hair, ranging from brown to rusty red. His tail and stomach region were devoid of hair. The eyes were very large and intelligent, and at first were of a bluish hue. A month later they turned to very dark brown. The teeth were extremely small, regular and white, with no indication of canine enlargement. Two fingers in the right hand had been broken and stiffened in knitting. There were indications of a break of the vertebræ in the terminal

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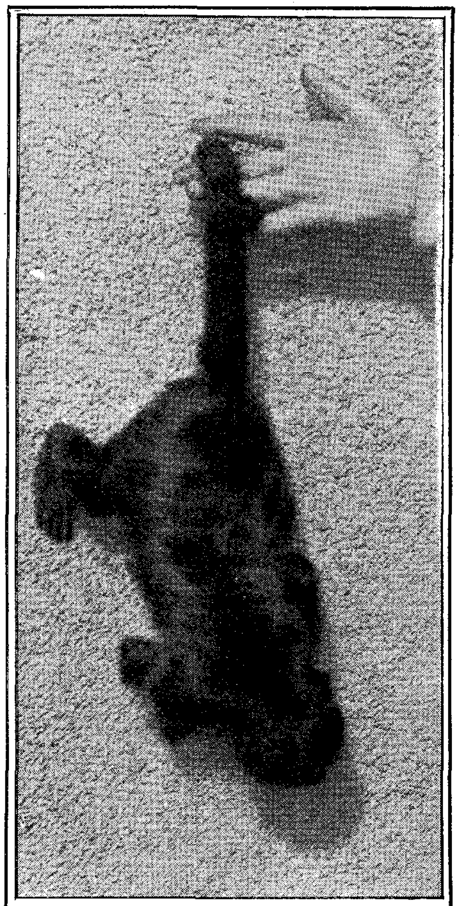
BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

half of the tail. All these injuries probably occurred in the fall from the tree.

As Red had appeared to do well on the diet selected by Mrs. Emerson, we followed about the same schedule. Sufficient of the prepared barley to make three meals was thoroughly boiled each morning. With each morning and evening meal we gave him about a wineglassful of milk, slightly warmed; and this he greatly relished.

After about a month he tired of the barley, and also refused strained oatmeal, rice, and, in fact, all the standard cereals. It seemed altogether wrong to give this interesting baby heavier foods than milk or cereal. In order to get him to eat at all it was necessary to cut bits of banana, apple or cooked raisins and mix them with the barley. Infant tho he was, he screamed and reached for the banana and apple, and neither appeared to harm him. As he grew tired of the cereal, the milk was increased to three small glasses per day. He grew voraciously fond of it, and after a meal his outline would be distinctly changed, his little round stomach being shiny with distension.



Courtesy New York Zoological Park.

A TAIL TO BE PROUD OF.

Red can coil his tail around an object, throw the end over like a half-hitch, and make an absolutely secure loop.

In March, 1921, there were signs of trouble. Red was now approximately six months old, and had grown two inches, but was not developing satisfactorily. There were indications of rickets, or what among monkeys is called "cage paralysis." This comes from a softening of the bones and is due to a lack of lime and bone nourishment.

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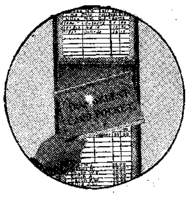

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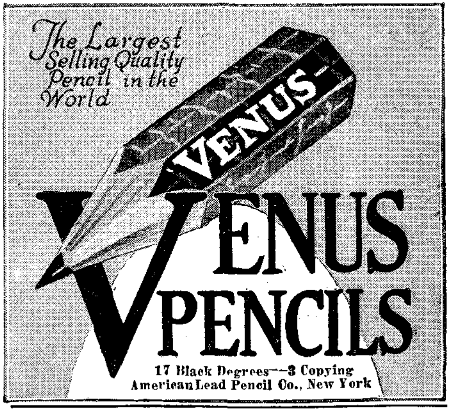
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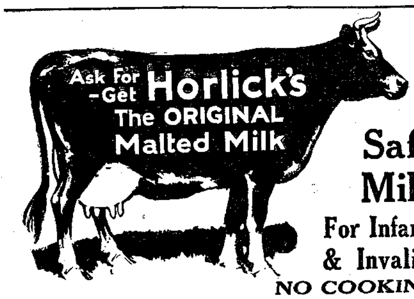

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and decided to substitute meat broths for the cereal; and here we made a discovery. Red was ravenously interested, and in feeding him some of the broth a bit of meat was caught in the spoon. His manifestation of joy over this fragment of meat surpassed all former interests in other foods. He reached frantically into the bowl for more, and then I decided to make a bold experiment. I had a piece of beef broiled for him and he devoured every shred of it, mumbling and grunting in a fashion that he exhibited only when especially pleased.

Truly, the development of the howler is rapid! Here was an infant half a year old, but seventeen inches long (his mother measured fifty inches) and demanding meat. I have always noted the fondness of most monkeys for meat, and believe they actually need it in their diet, but never before have realized its necessity to an animal so young.

The symptoms of rickets had advanced to such a stage that Red was unable to do more than grovel along the floor. Neither arms nor legs had sufficient strength to raise his body. The meat experiment convinced Miss Ditmars that Red must no longer be treated as an infant, and so his diet was completely changed. He was given everything wholesome that he would eat, and he refused practically nothing except the monotonous cereals of his short baby days. He ate all kinds of vegetables and all kinds of meat, but his favorite food was spaghetti, and this he delighted to hold in two writhing handfuls, devouring it strand by strand. He was fed three times a day, having a small high-chair and tray beside the family table, and with each meal he drank about a wineglassful of milk. Miss Ditmars continues:

Upon this formidable diet (which has continued up to the present time without elimination) Red passed through a transformation covering a period of about three months. His weak legs soon showed an inclination to support his body in wobbling fashion, and within six weeks more he was up and walking. His eyes grew darker and more expressive, and his tail became thickly coated with reddish hair. The hair of the body grew long and wavy, and acquired a golden sheen. All indications confirmed our discovery of a successful diet for the howler—plenty of meat and a variety of vegetables.

To my mind there is yet another important factor in the treatment of these delicate little people of the jungle, which receives too little thought, and that is their mental condition. I believe that many monkeys may be mentally ill and in that case, the offered diet is of little avail. Red has been practically a member of our family. He has been taught cleanly habits, and has the run of the house. He has his favorite nooks and spots where he sprawls for a morning sun bath. A wicker basket with some bits of blanket serve as his bed, and when he is tired he hops in and takes a nap. He is satisfactorily nourished and also mentally well, and we are convinced that under these conditions the howler is not a "delicate" species.

As is probably the case with all howlers, our specimen is absolutely unable to endure cold. I believe that if Red were exposed to a temperature as low as forty degrees

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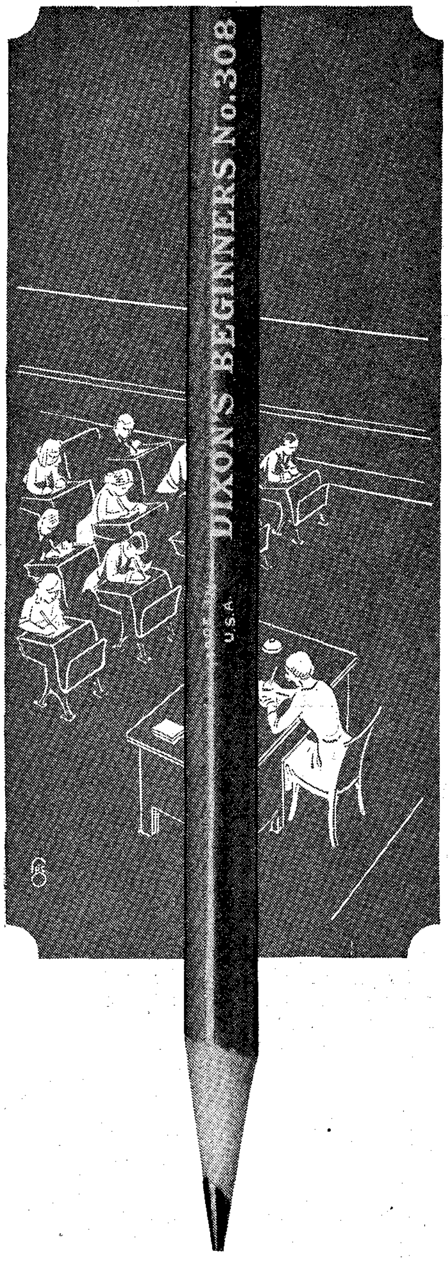

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

he would soon perish. He detests the winter, and if the temperature of our living-rooms goes even a few degrees below seventy, he crawls under cushions to hide or squeezes close to the radiators, his arms upraised in order to expose his breast to the heat. If he is cold he will not eat, and during the present winter we have knitted him a woolen jacket, which he greatly enjoys and in which he bravely goes exploring the house in the early morning, before the heating boiler has been looked after, and the radiators, which have been chilled by bedroom windows being open, have attained the heat of the daytime.

As this article is intended to present points of information that may be new in the study of monkeys, it is important to cite a few observations of our howler's habits. One thing we have discovered which may be valuable as a scientific record, and that is, the surprizing tendency of our specimen to give off through the pores of the skin and the hair the reddish color-pigment which gives this species its name. When this little animal is given a bath, the water becomes deeply stained within a few minutes with the same peculiar, reddish color as his hair, and he emerges from the bath as if distinctly bleached, the long hair of the back being almost yellow. Within a week he "colors" again. This dye action of the hair is more strikingly illustrated by the small blanket in which he is wrapped at night. At times this becomes as deeply tinted as if stained with iron rust. We have saved portions of the blanket for analysis. The strange dye-giving tendency of the hair may explain the great difference in color observed among wild howling monkeys, some of which are dark red, some pale rusty red, and others actually yellow. It may be that the exposure of some individuals to heavy rains in the jungle, while others have been sheltered, has resulted in these color variations.

Our howler has a fair vocabulary of distinct sounds. He seldom utters his deep-toned and weird roars unless he is hunting some one and is in doubt as to just where he is. When he unexpectedly discovers a member of the family in one of the rooms quietly reading, he enters the room uttering low short grunts or barks, sounds difficult to describe. Climbing up on the chair and settling in one's lap, he croons in soft fashion and makes gurgling sounds, produced by gently expelling air against the roof of the mouth. He has a habit of pleading, with prolonged whining sounds, to have his back scratched, or to be noticed; and when frightened he utters an altogether unique, sharp bark, repeated several times. The exhaust whistles on automobiles passing the house will often cause him to glance toward the windows and utter these barking sounds.

Red is horribly afraid of a human sneeze, we are told; just why is not known, as his vocabulary contains no such sound. If any one sneezes, Red gives a quick glance at the nearest window, and then rushes for shelter. He usually hides under a heavy chair, then slowly emerges, glancing cautiously toward all windows in the room. He shows no fear of the one who sneezes, but seems to consider the sneeze as an emphatic warning to take to cover. All

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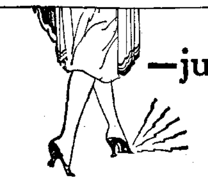

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his fears appear to come from imaginary things outside the windows. He is afraid of nothing in the house. He lords it over the cat and dog; the cat is a particularly large, lazy animal, and if any one makes a move to "shoo" her out of the way, Red rushes at the cat with growls and barks to help. He has been severely cuffed by the cat for pulling her tail and deliberately pawing over her dinner while she was eating, but he has no fear of her. Red is absolutely regular in his habits, and Miss Ditmars says:

> He is tucked in his blanket by the last member of the family retiring for the night, and makes no move to venture out again. He seldom wakes until he hears some one stirring in the morning, when his plaintive cry is heard at the door of the room where he sleeps, as he demands freedom for the day, and breakfast. Early morning is his noisiest time, for the howler appears to usher in the morning with many yawns, each accompanied by a noisy intake of breath, followed by a roar that ends in a squeal. His morning toilet includes much scratching of head and sides, and usually the latter half of his marvelously prehensile tail, and then follows an astonishing exhibition by the tail itself. This dexterous appendage can be curved over any portion of his back, and the tip works precisely like the human forefinger in scratching any portion of his body.
>
> While Red has been with us for over fourteen months, he has never broken anything in the house. He solemnly inspects many objects, but makes no attempt to pick up anything unless it is very small, and even then he never carries it away. He has never knocked over a vase or a glass. This is remarkable in comparison with most species of monkeys, which if liberated will literally wreck the contents of a room in a very short time. Yet Red is not morose and loves to play. He delights in being rolled on his back, and wrestles with one's hands amid an accompaniment of explosive grunts and growls, his ample mouth wide-spread in an unmistakable grin.
>
> After fourteen months of our care, Red is now twenty-six inches long (more than half grown), and is developing strong canine teeth. Later on he may become a problem, but at present we are determined to maintain him as a member of the household. Since we received him, he has never been entirely separated from the family. He has traveled thousands of miles by motor and Pullman cars, and he has slumbered in many hotels where no rules have yet been formulated to bar red howlers from the premises.

Howling monkeys as a species have some particular points of interest. They attain a considerable size—weighing over twenty-five pounds—and they attain a length, including body and tail, of nearly five feet. Their make-up is weird and grotesque; they are described as "savage" and deliberate in motion; and unlike most monkeys, they give voice to deep, throaty sounds. This is made possible by the expansion of the hyoid bone into a large "sound box" in the throat, which swells to great proportions as the animal roars—for that is the correct word. How the name "howling" monkey ever originated is

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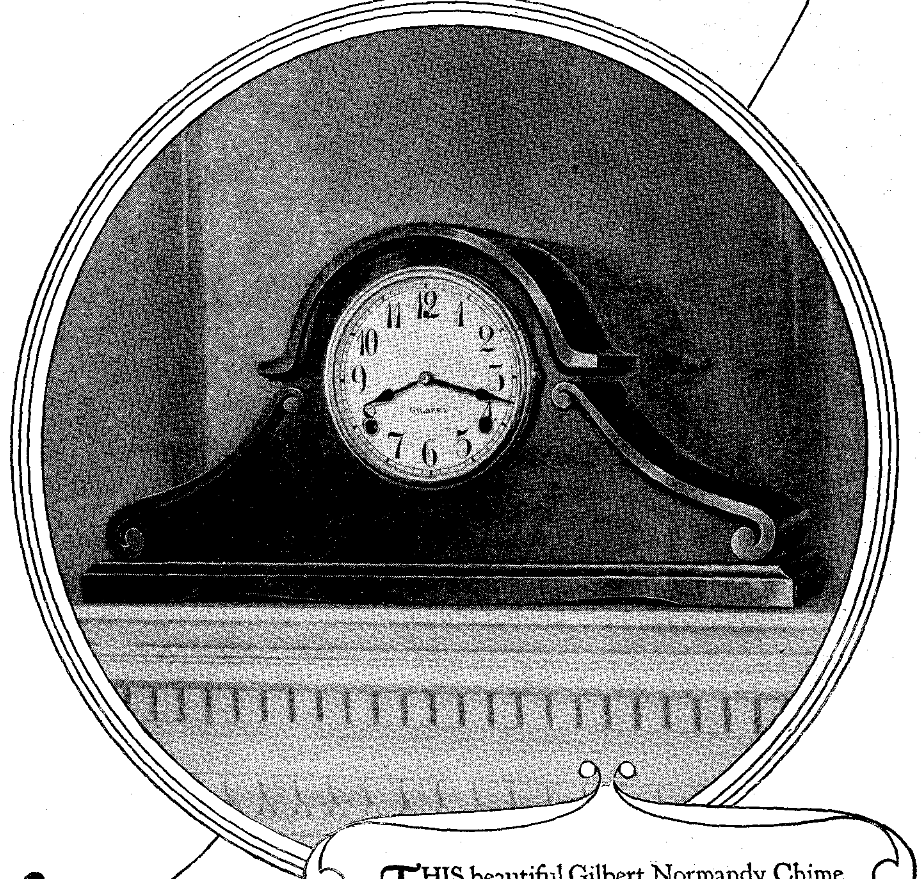

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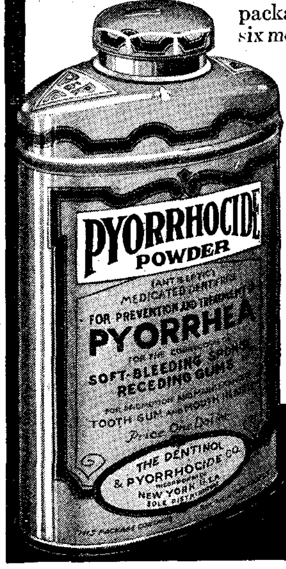

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

rather a puzzle. These animals growl, in a tone well worthy of a big-cat animal. Red in his baby days roared tremendously, and the sounds were utterly out of proportion to his size.

THE "BREAKING" OF PERFORMING ANIMALS

THE trainer repeatedly thrust his iron hook into the tenderest parts of the elephant's hide in his efforts to teach the animal to lie down.

"Why do you do that?" asked a man who had been watching.

"To make him lay down."

"But it's brutal."

"Well, ain't he a brute?"

"I know," persisted the man, "but you should do it some other way."

"Mister," said the trainer in a tone of finality, "there ain't any other way. You can't break animals with a feather duster."

And that sums up the evidence that has been collected for the hearings of a committee of the British House of Commons that for some time has been conducting an inquiry into the treatment of animals trained to perform. The interests of the trainers are defended by a powerful trade union, the Variety Artists' Federation, but from convictions in the courts and from sworn statements by eye-witnesses, given often at the risk of loss of employment and in one case of personal danger, an array of facts that needs no comment has been gathered. A "minute percentage" of the whole is tersely set down in the London *Nation and Athenæum:*

> A showman was convicted for keeping a bear in a cage "only big enough for a terrier," and another for goading with a spike and dosing with whisky a sick elephant which fell down twice before performance and subsequently died. Another was convicted for piercing a dromedary until the blood ran down its legs, and for whipping a bull covered with scalds and sores. Bears have been taught to dance by keeping them on a sheet of hot iron while music was played. Another trainer was convicted for spiking and hooking her elephants under the tail and behind the ears until the blood poured down, and another witness testified on oath to seeing elephants driven to the top of a chute by hot irons. A trainer was seen to thrust a pronged pole repeatedly into a lion's open mouth, which was "a mass of sores." Trainers have been prosecuted for jabbing broken lions about the eyes, nose, and mouth to make them into "wild beasts of the forest," in other words to pander to the depraved appetites of the Roman arena-hungry audience. A trainer was seen to train his bear by hitting it continually across the snout with a log of wood. He told the witness it was necessary to keep this up daily for six months until the bear "knew his master." Another witness swore to a lion being kept five days without food or drink between the trainings with trident and whip. A trainer was convicted for keeping his bears under the stage all day long in boxes in which they could not

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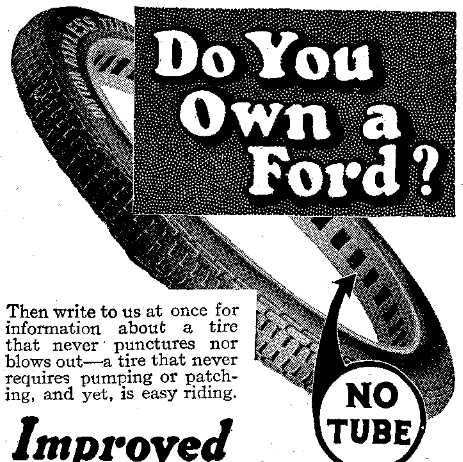

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stand upright nor move from side to side. They were never released from them except to come on the stage. A trainer told a witness that he hung up his dog every day by the hind legs from a trapeze to teach him a balancing trick. Another witness declared on oath that she saw a dog trained to stand on its forepaws by being beaten with a thin wire rod on the belly. A trainer was seen by a witness to begin savagely beating his baboon for no obvious cause. When questioned, he said it was to "keep him under." Another trainer was convicted for thrusting a stick into a bear's nostrils for "discipline." The cases of merciless and gratuitous flogging for the same reason are endless. Thus do men become worse than wild beasts in order to teach beasts to parody the more inept actions of men.

Sjamboks, tridents, spiked collars, saddles, and clubs (for lions), steel spikes, electric cages (for making tigers jump and roar with make-believe ferocity), wire whips, are the normal properties for training stage animals. One method of grinding down a bear's spirit into the abject submission necessary for training purposes is very ingenious. The animal is lassoed and a "choke" collar attached. When he is helpless, a hole is punched through one nostril and a metal ring clamped to it. The bear rips it out, and a second ring is inserted in the other nostril. If this is torn out, the hole for the ring is made in the septum of the nostrils, and if that fails, through each ear. There is a case on record of a bear so recalcitrant to education that he tore the ring out five times and saved himself thus from the amenities of further discipline. An eye-witness relates how a tiger was trained. First noosing and lassoing; then a heavy collar with rope attached. He is now ready for the trainer, who enters the cage with revolver, whip, and steel fork. The beast springs—and the men holding the rope outside the cage haul sharp on to it at the top of the parabola, bringing him down with a crash on the floor. The trainer then goes for him, pounding his nose with the butt end of the whip and jabbing with the fork, until he is forced to rest from exhaustion. The process is continued—spring, fall, pounding—until the spirit is cudgelled out of him. The way he was then forced up into an iron seat is too disgusting to repeat. Enough that at the end of his first day's training he literally fainted, and was only got on to his feet again "with an uncertain step of locomotor ataxia" by being doused with bucket after bucket of water. A fortnight of this and his tigerhood departed. A broken, slavish shadow of a once burning mettle was ready for the arena.

But this actual training of animals is only the fiery part of their ordeal. There are two other forms of agony that they must endure. On the one hand, says the writer:

> There is the performance—the routine of imbecilities which is the goal of their torments, the mental disgrace of their audience, and their own unremitting strain, bewilderment, and constant terror of the consequences of failure in feats even more unnatural to them than bounding on all fours and eating and drinking without hands is to men and women. The psychological rack of satisfying their trainers up to a compulsory pitch beyond the orbit of their natural intelligence is on its own plane as severe as the physical martyrdom endured to achieve it. On the other side, the conditions of stage traveling and accommodation make it inevitable that they should be confined in boxes, packing-cases

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

and cages, cramped very often to their own lengths, where they lie from rehearsal to rehearsal or performance to performance in darkness and damp, and without respite, exercise, variety, or interest of any kind. As animals are often trained through starvation, a refinement of pain is distilled from the hours of listless waiting.

There are people with heads even softer than their hearts who maintain an analogy between the tricksiness of their own pet creatures and the vulgar grotesqueries of performing animals. They forget that the latter are professionals, machines for extracting money for mountebanks; that they must not on any account fail; that speed and efficiency must go together, and force and terror are the only agents that will make them. A performing animal that is not drilled down to the final obedience of mechanical response is a contradiction in terms. One marvels at the magnanimity of these miserable beasts—that they so seldom turn and rend their persecutors—until one sees it is not that, but the last abasement of craven terror. It takes some terrorism to make an elephant groan like a man in anguish, a bear shut its eyes and cover up its face, and a tiger whimper.

HOW LEONARD, THE FAWN, WAS SAVED FROM THE HOUNDS

THE long-drawn-out baying of the hounds and an occasional shot had been coming all day long across the bay. On their own side of the bay, too, high up in the wooded hills, the children could hear the dogs at chase, and their hearts were heavy with fear for the hunted things of the woods. Outside the little log cabin, their faces raised to the hills, the children were listening shiveringly. The baying of the hounds alternated with the crash of the underbrush where they were running, men coming close behind. Some dogs were skirting the top of a hill. All at once their baying became a series of whimpering barks. They were for the moment off the scent. And then a very strange thing happened, and the story of it is told in "The Wild Heart," by Emma-Lindsay Squier (Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York), who writes:

Down the hill, with such flying leaps that he scarcely touched the earth, came a little deer, a fawn, heading straight for the cabin. Was he mad with fear that he sought the home of humans? Or did he know by that unexplainable power which animals have that we were friends, that we would protect his life with ours—did he, I wonder? For he cleared the four-foot fence with a bound and trotted up to us, then stood trembling, his soft eyes glazed with fright, white foam at the corners of his mouth.

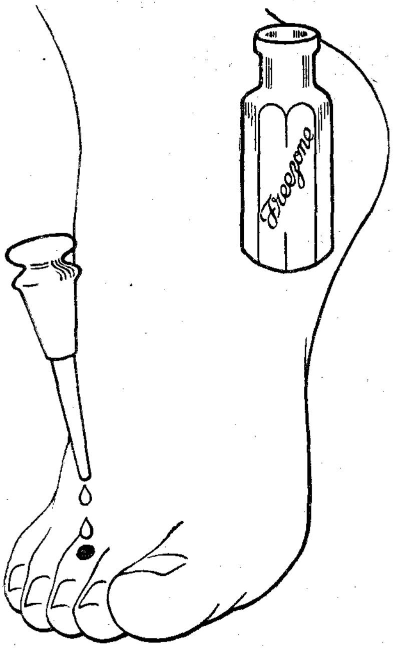
This is not a fiction story; I am telling it as it happened.

The little fawn thrust his hot, dry nose against my hand, and when Brother and I, recovering from our petrified amazement, put our arms around his velvety neck, he did not shrink away, but prest against us as if mutely begging protection.

If you have never had a wild creature throw itself upon your mercy, if you have

Corns

Lift Right Off



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never known the feeling of a soft, brown deer body prest against yours in pleading and in confidence, you can not realize the wild thrill of ecstasy that went through us.

"His name is Leonard!" I found breath to say, my face against the velvety neck of the little deer.

But Brother, being a man in embryo, was thinking of sterner things. The hounds would shortly find the scent of the deer. If they came baying down the hill, the fawn would take fright and dart away before the children could stop him. What were they to do? The short, whimpering barks of the dogs had already changed to the long, triumphant cadence of the hound in full cry. They would come down the hill, the hunters would claim Leonard as their game, and then—but at that moment the idea came to the boy. "Meat!" he whispered tensely, and cryptic as it may sound, the little girl understood perfectly. Miss Squier continues:

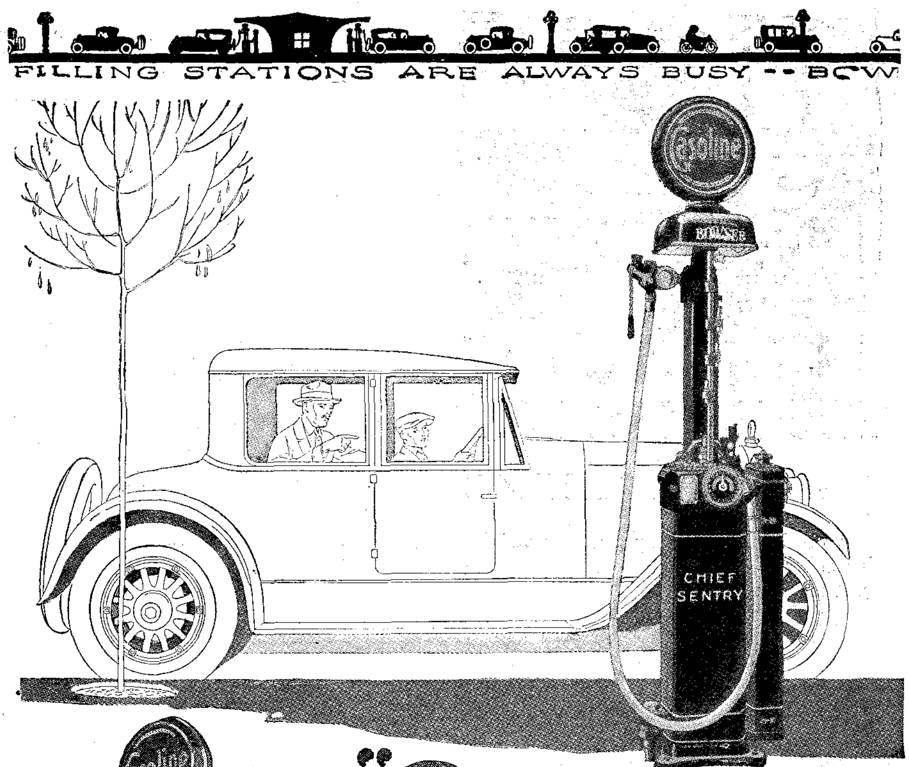
Brother outlined a plan of action in a few brief words while the baby deer, with knees wobbling sadly, turned terror-haunted eyes up the hill, his delicate nostrils quivering, yet made no move to leave us.

It took my best efforts to lead the little fawn into the shelter of the brooder-house. The scent was foreign to anything he had known before, and the darkness terrified him anew. He could not have known that safety lay within that strange place, but he did know—of that I am sure—that he could trust himself with me, for he came, hesitatingly, urged always by my voice and my hands gently caressing him. He went with me, even through the door, into the semi-darkness of the frame brooder-house, and tho when I swung the door shut he nervously leapt away from my side, it was to return an instant later, as if begging my pardon for his involuntary action.

Brother, in the meantime, had dashed into the kitchen and emerged as quickly with a juicy steak—it was to have been cooked for dinner that night—which he hacked into chunks with his jackknife as he raced up the hill.

With my eyes against a crack I could see him panting upward to the point where Leonard had emerged from the underbrush of the woods.

And scarcely had he arrived when a lean hound, with lolling tongue and nose to the ground, burst from the shrubbery, uttering a long-drawn-out bay. The little deer beside me shook in every limb, and I was trembling, too, as if it were I, not Leonard, whom the dogs were trailing. We crouched there in the darkness, the wild thing of the woods and the child who loved the wild things of the woods, and in those tense moments I felt the heart of the baby deer pounding against my body. Can you wonder why now, when I see the body of a deer killed in the hunt, I can not congratulate the hunter on his prowess? I know how the deer at bay stood still and trembled! I know how his soft, brown eyes grew wide with helpless terror. I know how his heart pounded suffocatingly. And I can not be glad for the hunter; I am only sorry that he does not understand. And up on the hill Brother was acting his part in the drama. When the first lean hound swung into sight, he deftly tossed a chunk of red, juicy meat in his pathway. The dog ignored the first piece, so intent was he on the fresh scent of the deer. But another chunk aimed just ahead of him was a temptation not to be



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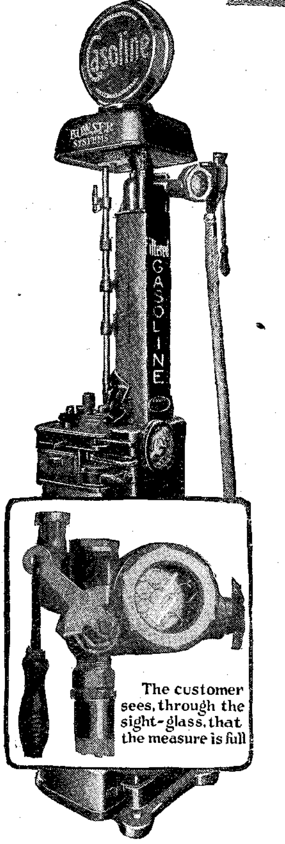

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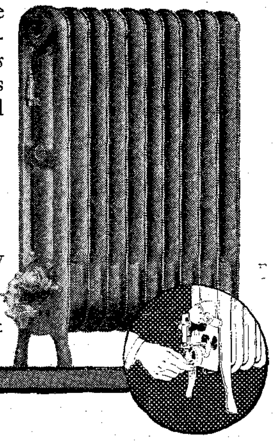

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

withstood, and he gobbled it up, pausing a second in his chase. Another dog followed him out of the underbrush, finding the first piece of meat Brother had thrown.

It did not take long for the two hounds to finish off the entire steak so obligingly tossed to them by the small boy almost hidden in a clump of tall ferns. And when it was gone, Leonard was safe, for the dogs, with the smell of fresh meat in their nostrils, had lost the lighter scent of the little deer's flying hoofs, and they sniffed shamefacedly and with befuddled yappings, until the hunters came cursing down the hill and crashing into the open, to berate the dogs soundly for having lost the game—as they supposed—in the woods.

They could not know that the little boy in the clump of ferns, looking on so innocently, was responsible for the hounds' failure, nor that their game was at that instant held tightly in the arms of a little girl who was shaking with excitement as well as with fear, lest something happen to betray the refugee's hiding-place.

But nothing did. The men stamped back into the woods, taking the hounds with them, and that day at least we heard no more baying on the hill.

The children were afraid to let Leonard go back to the woods until the deer season was over or until he was of a size better able to care for himself. A pen was contrived of wire netting with the brooder house as shelter for nights. There they kept Leonard a willing prisoner, while the hounds bayed on the hills and shots echoed across the water. In time they released the deer, first with a collar and a rope, and then with nothing to hold him. He followed the children like a dog, trotting beside them with dainty, mincing steps, and he soon learned his name, and would come bounding out to them when they called. They fed him things his ancestors probably never tasted—cookies, apples, lettuce leaves and candy. But best of all delicacies was chewing-gum. When it was first offered him, Leonard accepted it daintily, and chewed it, with an actual expression of surprize coming into his brown eyes. He chewed and chewed. Perhaps he thought it was a new variety of cud. At any rate, he gave it his hearty indorsement, and after that he would nose in Brother's pockets to find the stick of gum that was always there for him. Leonard seemed perfectly content to forget the ways of the woods for those of civilization, until, the story goes on:

One night I woke to find Brother's hand tugging at mine. He was whispering to me that something was outside Leonard's pen—perhaps it was a bear or a wildcat trying to get at him.

Foolish children we may have been, but we were not cowardly. It never occurred to us to rouse the grown-ups. Leonard was our friend and our responsibility. From my window the two of us crept out on the roof, white night-gowned figures, shaking with cold and excitement. From the roof we dropt easily to the railing of the picket fence at the back of the cabin and from there to the ground.

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All we could distinguish was a dark form against the wire netting, a shape that moved restlessly, now away from the pen, now back to it.

As our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, we saw that Leonard was in the pen outside the brooder-house, and we questioned each other silently. Surely no deer would come thus to meet an enemy animal that wanted to destroy.

And then, as if in answer to our question, the clouds parted and a pale moon turned the darkness into half-shadowed light. With the sudden effulgence came the weird gleam of four eyes turned in our direction—for our scent had carried to sensitive nostrils. Brother and I, for an instant, caught each other's hands and gasped.

Then two of the luminous lights vanished, as the slim animal outside the pen sprang away in great bounds that carried her into the shadows beyond our ken—but not before we had recognized the slim, fleeing form of a doe. We knew it was Leonard's mother, who had found her baby.

Because we loved him so, we tried to pretend, the next day, that the deer we had seen was not Leonard's mother—that it was merely a friend from the woods who had come down by moonlight to pay a nocturnal call. In our hearts, tho, we knew better. Leonard all the day was restless; he pricked his ears continually as if waiting for a voice from the forest. We could scarcely coax him out of his distrait mood, even with a double ration of the chewing-gum he loved so well.

The next night sleep was impossible. Tho we heard nothing, we knew, somehow, that outside Leonard's pen was a slim brown body prest close against the wire netting. We rose, at last, and crept out over the roof and down to the ground. The doe was there, as we had foreseen. At our approach she bounded away with only the faintest rustle of leaves and snapping of twigs to mark her progress. But knowing that she would not go far—that she would come back to her baby—Brother and I went quickly forward and opened the door of the pen.

Leonard came to us and thrust his nose against my hand. We knelt on the ground, putting our arms around him, pressing our faces against his soft, brown neck, telling him with tears behind our whispered words that he must go with his mother, that the danger season was passed, and that he was free to go back to his kindred.

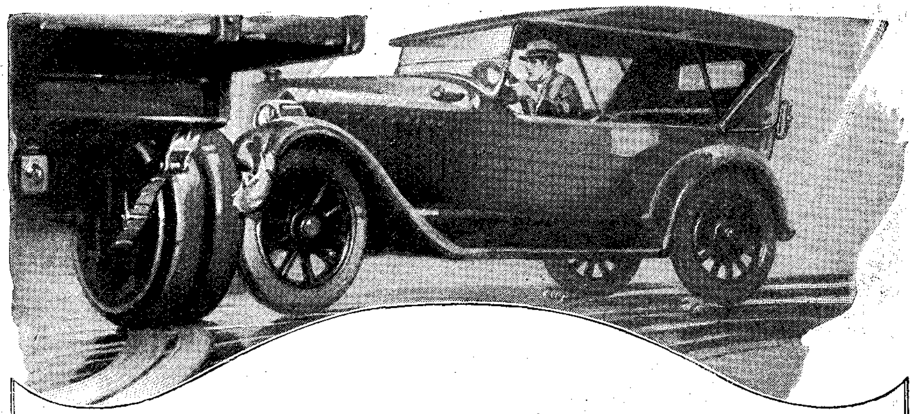
We stole away, but Leonard followed us, as if asking where we went and why he was not to go with us. For the first time we pushed him away from us, tho you can not know what it meant to us to do it. He stood still then, as if wondering, perhaps a little hurt, and we, not daring to look back, ran for the fence, clambered upon it, and gained the roof.

Once there, we could not resist watching a bit, and it was not long before the two luminous eyes gleamed from the underbrush. Then we saw a shapely, dark body come slowly into the open, and Leonard, with light, springing bounds, had rushed to meet his mother. For an instant we saw again the glowing orbs of two pairs of eyes. Then the lights vanished.

Two dark bodies moved side by side into the blackness of the woods; we heard the light crackle of underbrush; and then silence.

Silently we crept into our beds, and long afterward I heard Brother's choking whisper coming through the darkness—my own face was buried in the pillow:

"I know—Leonard's going to miss—his—his—gum—"



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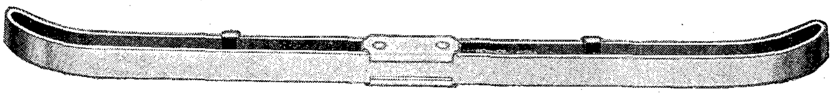

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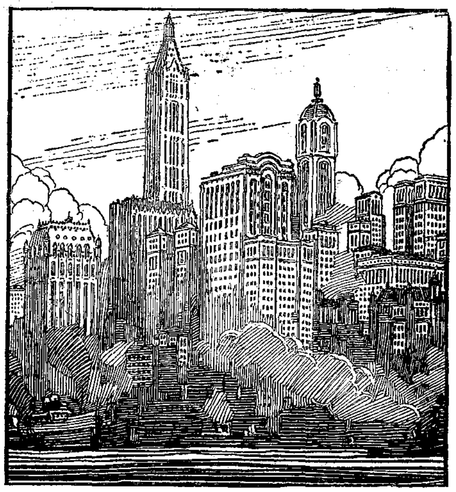

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

NEW USES FOR COPPER INDICATE A BETTER MARKET

THERE has been a slump in copper production ever since the war demand ceased. Copper, as *Financial America* notes editorially, "is no longer sought in enormous quantities to build up the ammunition dumps of European armies." Our foreign sales of copper last year, we are reminded, "were about one-third less than in 1913 and 1914." The market comment in the daily papers reveals no optimism regarding any increase in European consumption during the next six months; but "domestic demand is stronger than foreign" and there is general improvement of late weeks in copper consumption. Copper mines which have long been closed are opening again. *Financial America* explains it by saying that "peace and limitation of armaments have freed this metal for much greater usefulness than it has ever before known." Producers are "seeking new outlets by creating new demands." In particular, a concern like the Anaconda Company, which recently absorbed the American Brass Company, is now producing copper roofing. Other copper products, we read, are to be produced on a large scale. Remembering the copper tea-kettle and washboiler of his boyhood, the editor observes: "If the entry of the big copper mining company into the manufacture and sale of copper-finished products brings copper within reach of 1922 incomes it will restore one of the substantial benefits that gave peace of mind to our ancestors." In the opinion of the writer—

> The large capital invested in copper mining and smelting makes it probable that the copper industry has entered building material competition to remain. It must find buyers or scrap a part of its large and costly equipment. The Anaconda Company alone has an investment of 169 million dollars. Our mines produced more than half a million tons a year and developed nearly double that capacity for our war need. The copper mines proved a strong national asset for defense. We provide most of Europe with crude copper. But the industry has been weak in exports of finished products. The electrical industries, however, absorb much of the copper output and export a fair share of their production.
>
> Crude products of the copper smelting and refining industry alone in 1919 were valued at 632 million dollars. The value of partly or wholly finished copper and copper alloy products was 487 million dollars. There were then more than 1,150 establishments in smelting, refining and making copper products.
>
> Yet conditions forced these large industries last year to run at a much diminished rate. Thousands of workers were idle in consequence. Our copper-mining production averaged about 18 per cent. of that of the monthly average of 1913 during the last eight months of 1921.

THE WESTWARD TURNING TIDE OF AMERICAN MANUFACTURING

AMERICAN manufacturing had its beginnings, as did pretty much everything American, along the Atlantic seaboard, particularly in the New England and Middle Atlantic States; but there is evidence enough now that manufacturing industries are slowly moving from our Atlantic frontage toward the great interior which produces the bulk of our raw materials and most of the fuel used in manufacturing. So reflects a writer for the National City Bank of New York in the current issue of the bank's *Trade Record.* The recently published Federal census of manufactures shows that the area occupying the Atlantic frontage from Maine to Florida, New England, the Middle States, the District of Columbia, Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia and Florida produced in 1919, the last year of record, less than one-half of the manufactures of the country, as against more than two-thirds a half century earlier. Or, as the bank's publication states it statistically, "the 17 States of the Atlantic frontage supplied 68 per cent. of the manufactures recorded by the census of 1870; 64 per cent. in 1880; 56 per cent. in 1900; and 49.7 per cent. in the census of 1920. The total outturn of the manufacturing establishments of the Atlantic frontage in 1919 was eleven times as much in value as fifty years earlier, while the outturn of the other parts of the country was 22 times as much as a half century earlier." It is noted that this western movement of manufacturing seems to be chiefly into the Mississippi Valley, "which produces most of the cotton and wool and iron and copper and lead and timber of the country," and much of its fuel. The States adjacent to the Great Lakes have also shared in this westward move. Our attention is called to certain other facts as follows:

> Illinois, with its great iron and steel manufacturing establishments and plentiful coal supplies, increases its output of manufactures from $1,120,000,000 in the census of 1900 to $5,425,000,000 in the census of 1920.
>
> Michigan, with its great automobile manufacturing industry, advances from $320,000,000 in the 1900 census to $3,466,000,000, or ten times as much in 1920 as in 1900.
>
> Indiana, with the aid of its natural gas fuel, increases its outturn of manufactures from $337,000,000 in 1900 to $1,899,000,000 in the 1920 record.
>
> Ohio, which combines the copper and iron of Michigan and Minnesota with its own coal and labor, advances from $749,000,000 in the 1900 census to $5,100,000,000 in that of 1920.
>
> New York, which still shows a bigger total of manufactures than any other State, advances from $1,872,000,000 in

The FRANKLIN

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Touring Car - - $1950
(*War price $3100*)

Sedan - - - - - - $2850
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Franklin construction and quality of material are not surpassed in any car made anywhere.

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(H. H. FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY, MAKERS OF THE FRANKLIN CAR)
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Your Wife and Your Estate

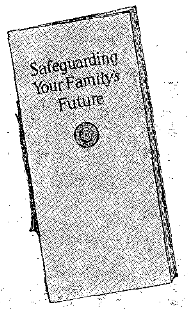
. . . "My wife is a woman of more than ordinary intelligence, but she knows practically nothing of business and doesn't know a stock from a bond. I have been too busy to teach her. And I have been too engrossed in my business affairs to think of making a will. . . . Would you advise me to name a trust company executor and trustee of my estate? Would such an arrangement effectually prevent the beneficiary of my estate from squandering her inheritance, especially in worthless promotion stocks?"

THE above letter to the Financial Editor of the New York *American* was answered in part as follows:

"By all means have your lawyer draw a will for you and do it without delay. Then arrange with the trust company to act as executor and trustee of your estate.

"Your wife, in the event she survives you, will then be protected from vendors of spurious stocks and bonds. She will have no responsibility of reinvesting funds, and thus there will be no danger that your money will go into speculative securities. She will have at her call always reliable counsellors in all her business problems.

"The trust companies are infinitely better equipped through experience and facilities to take care of estates than any individual. . . ."



Most men—probably you yourself—face a similar problem. Discuss it with a trust company officer *today*. Ask him for the booklet on wills and trusts entitled "Safeguarding Your Family's Future," or write to the address below for a copy.

TRUST COMPANY DIVISION
AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION
FIVE NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

the 1900 record to $8,867,000,000 in the 1920 census.

Pennsylvania advanced from $1,650,000,000 in the 1900 census to $7,317,000,000 in 1920.

And Massachusetts from $908,000,000 in the 1900 census to $4,001,000,000 in that of 1920.

The Southern States, now transforming their cotton and iron and timber into finished form with the use of their own fuel, also show big gains, while California, with its sugar, and fruits transformed from the natural condition to manufactured form, pushes its 1920 census figure up to nearly $2,000,000,000 against a quarter of a billion twenty years earlier.

RAILROAD IMPROVEMENT REFLECTED IN THE STOCK MARKET

HOW long the present rapid rise in values will continue on the stock market is, of course, uncertain. "Even professional prophets in Wall Street can not undertake to furnish any assurance on that head." They do agree, continues the financial editor of the New York *Journal of Commerce,* that there is a large public demand for investment which is rapidly absorbing both stocks and bonds. Investors naturally wonder where the advance is likely to be most steady, and the writer says guardedly that current indications "appear to point to a situation in which the rails are once more coming into general favor." He characterizes the present market situation for rails as follows:

> As yet, of course, the current demand from the purely investment side of the market has its limits that are more or less easily reached. The outstanding feature of the present situation is seen in the fact that it takes only a moderate amount of demand to cause an advance in the values of the better stocks of the railway group. This is ascribed by operators to the fact that for a long time past railway securities have been steadily absorbed by small investors, so that in the case of many roads they are very widely distributed and are strongly held. It is the estimate of one large dealer that the floating supply of shares of a good many of the better known roads—the supply which is carried on margin in the market—is probably not more than a quarter of what it was before the war. For a good while past the investing public has taken up these stocks in small blocks, paying for them in cash, and this distribution has apparently been permanent. At any rate, these small holdings of stock do not reappear or come on the market for sale, except, of course, sporadically. Their owners are holding them for investment. While it is true that some institutions or houses which have held large blocks of such shares have taken advantage of the opportunity to sell at prices that are better than those prevailing in recent years, the advance of prices has not reached the point which calls out a great deal of such stock, and accordingly the market is firm and does not yield much to pressure except under unusual conditions.

A news item in the same issue of *The*

Stamping Steel to Beat Death!

DURING the war the government required bullet-proof steel body armor for experimental purposes in France. "Six weeks delivery," said other concerns, but government officials were advised by those who were familiar with our methods of quick production, to go to Mullins, with the result that the finished and assembled armor was delivered aboard ship in New York *just 11 days after we received the order.*

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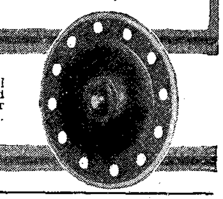

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The New Way
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Journal of Commerce reports the Interstate Commerce Commission announcement that the class I railroads made a net operating profit of 4½ per cent. on their estimated valuation for February. While this is still far from the 6 per cent. mark, it is looked on in railroad circles as distinctly encouraging. The 170 roads reporting showed a net income of $43,614,238 for February, which means a return, when the few remaining roads have reported, of at least $45,000,000. "Compared with the showing of February, 1921, the returns for the month are striking. The same 170 roads piled up a deficit of $6,348,390 on operations in February, 1921." The financial editor already quoted is inclined to attribute this improved earnings condition partly to the recently introduced economies and partly to "the gradual restoration of sounder business" conditions which "is tending to improve the traffic prospects of the roads as a whole."

AMERICAN CAPITAL BUYING CANADA

AN important consideration in the revived tariff discussions in Canada is the rapidly growing proportion of Canadian business and manufacturing owned by American capital. The Trade and Commerce Department of the Dominion has just published an analysis showing that 34 per cent. of the capital of Canadian manufacturing establishments is owned by citizens of the United States; 56 per cent. by Canadians; 9 per cent. by persons living in Great Britain; and 1 per cent. by residents of other countries. Since it has taken about two years to prepare these figures and as the invasion of American capital has been going on apace, says a Toronto correspondent of the New York *World*, Canadian business authorities believe "that at the present time Americans own at least 50 per cent. of the total manufacturing capital employed in the Dominion." The immediate object of the publication of these figures, we are told, was to induce British capitalists to pay more attention to Canada. Aside from the attempt to attract British capital, no remedy is being suggested for the situation; indeed, many would deny that any remedy is needed. That is—

> Canada must have fresh capital, and it would be foreign to the present century's spirit of speed to suggest that she should wait and save up her own capital for further exploitation and development. When all Governments in Canada, from the Federal to municipal, have acquired the habit of going to New York to float loans, who shall blame the private promoter for doing likewise?
>
> Nevertheless here and there a voice is being raised calling upon the Government to float future loans at home, and also warning private enterprise that the present tendency in financing abroad has its danger. Immigrants assimilate, but foreign capital remains foreign and takes an eternal toll.

Some of the American branch factories have come into Canada as a result of the

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Compact—fits in a case only four inches high. *Convenient*—can be used anywhere—even on your lap. *Complete*—has the standard keyboard, with four rows of keys and no shifting for figures—has the automatic ribbon reverse—has every feature to which you are accustomed on the big machines.

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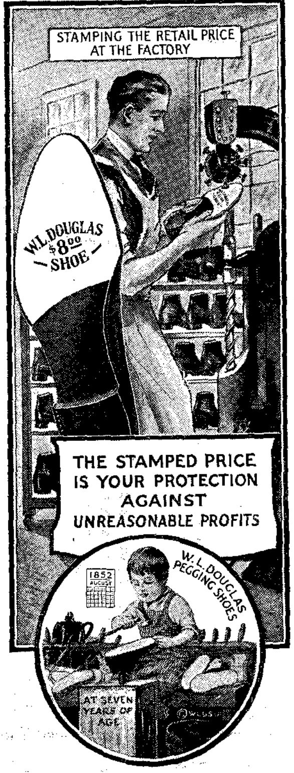
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President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,
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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

tariff, others as a result of mergers. Sometimes a Canadian business in a tight corner has turned to American capital or management for help; sometimes the American industry has taken the initiative. The Canadian writer goes on to show the extent to which American capital has taken over certain industries in Canada:

> One is not surprized to learn that the motor-car industry is largely in American hands. Of its capital 61 per cent. is American, 39 per cent. Canadian, not a dollar British. Motor-car accessories is 93 per cent. American.
>
> It is more surprizing to learn that the large and indigenous meat-packing industry was 41 per cent. owned in the United States. The proportion to-day is larger.
>
> In the rubber industry 50 per cent. of the stocks and bonds representing ownership is American, 40 per cent. Canadian, 2 per cent. British, 8 per cent. other countries.
>
> In railway-car construction 54 per cent. is American, 46 per cent. Canadian.
>
> In petroleum refining 53.1 per cent. is American, 46.7 per cent. Canadian, one-fifth of 1 per cent. British.
>
> In lumbering, oldest and most profitable of Canadian industries, Canadians retain only 61 per cent., Americans hold 27 per cent., and British 11 per cent.
>
> In pulp and paper concerns Canadians own 68 per cent., Americans 24 per cent., British 4, and other countries 4.
>
> In electrical apparatus 49 per cent. is American, 36 per cent. Canadian, 12 per cent. British, 3 per cent. other countries.
>
> And so on through the whole list. One estimate is that there is from $700,000,000 to $800,000,000 of American capital invested in Canadian industry. Some might put the figure at an even billion.

SWITZERLAND'S EMBARRASSING RICHES

MR. H. G. WELLS once set out to prove the fallacy of the proverb, "In the country of the blind the one-eyed man is king," by telling of the wretched plight of an adventurer into an Andean valley inhabited by a blind tribe. Switzerland offers a similar proof that it does not make for happiness to be the only solvent country in a continent of near-bankrupts. Alone among the European nations, we read in a Paris letter to *The Wall Street Journal*, "Switzerland has the distinction of a currency a gold parity, tho Sweden is running close." But, it seems, "she is as unhappy as any country in Europe, with the exception of Russia." The foreign tourist and the foreign buyer alike stay away because Switzerland "is too expensive to live in and too expensive to buy in." Things are said to be so bad "that Swiss manufacturers actually find it worth their while to migrate, lock, stock and barrel, to southern Germany and eastern France." Prospects for this year are far from bright, according to *The Wall Street Journal's* correspondent. "Save for a few orders from countries with undepreciated currencies like Japan, and certain South American states, there is no sign of better trade abroad." The cost of living remains high. In fact, it is about where it was a year ago. As Swiss money gets dearer, and German and Austrian currencies get cheaper, the competition of cheaply made foreign goods becomes more and more overpowering. "Thus the country stands isolated and cold-shouldered. There is a two-thirds gold reserve behind its notes, and actually gold is reappearing in common currency. But it is the gold which is its curse." The tale of 1921 now being published "makes sad reading":

> In weight the export trade is little more than half that of 1913. Sales of silk goods have declined by 50% and of embroideries by 77%. The value of watch parts exported for the first nine months of the last year was 126,000,000 francs only, against 244,000,000 the year before. There is a noteworthy slump also in sales of machinery, cotton goods, straw goods, condensed milk, and even anilin dyes. Germany, Poland, Italy, Austria and the Balkan States, which were Switzerland's best customers, are wholly unable to purchase in large quantities, save the cheapest of Swiss products, and where Swiss articles come into competition with similar articles produced by these countries where wages are much lower, they have no chance.
>
> The farmer is suffering equally with the manufacturer. During the war he made good money, since the country was thrown on its own resources, but when prices began to decline the farmer found he could no longer sell his live stock abroad, owing to the exchanges. An epidemic of foot-and-mouth disease combined with increase in agricultural wages to accentuate his distress, and soon he suffered from decline in the demand for milk from chocolate and condensed milk manufacturers, owing to their difficulty in maintaining sales abroad. Finally cattle and meat began to come into the country under favor of the exchanges. For a similar reason the wine-growers began to feel the competition of foreign wines.
>
> German and French competition with Swiss articles in Switzerland itself grew so formidable that in the end Parliament had to abandon the traditional policy of a low tariff and the rates were raised and various imports were forbidden or restricted. It was hoped thus to preserve the home market for home producers, to check unemployment and to obtain more revenue for the Treasury. But the new rates had the effect of stopping the decline in prices also and thus prolonging the difficulties obstructing the export trade. Nor did they reduce unemployment.
>
> Last January the "out-of-works" registered 97,000 out of a population of less than 4,000,000, having increased during the month by 7,500. In the metal industries alone there were nearly 30,000 men out of work, and in the cheap watch and jewelry trade 26,000. A further 50,000 people were working half-time, making 147,000 victims of the depression.

Government finances show a mounting deficit from year to year. It has been expensive to demobilize the Army, to keep down food prices and to relieve unemployment, and ever since 1914 the history of the state-owned railways has been one of "successive deficits despite repeated increase of rates."

How Large is Your Lawn?

Many people are surprised at the big saving they can make by caring for their lawns with power mowers. Even those with medium sized lawns can now afford to use a power mower.

The Ideal Junior for Medium Sized Lawns

The Ideal Junior is a small, moderate priced power mower, designed and built especially for lawns where there is too much grass to care for conveniently with hand mower, yet where the lawn is hardly large enough to warrant the purchase of a large machine.

It is a real pleasure to operate these small mowers, and many men who previously had to hire two or three men to keep their grass cut, now do the work with one of these Junior Mowers.

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They are wonderful labor-savers and keep the lawn in finest possible condition.

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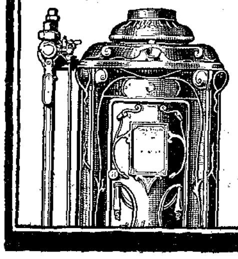

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

April 19.—One man and two women are killed and many wounded in rioting in Belfast, while in Dublin there is much firing in the streets.

April 20.—The Russian reply to the Allied proposals at the Genoa Conference for the restoration of order in Russia and establishment of economic relations with Allied nations proposes a Russian international loan, recognizes the pre-war Czarist debt, rejects the Allied war claims against Russia and makes some concessions in regard to private property rights.

Asked to choose between annulling their treaty with Russia or withdrawing from further joint consideration of the Russian problem at Genoa, the German delegates to the Conference elect to withdraw from the Russian discussions and to hold to the treaty.

The Irish labor party issues a manifesto calling for a one-day strike on April 24 in protest against the disorders by the republican malcontents and demanding the formation of a coalition government under the Dail Eireann.

Four hundred carloads of ammunition and high explosives exploded April 18 at Monastir, Serbia, it is reported in a dispatch from Belgrade, and more than 400 soldiers were killed, many thousands were wounded and much of the city was destroyed.

Serbian and Montenegrin irregulars attack the American Industrial School at Danilograd, Montenegro, and steal 10,000 francs and other property. The Jugo-Slavian Government expresses regret to the American Red Cross, and makes reimbursement for the theft.

April 21.—A new economic treaty has been concluded between Soviet Russia and the Far Eastern Republic of Siberia, it is announced from Moscow.

General Chang Tso-Lin, Governor of Manchuria, takes possession of Peking and Tientsin in an effort, he announces, to unify and pacify the Chinese.

April 22.—Irish Republican soldiers prevent Michael Collins, head of the Irish Free State Provisional Government, from delivering a lecture from a public platform at Listowel, and he delivers it from a private residence.

April 23.—An agreement is reported to have been reached between the military leaders and the Republican Free State forces in Ireland.

The financial commission of the Genoa Conference suggests for the reconstruction of Europe that all European currencies should be placed on a gold basis and that external loans should be floated at once in the countries where it is impossible to balance the national budget.

A German-Finnish agreement regulating urgent economic questions between the two countries has been signed, according to an announcement from Berlin.

April 24.—Louis Barthou, head of the French delegation to the Genoa Conference, proposes a probational armed peace of Europe under Allied military control in place of the "pact of confidence" suggested by Premier Lloyd George.

The one-day strike carried out by the Irish labor party in protest against the

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IMPORTANT FEATURES

QUALITY AND QUANTITY. It aims to embrace every familiar phrase and sentence that has general currency in the English language. The thoroughness of the work can be judged from the number of quotations found under a few representative topics taken at random. Music 102, Nature 96, Woman 164, Wit 52, etc. While profuse in numbers, the quotations are of the most useful quality.

ACCURACY AND PRECISION. It aims to reproduce the quotations in the exact wording and spelling of the originals. The book, chapter, section, and even the very line of every quotation can be quickly verified and the connection in which it occurs ascertained.

FACTS ABOUT AUTHORS. The name of the author or source of every quotation is given. In the Appendix a complete list is given of all the authors quoted, with the full name, the nativity, a few words to characterize each, such as "statesman," "poet," "historian," the date of birth, and, if dead, the date of death.

FOREIGN QUOTATIONS. Some of the most important features of the work are the more than 130 pages of quotations from foreign writers, Latin law maxims, and an extensive list of French and Latin mottoes. All foreign quotations are always followed by their English translations.

MANY REFERENCE HELPS. Three distinct reference keys are afforded for finding familiar or unfamiliar quotations. Every help is given for making the quotations instantly accessible. The three distinct reference keys which are afforded for finding quotations in English are: (1) the topics; (2) the entry of each significant word in the concordance, and (3) the name of the author, with the number of pages containing his quotations. Foreign quotations can be found under: (1) the topic; (2) the author; (3) some word in the original, or (4) some word in the translation. The quotations are classified under subjects. There are a thousand topics.

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military disorders closes with three large demonstrations approving labor's protest against militarism.

April 25.—Richard Washburn Child, American Ambassador to Italy, notifies the Genoa Conference that the United States reserves all rights on the repayment of war debts due from Russia, according to a dispatch from Genoa.

Edouard Benes, Czecho-Slovakian Foreign Minister, submits to the Genoa Conference a plan for the stabilization of Europe which calls for settlement of boundary questions first, followed by a non-aggression pact, and pledges among nations not to carry on political agitation or economic pressure on foreign soil.

The Russian Soviet Government formally notifies Poland that Russia considers that Poland has violated the Riga peace treaty with Russia by participating in negotiations at Genoa questioning Russia's right to negotiate treaties.

Brigadier-General Adamson, commanding the Irish Free State headquarters at Athlone, is murdered by mutineers.

DOMESTIC

April 19.—President Harding informs Senator James E. Watson, of Indiana, that he will veto the bonus bill unless it contains some provision for raising the necessary funds.

Three people are killed by a terrific windstorm which sweeps through Chicago.

The annual appropriation bill for the State and Justice Departments, carrying $28,700,000, an increase of $2,300,000 over the measure passed by the House, is passed by the Senate.

April 20.—Allied Governments have been advised by the State Department that the American Debt Refunding Commission is prepared to negotiate for conversion of the various debts owed by them, amounting to $11,000,000,000, into long-time securities, it is announced from Washington.

A "profound improvement" in business conditions over those of a year ago is shown throughout the country in the statistics of commercial and industrial movements during March, according to the monthly survey of the Department of Commerce.

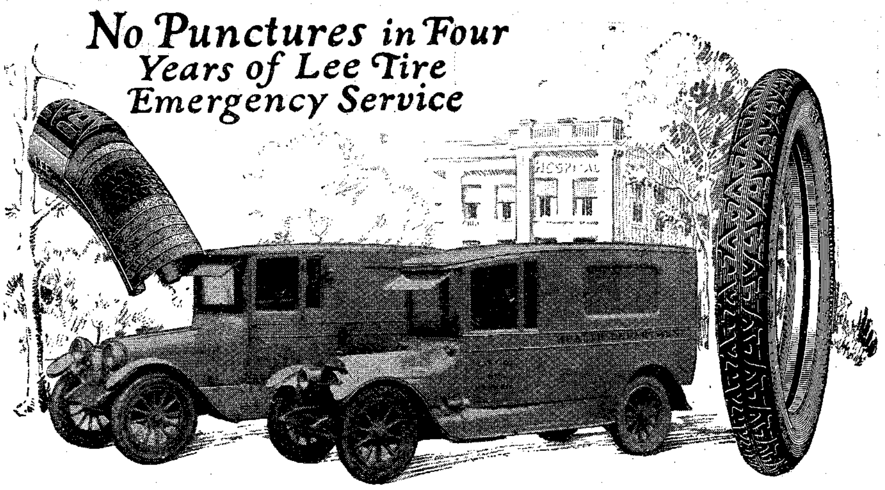
April 21.—The Federal Government makes $1,000,000 available for the control of flood waters of the Mississippi River, now at its highest stage in ten years.

President Harding signs the Langley bill authorizing an additional appropriation of $17,000,000 for hospital facilities for disabled former service men.

April 24.—Twenty-three union coal miners are placed on trial at Charles Town, W. Va., for alleged sedition, as the result of the disorders in the coal-mining area which culminated in the "battle of Blair Mountain" last summer.

The arrest of every person over twelve years old in the Mill Creek neighborhood of Clay County, Kentucky, is ordered by Circuit Judge Hiram J. Johnson in an effort to break up lawlessness arising out of the arrest of moonshiners.

April 25.—Twenty-three deaths are reported as a result of rainstorms and resultant floods which sweep over north, central and southwest Texas and inundate Fort Worth.



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All Clear Now.—"Money is the root of all evil." That is the reason we all try to dig it up.—*Columbia Jester.*

His Scattered Acquaintance.—SHE—"What were you doing after the accident?"

HE—"Scraping up an acquaintance."—*Widow.*

Tough One.—"Do you call that a beefsteak? It makes me laugh!"

"I'm glad to hear it, sir. Most people swear."—*Kasper (Stockholm).*

Up-to-the-Minute.—"Are your new neighbors modern people?"

"Modern? Say, they sent in last night to borrow our radio set!"—*Buffalo Express.*

Local Color.—POET—I am out here to get local color for a pastoral poem.

FARMER—I reckon you're gettin' it, mister. I painted that settee only this mornin'.—*Boston Transcript.*

Yes, but Don't Bank on It.—Efficiency is the art of spending nine-tenths of your time making out reports that somebody thinks he is going to read but never does.—*Kansas Industrialist.*

Everybody's Doing It.—Lots of folks that laugh because it takes 5,000,000 rubles to buy a pair of shoes in Russia are saving cigar coupons over here to get a grand piano.—*Life.*

Sad Give-Away.—MRS. HIBROW—"Did the earl you had to dinner last night bring his coronet?"

MRS. NEWRICH—"I didn't even know he could play one."—*Passing Show.*

The Simple Life.—FIRST CANNIBAL—"Our chief has hay fever."

SECOND CANNIBAL—"What brought it on?"

FIRST CANNIBAL—"He ate a grass widow."—*Journal American Medical Association.*

Try This.—"Waiter, here's a half-crown for you."

"Thank you, sir. Did you wish to reserve a table?"

"No. In a few minutes I shall come in with two ladies, and I want you to tell us that every table is engaged."—*London Passing Show.*

Never Again.—A philanthropic lady visited an asylum not long ago and displayed great interest in the inmates. One old man particularly gained her compassion. "And how long have you been here, my man?" she inquired.

"Twelve years," was the answer.

"Do they treat you well?"

"Yes."

After addressing a few more questions to him the visitor passed on. She noticed a smile broadening on the face of her attendant, and, on asking the cause, heard with consternation that the old man was none other than the medical superintendent. She hurried back to make apologies. How successful she was may be gathered from these words: "I am sorry, doctor. I will never be governed by appearances again."—*Presbyterian Banner.*

Moonshine Visibility Test.—One moon—pretty good; two moons—the real stuff; no moon—wood alcohol.—*Life.*

Of Course, Unintentional.—JOE—"Sweets to the sweet?"

SEPHINE—"Oh, thank you; may I pass you the nuts?"—*Goblin.*

A Great Hit Missed.—STAGE MANAGER—"All ready, run up the curtain."

STAGE HAND—"Say, what do you think I am, a squirrel?"—*Froth.*

Sing Singers.—TEACHER (to class in Natural History)—"What kind of birds are frequently kept in captivity?"

TOMMY—"Jail birds."—*Christian Sun.*

Larger Exemption Helps.—"I wonder why Bill married."

"So as to have some one to help him live within his income; he couldn't do it alone."—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

Might Be Called Gossip.—MRS. JAMESON—"Do you believe that awful story they tell about her?"

MRS. JOHNSON—"Of course I do! What is it?"—*Kasper (Stockholm).*

Meteorological.—FIRST GENTLEMAN—"Did you get home last night before the storm?"

SECOND GENTLEMAN—"That was when it started."—*London Mail.*

Force of Habit.—WAITER—"Sir, when you eat here, you need not dust off the plate."

CUSTOMER—"Beg pardon, force of habit. I'm an umpire."—*Lemon Punch.*

Others Might as Well.—"Personally, you know, I am very fond of hunting. But then, you see, I belong to the society for the protection of animals. However I found a way out of my difficulty. When hunting, I use blank cartridges."—*Pari La Baionnette.*

Musical Note.—A very deaf old lady walking along the street, saw an Italia turning a peanut roaster. She stoo looking at it awhile, shook her head an said: "No, I shan't give you any mone for such music as that. I can't hear an of the tunes, and besides it smells as i there were something burning inside!"—*The Congregationalist.*

Mother's Gentle Hand.—The littl boy in this story from "Touche a Tout" was evidently a firm believer in the ol adage, "Of two evils choose the less." Turning a corner at full speed he collide with the minister.

"Where are you running to, my littl man?" asked the minister, when he ha regained his breath.

"Home!" panted the boy. "Ma's goin to spank me."

"What!" gasped the astonished min ister. "Are you eager to have you mother spank you that you run home s fast?"

"No," shouted the boy over his shoulde as he resumed his homeward flight, "bu if I don't get there before pa, he'll do it!"—*Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.*